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THE BANNER OF GOLD



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BALLADE UPON THE NEW YEAR.

BY WILCOX L. NESBIT.



Time turns his hour glass down again,
The world goes rolling on its way
Down paths unknown to mortal ken
Through all the leagues of night and day.
Another year—but fast and gay,
Or win or lose in life's great game;
Or if we go or if we stay,
Brother, the sand flows back the same.

Time has no heed for things or men;
The hours may be for work or play;
The songs of lament and of woe—
The law that governs all obey;
The hands of fate and fortune sway
The dice that add or take from fame;
Although your face be grave or gay,
Brother, the sand flows back the same.

King, slave, or courtly citizen
Alike will find the debt to pay;
The rust will eat the idle pen
And sheathe the sword dropped in the fray;
Snows of December, blooms of May
Will mark the paths of pride or shame;
And if we save or if we slay,
Brother, the sand flows back the same.

L'ENVOI.

Time heeds not where our courses lay,
Nor halts for worth or pride or name;
Through skies of blue and skies of gray,
Brother, the sand flows back the same.

—Chicago Evening Post.

(Copyright, 1907, by W. D. Nesbit.)

"MAPCAP NELLIE."

A Story of a Texas Cattle Ranch.

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD ("THE POET SCOUT").



EDWARD BOLTON, the wealthy Dallas banker, sat alone in his private office in the great bank of which he was the head. His face was pale, his hands trembled, and at short intervals half-suppressed oaths and imprecations burst from his bloodless lips. Banker Bolton seemed in an almost ungovernable rage.

But three months previous his only son, George, returned from one of the famed colleges of the East, where he had graduated with the highest honors. He was received with open arms by his proud father, who praised his accomplishments, complimented him in the highest terms upon his manly appearance, and hinted that he would one day fill with honor the exalted position which the father then held as the head of the greatest banking institution in the "Lone Star State."

After being cooped up for a number of years in a temple of learning, where the conduct of students is regulated by the most rigid discipline, the excitements and sinful pleasures of a lively Western city were a revelation to the young graduate. He first looked on in innocent surprise, while a feeling akin to disgust permeated his breast. Then, as he grew more familiar with the scenes of gambling, the bewildering excitements of the "free-and-easy" dance-halls, and the exhibitions on the variety stage, they seemed to lose many of their evil aspects, and to present to the young man attractions which had at first escaped his observation.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful a mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
When seen to oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It soon became hinted about the city that George Bolton was fast developing into a "sport" of the first water, and when at a faro game one night he arose from the table the winner of several hundred dollars, his status among the sporting element was fixed high up in the scale. He was never loth to join his sinful associates in a social glass, and on more than one occasion the services of a cab were called into requisition to convey him to his room when his senses were stupefied with liquor.

Of course, a report of George's actions reached the father's ears, and he was appalled at the information. He summoned the wayward young man to his private office, and, with tears in his paternal eyes, remonstrated with him, and pointed out to him the great vortex of infamy and ruin into which he was being drawn. Summoning all his powers of eloquence, and in a voice trembling with emotion, he depicted the pride he had always felt in his only boy, the last earthly gift of a dying wife, and portrayed in vivid word-coloring the hopes which he had builded up for the future of his loved one.

The young man's better nature was not yet irre-

vocably calloused by sin, and his father's words affected him deeply. He explained the rigid rules which had governed his collegiate course, and frankly admitted that the sudden transformation to such scenes as the Western city presented had proven too much for his weak nature, and he had fallen, despite the protests of his own conscience. With tears of penitence he promised to make an effort to reform, and while their hands were yet clasped over the pledge a happy thought struck the father.

"I feel, my son, that you can escape from the terrible net which has ensnared you, if you are for a time removed from temptation. Why not go to my cattle ranch up North, and spend a few months with the cowboys? I will give you carte blanche to do as you please there, and I am sure you will greatly enjoy the wild, free, unrestrained life to be found only on a great cattle ranch."

"The very thing, father. I will start tomorrow. A thousand thanks for the suggestion."

George had been gone two months when the old banker fell into the fit of rage in which we found him at the opening of this story. The cause of his anger was embodied in an open letter which laid on the desk before him. It was written from the Monte Visto ranch, and the one paragraph which had stirred up the troubled depths of the old man's soul ran as follows:

"And now, father, I have some news for you which should fill your heart with joy, but which I fear may anger you before you fully grasp the situation. Mr. Stover, the owner of the LX ranch adjoining yours, has a beautiful daughter, Nellie, nineteen years of age, and she is as pure and noble a girl as ever bestowed her love upon an unworthy man. She is a perfect lady in the house, refined and educated, and on the ranch is a bold and fearless rider—the admiration of every cattle-owner and cowboy in northern Texas. She can rope the wildest steers, ride the most vicious bronchos, shoot the rifle and pistol with unerring aim, and, in short, her wonderful outdoor accomplishments have gained for her the sobriquet, 'Madcap Nellie.' Not a whisper has ever been heard against her character for purity and virtue, and—well, to come to the point, she has consented to be my wife."

"A cowgirl!" he hissed through his clenched teeth. "A wild harum-scarum of the plains, more fitted for the stable than the parlor! By the eternal gods I would see him in his grave rather than permit him to disgrace the name I have always shielded from dishonor!"

He arose and paced the floor, at every step breathing imprecations upon the head of his undutiful son, and cursing the wild nymph of the prairies who had entrapped him.

When he had somewhat regained his composure he touched a call-bell, and a messenger entered.

"Tell Mr. Marshall, the vice-president, I wish to see him."

In a moment that official entered, and seated himself near his chief.

"I am called to my Monte Visto ranch on very important business," the old banker said, "and may be absent several days. I know of nothing outside the regular routine of business which may demand your attention, but should anything of especial importance present itself use your own good judgment in considering it. I have the fullest confidence in your wisdom and business ability, Marshall, and will approve any transaction you may make."

After some business conversation the vice-president withdrew, and Mr. Bolton proceeded to his palatial home to make preparations for his journey. The railway would take him to a point twenty miles distant from his ranch, from whence he would be obliged to travel on horseback.

With a swinging, ceaseless trot, the game little horse moved over the staked plains. The heat was stifling, but the sun was fast sinking down toward the western horizon, and Mr. Bolton knew he was nearing his destination. His thoughts were with his wayward son, and so engrossed was he with his bitter reflections that he paid no attention to his surroundings, as the horse bore him on and on along the dusty trail. Prairie dogs sat up on their conical abodes and barked saucily at him as he passed along, and a rattlesnake, coiled beside the trail, sent forth its dread warning, and struck viciously at his pony's legs, but he saw them not. A herd of antelope scampered away at his approach, and bounded over the grassy sod with graceful leaps, but he was as oblivious of their presence as would have been a man of stone. He was aroused from his bitter thoughts by the deep thumping of heavy hoofs in

his rear, and, glancing backward, the blood seemed frozen in his veins at what he saw.

Less than fifty yards distant, with head lowered for the charge, and tail thrown aloft in rage, with fury blazing in its fiery eyes, a huge Texas steer bore down upon him. With a yell of terror he struck the spurs deep into the sides of his horse, but the animal was wearied with its long trip and made but a feeble effort to escape. Affrightedly he again glanced back and noted that the infuriated brute was rapidly gaining on him, and at the same moment he saw a girlish figure mounted on a beautiful black horse emerge from a gulch but a short distance behind the maddened steer. He breathed a fervent prayer to heaven for deliverance, as he saw the girl urge her horse to its utmost speed and dash forward upon the trail of the crazed brute, coiling a lariat in her hand as she flew along. But the furious animal was upon him, and ere the girl could reach the spot the long, cruel horns had impaled the horse, and the banker was thrown violently to the ground several yards distant.

Releasing itself from the fallen, dying horse, the steer tossed its head aloft and bellowed with rage, then, seeing the prostrate form of Mr. Bolton, charged fiercely upon him. As the last faint spark of hope was dying in his bosom he heard the "swish" of a lariat, saw the rope in graceful coils fall over the widespread horns of the steer, saw the girl rider rein in her trained horse for the coming shock, and the next instant the huge beast came to the ground almost within reach of his hand, and lay as if stunned. The prostrate man attempted to rise, but fell back with a cry of pain and the last view which met his eyes ere consciousness left him was that of a graceful, willowy form springing from the saddle with a small rope in hand, running toward the fallen monarch of the range and tying its four feet firmly together, as the farmer secures the legs of a hog to haul to market.

When the injured banker's truant senses returned, he found himself lying upon a comfortable bed in a neat, home-like room. The walls were of whitewashed logs and the ceiling covered with canvas, but an air of neatness prevailed, and the ornaments upon the walls, and the furniture, and the general aspect of the apartment denoted that it owed its tidy appearance to a woman's skilled hand.

He made an effort to rise, but sank back upon his pillow with a moan of agony, every bone in his body seeming charged with the most acute pain. Closing his eyes, he tried to recall the past, but his throbbing brain refused to respond to his will. Was he dreaming? From an adjoining apartment came the soft notes of a piano in a dreamy prelude, soft as if the keys were touched by feathery fingers, then the sweet tone of a bird-like voice, low and tremulous, in soothing song. He had never heard a voice of such melodious purity, and he lay and listened as one enchanted.

The notes of the song died away in low, soothing cadences and a moment later he heard the knob of his door turn softly. Closing his eyes as if fearful he might be awakened from the beautiful dream which had come upon him, he heard the rustle of a dress near his bed, and a soft, cooling hand was laid upon his fevered brow. The touch seemed magnetic in its influence. The painful throbbing of his brain almost ceased, and he was about to fall into a peaceful slumber, when the hand was withdrawn, and the rustling garments retreated toward the door.

"Please don't go!"

The girl quickly turned, and a look of pleasure lighted up her handsome face as she returned to the bedside.

"Do you feel better, sir?"

"Better? What has happened to me? Where am I? Who are you?"

"There, now, you must not talk. Mamma is away on a visit, and papa said I must nurse you. You will find me a strict nurse. I fear, for I am determined you shall get well. You will obey me, won't you?"

He thought he had never beheld a sweeter smile illuminating a more angelic face, and he could scarcely yet convince himself it was not all a dream.

"Yes, I will obey you, but you must tell me what has happened to me."

"Don't you remember being chased by a vicious steer that caught your horse and threw you, and—"

"Wait a moment."

He closed his eyes, and truant memory returned. "Yes, I remember it all now. And you are the angel the good Lord sent to my rescue?"

"Oh, I am far from angelic, I assure you. I was

coming in from a gallop on the ranch, when I saw the great brute after you, and although Blackbird is the best and fastest cow-horse on the ranch, I could not get up in time to save your horse. I got my rope on the critter, though, just in time to keep him off of you, and threw and hog-tied him so he was harmless. You fainted dead away, and I don't know what I would have done if one of our cowboys who had seen the whole affair hadn't come up. We lifted you on his horse and brought you home. That steer was a dangerous brute, and I left him tied until papa could send some of the boys out to butcher him. You shall have a nice steak from him for your supper."

"Ugh! I never could endure a taste of the ugly brute!"

"Oh, yes, you can, for I'll cook it myself, and papa says I'm the best cook in Texas. But there, you must not talk any more until you grow stronger."

"Just one word more. Where am I, and who are you?"

"You are in a cattle ranch, and I am the ranchman's daughter."

"How long have I been here?"

"This is the third day."

"How far am I from the Monte Visto ranch?"

"But a short distance—two miles about."

"Do you know George Bolton, who is stopping there?"

"Bolton, Bolton? Oh, yes. I believe there is a young gentleman over there; a son of the owner, I have heard. Old Mr. Bolton, you know, is the rich banker in Dallas, and they say he is just the nicest old gentleman in the State. Why, when Mr. Mathews' daughter Annie died (Mr. Mathews is the foreman of the Monte Visto, you know), that good old man sent an undertaker and a metallic casket clear from Dallas, and had a lovely iron railing put around the grave. When Mr. Mathews went in to Dallas and wanted to settle the bills, Mr. Bolton told him to go back to the ranch and to attend to business, and if he ever mentioned the matter again he would get a new foreman. Mr. Mathews just worships the dear old soul, and I'll give him a good hug myself if I ever meet him. Annie was my best girl friend."

"Nonsense!" growled the old banker. "He did no more than any man would do under the circumstances. Have you any other girl friends in this locality? Do you know a girl named Nellie Stover?"

She turned her head so the injured man would not observe the flush which overspread her fair face, and endeavored to hide her confusion behind a cough.

"Oh, yes, I know her quite well. Her father's ranch joins the Monte Visto."

"Yes, the shameless minx! I may as well tell you, young lady, for the whole country will ring with it before a week passes. I am Edward Bolton, the owner of the Monte Visto, and George Bolton is my scapegrace son. I sent him up here to enjoy a season of ranch life, and his first act was to fall in love with a wild, rough creature, a horrid cowgirl. She, no doubt, has short, red hair, a face like a stewed lobster, and a swagger like a prize-ring bully. Wears buckskin breeches, probably, and swears like a pirate. But I'll balk his game! I'll thwart her nicely laid scheme to entrap a foolish boy and marry above her station! D—n him, I'll lock him up in a lunatic asylum if he don't come to his senses! I'll—"

A soft hand was laid on his mouth and a gentle voice said:

"There, there! You are exciting yourself, and that will never do. You really wrong poor Nellie Stover. She is not a bad looking girl, and not a bit rough, as you picture her. Indeed, she has a good education, and dresses real neatly. Buckskin what-you-call-'ems! The idea! People seem to think a good deal of Nellie in these parts."

"But she's a horrid cowgirl!"

"No more so than the other girls on the ranches. True, she can ride bronchos, and she can rope steers; but she is a lady for all that. Mr. Bolton, I don't want to wound your feelings, but what would have become of you three days ago had it not been for a 'horrid cowgirl'?"

The old man winced beneath this shot, but quickly replied:

"But you are different. You are an angel, and I owe my life to your skill and daring spirit. I owe you a debt I can never repay, and I shall always love you as I would love a daughter. If your father will give you up, I'll adopt you and make a princess of you. If that hot-headed boy would forget that crazy 'madcap,' as they call her, and hang around this ranch, his old dad might—well, he would think

of it. I will send for the ungrateful rascal, and you must get acquainted."

"Oh, no, Mr. Bolton, you must never stoop to match-making. I have too much respect for you to think you would do that. Besides," and a blush overspread her pretty face, "I have made my choice."

A knock at the front door interrupted the conversation, and the girl hastened from the room to answer it. The light seemed to go from the old man's soul as she disappeared, and in his heart he felt a tender affection springing up for his fair, young nurse. He heard a whispered conversation in the next room, and a moment later his son entered his apartment and advanced to his bedside, a happy smile on his face.

"Oh, father, thank God you are better, and will now recover!"

"Yes, and it's a pretty time for you to come and tell me so! Here I have laid nigh unto death for three days, and you but two miles distant, not caring whether I lived or died. In the arms of your stupid cowgirl, no doubt. If I do recover I will owe my life to a little angel in this house, and not to you, sir!"

"Why, father, I have been with you every moment since I was told of your accident, which was an hour after it happened. I rode over to the Monte Visto but two hours ago after a change of clothing. How can you think me so heartless?"

"You—you—what? Why, this young lady told me she didn't know you."

"Oh, I don't think she told you that, father. She is incapable of telling a falsehood."

"She did; or just the same as told me so. I asked about you, and she said she believed there was a young gentleman at the Monte Visto. What did she mean by such a subterfuge?"

"She is a queer sort of a girl, and might have thought it would excite you to talk about me—under the circumstances, you know."

"Under the circumstances—the dreadful circumstances, yes. Well, George, my only boy, I am glad you have been with me. It shows that you yet have a warm place in your heart for your old father. You, no doubt, have guessed what brought me here, and brought me so near to a horrible death, and, weak as I am, I must make one appeal to your manhood, to your love for me, to your reverence for the memory of your sainted mother, and implore you to give up that vulgar, wild girl, and go home with me. Will you do it, my son?"

"Father, I have always known you as a just man. Your enviable reputation for honesty, square dealing and justice to all men is the foundation upon which your great business at Dallas has been built up. I ask you, now, as a man, is it just to condemn a person of whom you know nothing? But I am yet loyal to the best old father on earth. I would do nothing to cast a cloud upon your pathway in your declining years. I will make you this sacred promise. I saw Nellie here, in this house, as I entered, and will bring her to your bedside. After seeing her and talking with her, if you ask me to give her up, I will do so, and drive her from my presence that instant, and go home with you."

"God bless you, you are yet my own son," the old man cried with great warmth. "But I cannot bear to look upon that creature, George. Give her right up—right now. Go to her and tell her that it is my wish—my command, and you must obey it."

"No, father, that would be unjust, and entirely unlike you. Do you accede to my proposition?"

"Yes, bring the girl here. Can my little nurse be present at the interview?"

"Yes, father, I will bring her also."

George left the room, and a few minutes later re-entered leading the young nurse by the hand. The old man conjured up a look of stern disgust, and was holding to it tenaciously when the young couple entered. They stood by the bedside a few moments amid a painful silence, which was broken by the voice of the aged father:

"Why don't the creature come? Has the scheming hussy's heart failed her at the thought of facing an outraged father?"

"She is here."

"Who is here?"

"Nellie Stover—'Mapecap Nellie'—who saved your life and is nursing you back to health and strength again."

Ignoring his pain, the old man raised up in the bed and gazed from one to the other in blank amazement. His face turned red and white by turns, and he vainly essayed to speak. Finally, he sank back upon his pillow with a groan, and fairly shouted:

"Of all the mean, infernal, abominable, contemptible tricks to play on a helpless sick man, this stands at the head! Begone! Leave the room! Get out of my sight before I get up and throw you out, you miserable schemers!"

They quickly retired, but in a few moments Nellie stole softly back into the old man's chamber. She left the door slightly ajar, and after a time George cautiously approached and peeped in. Nellie was kneeling by the bedside, her head bowed upon the invalid's pillow, while he softly stroked her lovely, brown hair. He was talking to her in a low, tender tone—so low he could not catch an intelligible word.

It is still said that the wedding in the Bolton mansion at Dallas eclipsed in grandeur any event ever seen in the state of Texas. The fair bride's father and mother, two of the most respected people of northern Texas, were present, and seemed as proud of their new son as Banker Bolton was of his new "Madcap" daughter.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON THE BRAIN

BY LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., LL. D.

(Reprinted from a series of articles written for the BANNER OF GOLD.)

A BOOK written on the subject of inebriety, in a chapter devoted to the "effects of alcohol or beer and whiskey on the mental functions and the brain," makes the following statements: The writer says that if alcohol in definite quantity be given to each of a dozen dogs, or other lower animals, that the effect will be the same in all; but given the same way to a dozen men the effects will be different in each. The writer extends the subject by saying that the brain of women cannot endure alcohol equal to men, and that the brain of savages can endure less than that of the civilized; but no two persons among the civilized will be affected alike. It is a fact that if alcohol is given to savages who have, as tribes, not been accustomed to liquor, that there will be a similarity of effect in all—equally as in the lower animals. This latter fact gives the key to the situation.

This variety of effect is noted in all the poisons of disease. No two people will be affected alike by any of the germ diseases. If a dozen children are exposed to the same case of scarlet fever and all take the disease, the disease will present points of great difference as relates to the different cases. No two will be alike. The eruption will vary, some will have diseased throats, others swelled glands, others disease of the kidneys, others with the disease mild, others very severe.

The writer quoted says that the reason of these things cannot be explained—we cannot tell beforehand how the dose will affect a given person or why.

I claim that these phenomena can be explained and that they really underlie the pathology of inebriety. The manifestations of the poisonous dose of alcohol upon the brain of savages and dogs are alike in all cases for the reason that none of them have acquired a tolerance to the drug by being subjected to its poisonous influence. The other cases have more or less tolerance, given them by reason of drink, or by inheritance from ancestors who have drunk. As it is impossible that this tolerance can be equal in all cases, therefore the same dose given to persons with unequal tolerance must have unequal results.

The savages and dogs have no hereditary tolerance. The brain of women is more intense in action, and, therefore, the same quantity of alcohol is productive of greater effects. The writer quoted says we have no knowledge beforehand what will be the effect of a dose of alcohol upon any person's brain, but I think we can foretell this to an approximate degree by getting the history—the alcoholic clinical record of any person. If the person is an inebriate we can foretell very closely just what will be the effect of any given quantity of alcohol upon his brain. We can do the same with women and savages. We can also do this in cases of illness. The effect upon inebriates depends upon their condition, or how long since they have been upon a debauch. On savages the normal effect will be seen—a state of excitement, characterized by insane or unrestricted impulses. In women very nearly the same. In dogs precisely the same—a drunken dog is stimulated to attack and bite everything and everybody. If several dogs are given liquor they will all go fighting, this being a stimulus of natural impulses with loss of restraint. The mental effect of alcohol—its primary effect—its first effect to destroy the normal balance as to give an impulse to natural inclinations and desires and to inhibit the restraint to these impulses. This is the unit of insanity. Just as soon as a person feels an unnatural stimulus or impulse to do things which he would not do without the alcohol, then he feels the first element of alcoholic insanity.

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MATE PALMER, Editor.

INEBRIETY NOT A QUESTION OF WILL POWER.

DON'T be unjust in your judgment of the inebriate.

Perhaps you never drank a drop of whisky in your life. You are prosperous and happy. You have proved by your experience that a sober life is best. But you may have grown uncharitable toward those whose lives have been cast in less regular molds.

Or possibly at some time you were a drinking man. You saw the waves of intemperance swirling around you and realized the danger while you had enough will power left to fight your way through to the rock of sobriety.

It was a good fight for you, but it should not make you uncharitable toward others. You conquered a craving that had not reached the point of dominance. If you had waited a little longer you might now be in the position of those you criticize.

The line that separates moderate drinking from drunkenness is not clearly defined. Judged by other people's standards the moderate drinker often is a confirmed drunkard. Judged by his own standard, the drunkard is apt to be only a moderate drinker.

There is a very simple way to determine to which class you belong. Try doing without liquor for a while. If the effort causes you no inconvenience, be thankful that you have begun in time. But if you find it difficult—if you feel an awful craving, a kind of all-over demand, that nothing but whisky will satisfy, if your thoughts of business are broken in upon by thoughts of drink, and your most heroic efforts only result in brief intervals of sobriety, it is quite likely that you will give up the battle. The kind of abstinence that brings physical torture is apt to be short-lived.

It is a common experience to hear people boast that they wouldn't be the slaves of any kind of a habit; that if they found whisky was getting the better of them they would cut it out, root and branch. But unfortunately when it does get the best of them, about the first thing it does is to subdue that wonderful will that was going to do so much.

The man of iron will has no advantage over the meekest kind of a coward, when whisky has them both under control.

What a man would have done about other things, before his will was paralyzed by drink, is no criterion of what he can do about giving up the drink. The efforts in which his will was effective caused him no physical suffering, while his attempts to do without liquor are attended with constant suffering.

Total abstinence under such conditions may not be impossible, but it is essentially improbable.

It is this question of physical suffering that takes the inebriate out of the ordinary lines of reform work. When a man is consciously vicious he is responsible for his actions; but when his actions, whether vicious or maudlin, are the result of whisky, the responsibility goes back to the act of drinking.

He was responsible for taking the drink. But what caused him to do so? Did he wish to become irresponsible? Did he deliberately plan to disgrace himself and distress his family?

By no means. The average inebriate has a kind heart.

He doesn't like to bring sorrow to his family. He wants them to be happy and prosperous. And he makes stronger efforts to conquer the enemy than those who criticize him would believe possible.

THERE is no subject so hedged about with inconsistencies as the liquor question. There is no practice which begins with so much commendation and ends with such condemnation as drinking.

Those who approve the social glass are often the ones who have the least charity for the drunkard. They can not understand how it is possible for wine or beer to pave the way for whisky, or for the liquor prescribed as a tonic to lead to drunkenness. But traced back to its source it usually turns out that it did start from one of these supposedly innocent causes.

Inebriety is largely a matter of temperament. The same influences that lead to moderate drinking in one case lead to drunkenness in another.

But unfortunately temperament is a thing that cannot be accurately gauged. When two young men of equal prospects and similar environments begin dallying with wine there is no registering apparatus to say to one: "You shall become rich and popular. You shall drink champagne and rare wines when you are inclined, but you will never drink to excess." And to the other: "This little spread is a dangerous beginning. You cannot afford to tamper with liquor of any kind. It means drunkenness, disgrace and ruin for you."

And yet, such a prediction would voice the truth in many cases, and if it could be heeded would rescue many a brave fellow who does not know his danger until it is too late.

When a man realizes that he must stop drinking he generally discovers that he is unable to do so. He makes many attempts, but some way they all fail. It isn't because he doesn't get any help. His family and his friends usually do all they can for him. They bolster him up until they are discouraged and disgusted, and they finally decide that his promises are only excuses; that he doesn't care to stop drinking.

But they are wrong. He does care. He hates the tyrant, Whisky. He is tired of his slavery. His chains are cutting into his flesh. But he is powerless. He cannot break them.

He does not know that the first thing whisky did was to tie up his will power. He does not know that whisky has changed the nature of his nerve cells and tissues until it is no longer a question of will power, but a question of disease and medicine. He has been trying to *Reform*. What he needs is a *Cure*.

DON'T judge the drunkard by the standard you would apply to a well man. The continued use of alcohol causes a disease that requires medical treatment.

If your husband, or father, or friend were suffering with typhoid fever you wouldn't coax, or threaten, or reproach. You would try to find the best physician for such a malady. Use the same process of reasoning in cases of inebriety.

If a man is an inebriate he is a sick man, even though he is able to work. But he can be cured with more certainty and less suffering than he could be cured of almost any other disease. The Keeley Cure will restore him to health, sobriety and usefulness, as it has thousands of other men.

The Two Won't Blend.

That overindulgence in alcoholic stimulants is one of the worst habits to which a man can become addicted there is no possibility for doubt. It has been truly said, if sometimes in jest, that no man can attend to his business and at the same time drink overmuch liquor. Either he must neglect the former or he must put a handicap upon the latter. Even the man who restricts his drinking to those hours when he is popularly supposed to be at leisure will discover that the habit is bound to interfere with his capacity for business, and if he is so foolish as to try to mix the two he is bound to find sooner or later that they blend about as well as oil and water.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Rum may shatter homes and break friendships. It may damn and poison everything that a clean hand cares to touch. But there is a citadel that it has not taken, where, while life lasts, the prodigal may find an asylum for his penitence and his misery. The saloon has never yet damned back the fountain of a mother's tears, nor has it stifled the full and free affection of a mother's heart.—Thomas A. Bagshaw.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE.

EVERY issue of the BANNER OF GOLD contains testimonial letters from men who have taken the Keeley Cure. Those who are interested in practical temperance should give these letters a careful reading. They are written by men who are responsible and reliable, and their word may be accepted with absolute confidence. They have known the struggles and the discouragements that come from the excessive use of strong drink, and they have been cured of their addictions. They have given their cure a test of many years, and they know it is permanent as well as effective. They tell their experience for the sole purpose of helping those who are bound by drink and who are powerless to let it alone:

From a Kentucky Senator Who Took the Cure Seventeen Years Ago.

GEORGETOWN, KY., December 30, 1907.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I have a warm place in my heart for Dwight. I owe all that I have to the Keeley Treatment, and I always am glad to do or say anything that will advance the interests of the Keeley Company. I am one of those not ashamed to testify publicly to the great good they have done for me, and will do for others who will give them an opportunity.

It has been more than seventeen years since I took the cure, and I have never touched a drop of liquor in all that time. The Keeley Cure has saved more homes and accomplished more good than any discovery of the century. God bless the memory of the old Doctor. With best wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

J. CAMPBELL CANTRILL.

Cured of Cigarette and Liquor Addictions.

CHICAGO, ILL., December 16, 1907.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I have been a customary with me since I left the Keeley Institute on September 15th, 1900, to write an annual letter to you, stating therein just how I am getting along, and how I am keeping my cure. I will this time give you a concise statement of the facts in my case and you are at perfect liberty to publish same in your paper or refer any doubting person to me personally, and I assure you I can convince him in five minutes that the Keeley Cure and the results obtained from same are a godsend to the drunkard as well as his family.

For ten years I was drunk all the time and was the worst cigarette fiend, I dare say, in Chicago. I had lost a good position through whiskey, and was on the verge of losing another, when some friends of mine induced me to try the Keeley Cure. I arrived in Dwight on August 21, 1900 (How easy it is now to remember dates), and expected to find drunken men lying all around, but was agreeably surprised to find the class of men that I had seen, and the best part of it was that everybody realized that he was no better than the rest, for we were all there to be cured of some addiction, and were striving to be men once more.

I took my last drink on August 22d and smoked my last cigarette (on the sly) on the 23d day of August; and from that date to this I have never touched one drink of any kind of liquor or anything that contained alcohol, nor smoked a cigarette. I never met a nicer lot of gentlemen than the physicians and manager of the Institute, and I think the timely advice they give leads the graduate to become a moral man.

While at Dwight I became acquainted with quite a number of people, in fact, I met my wife there, and one year from the date I quit drinking we were married and now have a nice home and two darling little daughters. I am now in business for myself and am prospering; so you can see that Dwight and the Keeley Cure did wonders for me. I am not ashamed to tell anyone that I have been to Dwight and taken the cure, and should I live to be one thousand years old I would never drink again, and do not think it possible for anything to be invented that can wrest the laurels from the Keeley Cure as a godsend and benefit to all mankind.

Wishing the Keeley Cure and the BANNER OF GOLD long life and prosperity, I am

Yours very truly,

OLIVER F. GRIFFIN.

543 South 44th Court.

Took the Cure Nearly Fifteen Years Ago.

ILLINOIS CITY, ILL., December 30, 1907.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It has been some time since I last wrote you, but I am still one of the faithful. It now is going on fifteen years since I graduated at good old Dwight. My friends tell me I am looking better every year, and I know I am feeling better than when I used to fill up on beer and whiskey. The longer I live the more I appreciate the Keeley Treatment and what it has done for me it will do for others if they play fair with themselves. I have never tasted anything stronger than lemonade since I took the cure. I am now past seventy, and if I live forty years more I don't think I will ever want to take another drink of anything that will intoxicate. It has been so easy for me to stay cured that I don't see how any one can go to drinking again after they have taken the treatment. Why, the smell of whiskey will make me sick yet.

I am pleased to tell you that most of the boys who have gone to Dwight from here are still O. K. I don't know of but one exception, and he never did have but little sense. My old friends, Bruner, Carpenter, Vickers, Ricketts, and several others that went there later on, are all right. There was a young fellow who went from here about a year ago who was perfectly awful,

but he is now a nice man. I want to say to the boys in line, take your medicine, and when you go home let whiskey alone. You will have come back to your senses, and you will realize how foolish you have been, and you will have a much better time than you ever had before. Why, I would no more think of taking a drink of whiskey than I would think of walking into a fiery furnace.

No more at present.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN F. HAYS.

October class, 1893.

Thousands Testify to the Merits of the Keeley Cure.

MARTINTON, ILL., January 19, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It has now been about a year since I wrote you my first letter. My opinion is the same today as it was then. I still regard the discovery of Doctor Keeley as one of the greatest that has been made in the medical world.

I am fully satisfied that the Keeley Company will do all they claim. They will cure the patient of the disease and place him in the same condition that he was in before he contracted the disease or began to drink. Then if he again contracts the disease it is his own fault.

Never since leaving the Institute have I felt the least desire to drink nor has the craving appetite for liquor returned. It is now as easy for me to pass a saloon without entering as it used to be for me to go in and take a drink.

I would say to all who are suffering from alcoholic addiction, and who feel that they have drunk enough and wish to be cured, take the Keeley Cure by all means. But if you feel that you cannot let liquor alone and still wish to go out with the boys occasionally and have what we used to call "a good time," and think you can still tamper with liquor and drink a little on the sly, then do not take the cure until you feel that you can protect it when once it has been given to you.

As for myself, I have nothing but praise for the Keeley people at Dwight. They have one of the best conducted institutions that I was ever in, and it is presided over by men who fully understand and appreciate your condition, and who will do everything in their power to make your stay there pleasant and profitable. I have never met a nicer or more pleasant and agreeable set of gentlemen than are those connected with the Keeley Institute at Dwight, and there are thousands of men who will testify to the merits of the Keeley Cure.

The name of Doctor Keeley is loved and respected by those who have been benefited by his great discovery, and his name is revered in many homes that have been made happy, and a hell turned into a heaven on earth through his efforts to benefit mankind.

Yours for Doctor Keeley and the Keeley Company,

J. L. WEBSTER.

Prosperous and Happy Since He Took the Cure.

ROSWELL, N. M., November 23, 1907.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your letter received and contents noted. In reply I will say, I have been a happy man since I left Dwight on April 4, 1903. I have been a different, and a better man, and my time has been occupied in making up for the losses of the previous twenty years, when I was addicted to the use of intoxicants. When I think seriously of the past, it really frightens me. I have always been a very busy man, but until I took the Keeley Cure I had nothing to be proud of or call my own. Since that time I have been exceedingly well, and am on the high road to success, morally, physically and financially. I have made a nice home for myself, and have a very dear sister keeping house for me, who never before could trust me.

You may use my name in any way you may see fit to help any one who has gone wrong, as I did. I cannot express my gratitude for the cure which I received, almost five years ago.

Respectfully yours,

W. T. WHITE.

411 N. Ky. Ave.

Has Stood the Test of Fifteen Years.

BELL AIR, MO., December 23, 1907.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I am glad to continue to report personally, that my treatment at Dwight, in 1892, has been a success, and all that I could desire. I have never for one moment since leaving Dwight (fifteen years ago) felt the desire or necessity for alcohol. I am married, prosperous and happy, and for which, in a large measure, I am indebted to the Keeley Cure. I would be glad to visit Dwight again, should I find it convenient to do so.

Very truly,

R. F. WYAN.

The Salvation of the Drinking Man.

CEDAR FALLS, IOWA, December 30, 1907.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your favor of the 17th inst. before me and wish to ask pardon for the neglect, but your letter was mislaid and during the rush of the holidays was entirely forgotten until looking through the unanswered letters found yours among the number.

Now, relative to my testimonial, I cannot say too much in favor and praise of the Keeley Cure, for I realize what it has done for me; for from being soaked with booze all the time for a period of seven years or more, and now being sober all the time, and not caring or thinking about anything of the sort, and now having means to buy everything that myself and wife want, where heretofore every cent I could get my fingers on went for whiskey, is it any wonder that I hurrah for the one thing that was my salvation? I thank God for

the day I was sent to Dwight to rid myself of the curse which has blighted the lives of so many and ruined homes without number, and if this letter, after being read by some victim, is the means of showing him or her the right way, why, thank God again, I say.

Very truly yours,

ARTHUR E. BICKNELL.

From Wretchedness to Health and Happiness

WOODLAND, ILL., January 29, 1908.

TO THE BANNER OF GOLD.—DEAR FRIENDS:—I appreciate the BANNER OF GOLD very much and am heartily pleased to read the testimonials from others, who, like myself, have been unfortunate. In company with a kind friend I arrived in Dwight the last day of June, 1900, and I believe I was one of the most wretched men that ever lived. I had reached the stage where I was afraid to be without liquor, and miserable when full of the vile stuff. I had not eaten a morsel for five days. God only knows my wretched condition. It seemed to me that I would have been willing to change places with any human being that lived. The regular time to effect a cure for the alcoholic trouble is four weeks, but under my condition I stayed five weeks. After I had remained long enough to be sure of a cure I think I was the happiest man on earth. While I was there I was not only cured of the drink habit, but I also quit blaspheming and card playing. Thank God I am still enjoying good health and am happy. And I believe I am safer from the dreadful evil than those who never drank, for I not only have no desire for liquor, but I have the lesson of the past ever before me.

I advise every one who is in need of the cure to take it at once and not put it off. And if any one who is bound by the terrible drink habit will write me I will be glad to verify what I have said.

God bless the Keeley Cure! It has been the greatest blessing to mankind of anything on earth.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN FANNING.

Financially Successful and Happy as Mortals Can Be.

FREDERICK, OKLA., December 23, 1907.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Dear Sirs:—This is the seventh annual letter that it has been my good fortune to be able to write you. When I left Dwight, January 20, 1900, I promised to write each year, and I have never failed yet.

Well, the world holds many attractions for me since I took the cure. I have prospered to a reasonable degree financially; my health has been as good as could be expected, and, above all, my wife and I are as happy as it is intended for mortals to be. She had enough bitter experience to be able to appreciate my reform.

I have never omitted an opportunity to preach "Keeley Cure," but have never to my knowledge been instrumental in sending anyone there except my brother, who went there last summer for tobacco treatment. But if I should fail to do anything I could in this cause of saving my fellow-men by the Keeley route my wife would certainly object. However, she has no cause to complain to my knowledge.

Now, since we have reached school we have prohibition, and our new sheriff, Mr. Carter, has promised that we will have prohibition just as we asked for it or he will resign his office.

With best wishes of all concerned in the Keeley work, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

D. C. McCLURE.

Route 5, Box 1.

Two Years After Taking the Cure.

OAKLAND, PITTSBURG, PA., September 15, 1907.

Mr. J. N. Burson, Manager The Keeley Institute, 4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.—Dear Sir:—It will be two years next January since I called at the Institute for information in regard to the Keeley Cure. I had been drinking hard for some years, and when you stated to me that you had been cured about sixteen years it gave me hope. At once I arranged my business to take the cure, and can assure you that I have never regretted it, and all desire for drink left me. My business came back to me, and we have a happy home once more. Should you wish to use this letter as reference at any time you are at liberty to do so, as I should be only too well pleased could I be the means of saving some man who is addicted to drink. I am,

Very truly yours,

ROBERT S. MELHORN.

250 Dunlap St.

From a Graduate of Thirteen Years.

GENOA, ILL., December 20, 1907.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your welcome letter received, and in reply will say it will be thirteen years the 4th of January since I arrived in Dwight to take treatment for drink, and I want to say right now, that during the thirteen years I haven't had one second of time—and that is a short space of time—that I have had the least desire for drink, and I thank God and Doctor Keeley I have never taken one. My health was never better, and I want to say it doesn't require any will power to stay from drink after being cured. I am seldom asked to drink, but to those who do ask me I just show my Keeley button, which I take pride in showing and wearing at all times. I never was better morally, physically and financially than I am now. My advice to a Keeley graduate is, have backbone enough to refuse a drink. Tell everybody that asks you to drink that you have taken the Keeley Cure and don't have to drink. Don't be ashamed of your cure. It is the sober man that is wanted, and not the man loaded up with booze. I cannot express my gratitude for the cure which I received thirteen years ago.

Respectfully yours,

MARTIN MALANA.

DENATURATED ALCOHOL.

ITS VALUE FOR HEATING AND LIGHTING PURPOSES.

PRACTICAL application of the denaturated alcohol idea is being made on a very extensive scale. Hitherto the main difficulty has been one of cost, but, to all intents and purposes, this may be said to have been removed. Today, in fact, says the Saturday Evening Post, the untaxed spirits are being manufactured actually at so cheap a rate as to enable them to compete in the market with gasoline.

On the first day of last August the price of tax-free alcohol in the United States was about forty cents a gallon; but since then it has been falling with great rapidity. At present there is only one large manufacturer in this country; but many other concerns are about to embark in the business, and it is expected, furthermore, that a multitude of farmers will soon establish for themselves small co-operative plants, to which they will bring their refuse apples, spoiled cabbages, corn-cobs and green corn-stalks, and all sorts of waste vegetable material, to be converted into alcohol.

Already in Germany denaturated alcohol is being produced in enormous quantities, mainly from potatoes, at twelve cents a gallon. But a much more striking illustration of the possibilities of cheapening the fluid may be found nearer home—that is to say, in Cuba, where vast amounts of molasses refuse are available for distillation. Alcohol derived from this source costs, on the island, less than ten cents a gallon. It is by all odds the cheapest fuel in the world, gasoline being out of competition with it.

Now, the obviousness of this fact has led our Navy Department to undertake a series of experiments looking to the possible adoption of alcohol as fuel for war-ships. The government, of course, can import the fluid from Cuba without paying any duty, and, utilized as a substitute for coal, it might save a good deal of money. At the present time Germany and Great Britain, with the same idea in view, are building fighting vessels which will be equipped with engines specially adapted for the use of alcohol as a motive power, and they are inclined to the opinion that "high wines" will, in the not-distant future, furnish propulsion for war-ships of all classes, excepting, perhaps, the battleships.

ALCOHOL FOR LIGHTING.

Meanwhile a large plant has been established at Meriden, Connecticut, for turning out great quantities of lamps, stoves and other contrivances adapted for the utilization of denaturated alcohol. The fluid cannot be employed as fuel, or as an illuminant in any kind of apparatus suitable for oil, and on this account it has been necessary to invent for the purpose special and peculiar devices—all of them depending fundamentally upon the idea of burning not the alcohol directly, but the gas generated from it by heat. Among these is a kind of street lamp, exceedingly brilliant, which, used with an incandescent mantle, has a power of 300 candles.

The new alcohol cook stoves are very compact, with broilers and other attractive attachments, and will be cheaper to manage than gasoline stoves, when the fluid fuel employed comes down to its normal price. Besides, they are decidedly cleaner. Of heaters there is quite a variety, run by alcohol, one style being intended for automobiles. This, indeed, is quite an interesting improvement; and it is worth mentioning incidentally, that the motor cars in the future will be provided with a modified carburetor for burning alcohol, thus getting rid of all disagreeable smell.

Outdoor heaters and cookers, burning alcohol, will soon be on the market; and special contrivances have been devised for the use of the same fuel in the kitchens of yachts. It seems likely, indeed, that alcohol will be employed also for the lighting and heating of such pleasure boats. Lamps suitable for the purpose, with incandescent mantles, give a beautiful illumination. One may add that in all probability motor-boats will, before long, be propelled by alcohol.

"Let no man deceive himself about alcoholic drinks. The man who drinks brandy or beer, whiskey or wine, ought to bear in mind that these drinks do not give him strength, but rather dissipate strength. There are a great many people who believe that a moderate use of alcohol under proper circumstances conduces to health and strength, makes good flesh and builds up the nervous system. This is not true. Indulgence in these drinks should be classed as dissipation. They squander strength. They do not give strength. . . . No man is stronger for having taken a glass of whiskey. He may temporarily feel stronger, but the glass of whiskey has deceived him. He has taken from his stock of vitality at an exorbitant rate of interest."—Sawdust Magazine.

FROM A SOUTHERN PUBLISHER

EXCERPT FROM THE WALLACE WILLIAMS, EDITOR AND
OWNER OF THE MISSOURI TELEGRAPH

ABOUT seventeen years ago, one cold, snowy morning at four o'clock, a skeptical, doubting man and his faithful wife arrived in Dwight.

After a few hours' repose in the McPherson Hotel, and a hasty breakfast, I strolled out on the street, hoping to meet some one I had seen before, but no such good luck was in store for me then. In a few moments I spied the sign of a printing office and hastened toward it, knowing that a bond of fellowship always existed between members of the craft—felt that I would receive some word of consolation in my then disturbed state of mind, as to the efficacy of Doctor Keeley's treatment. At the office I met Mr. Zimmerman (whom I afterward became well acquainted with) and propounded the question: "Do you know Doctor Keeley, and is he a fraud?" Mr. Zimmerman replied: "Go, put yourself under Doctor Keeley's care, and the longer you stay with him the better you will like him."

I had never written to Doctor Keeley, nor read any of his circulars, because I had no faith in him; and, like all other drinking men, thought I could stop drinking whenever I chose, and had no need for his services.

I will digress a little in order to relate the experience of a reverend gentleman who is now one of the ablest divines in the Baptist Church. This gentleman was holding a series of meetings in Fulton, and took dinner with my family. (This was about three years before my visit to Dwight.) During the dinner the subject of whisky came up, as I thought, for my benefit; but the minister turned to me and said: "Do you know that I have fallen three times in thirteen years?" I was amazed to think that a "man of the cloth" would drink as I did, and could hardly believe his assertion, until our local pastor, who is a native of Virginia, verified his statement, and related how he had walked the streets of Baltimore with him when one of those "spells" would attack him, to keep him out of saloons. This was a revelation to me, and started me to thinking that probably whisky had gotten a hold of me and that I could not shake it off as easily as I had supposed.

Saturday morning, before I started for Dwight, I was sitting down at home with my head in my hands, and gave expression to my thoughts in words, not knowing that any one was near. In a few minutes my wife came to me, and in a surprised tone, asked: "What is that you say?" I replied that I had said nothing, whereupon she remarked that I had said, "I am going to Dwight," and hastily donning her cloak and hat, she went to town, but returned in a short time, saying that if I was of the same opinion Monday we would start for Dwight.

Of course there was rejoicing in the family when it was learned that I had resolved to try the last resort. One brother-in-law, who had lost patience with me, came to see me before train time, and asked if there was anything I wanted, and as a test case I told him I wanted a quart of whisky and a pound of tobacco. In a few moments the desired and much-prized articles arrived and were in my possession, and with a half-pint in my hip pocket I left for the depot with a full determination to give Doctor Keeley's remedies a faithful trial.

On arriving at Doctor Keeley's office, a then large, square frame building, Doctor Milton Keeley met me at the door, requested my card or name, and being informed that I had never written to the Doctor, and that he did not know me, took a seat to await Doctor Keeley's welcome words, "Come in." After a few words, I said to Doctor Keeley, "I have come here full of doubt, but if you will take the desire for drink from me, I'll do the rest." He replied, "I will certainly comply with your wish, and you shall not suffer for anything while under treatment, and if I am not at the office, come to my house, as I am as well prepared to treat you there as here." And he made his words good in everything he promised during my stay in Dwight.

During my stay I became personally acquainted with all the patients there taking treatment, and now have a complete roll of them, and must say I never met a more intelligent lot of gentlemen at any place. There was not a single "tough" in line.

After a week's treatment, a man's entire system is rejuvenated, and the craving for whisky is absent.

I found Doctor Keeley to be a kind, but firm man; I was in his private office daily, and soon learned to address him as "Doc," for the good he had done me and the others were there for the same purpose. Many will agree with me when I say I never met a more fatherly man than Doctor Keeley.

My treatment, it is the same now as then. We were in the office 8:00, 12:00, 5:00 and 7:30 for

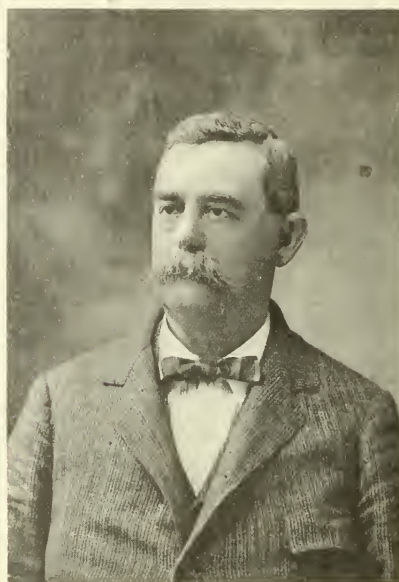
treatment, and took a tonic internally every two hours when awake.

After living a life of sobriety for nearly seventeen years, we wonder why others do not go and take the Keeley remedies and be cured. There is no denying it, after a man's system is saturated with alcohol, he is diseased, and must take medicine to be relieved. Dear reader, whisky will kill, and beer is sure death.

A man who wants to live a sober life does not have to exert any great amount of will power after he has been treated at a Keeley Institute. As in my case—I am sometimes invited to take a drink by those who do not know that I am a "Keeley graduate," and it is no strain on me politely to say, "Thank you, I don't care for any." Those who know my past life never invite me, and no friend would ask me to return to the "Mud and Mire."

I am sorry to say that I have met some men who took treatment that have gone back to drink; but not one of them said he did so on account of a desire for whisky; but for trivial reasons. A Keeley graduate should never take the first drink, and if he never goes where whiskey is, it will never come to him.

Previous to taking the Keeley Treatment I was a periodical drinker, and have gone eighteen months without whisky; but as the disease grew on me my drinking spells became more frequent and prolonged, which I believe is the case with every one of that class of drinkers. I have just as much fun, and enjoy life better than I did before taking treatment. I do not



MR. WALLACE WILLIAMS,
EDITOR MISSOURI TELEGRAPH, FULTON, MO.

suffer now from rheumatism, and I have not had occasion to call in a doctor but once, and that was in a case of colic, since my return home. I eat three times a day and sleep all night, and do not get up feeling as I did in days gone by, but fresh and ready for any kind of work that may present itself at my office.

My sympathies go out to every man that drinks, for I know that he cannot stop until he takes the Keeley Cure; and my advice to all who have taken the Keeley Treatment is to hold their cure, and cherish it much more than they would riches.

I still wear my Keeley button, and have done so ever since they were approved by the doctor.

I am also happy to state that I have the honor and pleasure of knowing that more than fifty men have received treatment at different Keeley Institutes through my efforts. I am the oldest Keeley graduate in central Missouri, having graduated February 10, 1891, and am open at any and all times to interrogation on the Keeley Treatment, and will cheerfully answer all inquiries.

530 Court Street, Fulton, Mo., Jan. 18, 1908.

To Drive It Out.

Switzerland is making a campaign against the use of absinthe, the intention being to drive all liquors of that character from Swiss territory. The secretary of the campaign committee said a short time ago, that 80,202 signatures had already been obtained for the petition asking for a stringent federal law to the above effect, and now there are probably more than 100,000 to ask that the law be passed.

PRASE DWIGHT AS PRODUCER
OF GOOD TO MANKIND.

MR. GEORGE E. MORAN, WELL-KNOWN NEWSPAPER WRITER
AND SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE CHICAGO

INTER OCEAN, VISITS DWIGHT—RESULT
OF HIS INVESTIGATIONS.

[The following dispatch to the Inter Ocean appeared in its issue of December 25, 1907.]

THIS little city, lying in the very heart of that great inland empire of Illinois, occupies a strange, unique position in the world today. A generation ago Dwight was no more famous and no more widely known than five hundred other cities of equal size and similar location. Today the name of Dwight is as renowned as that of Mecca or Medinah, and men of every nation can tell of Dwight and its source of fame as easily as they could speak of New York, San Francisco, or New Orleans.

Dwight is a remarkable illustration of what one man, one impulse and one well-directed purpose will do in the way of making history. One man—Leslie E. Keeley—and the great Institute he founded a few years ago have given Dwight widespread fame, and have made for themselves a place and an unquestioned honor that shall never be diminished. The Keeley Institute and the work accomplished by its founder and the men who took up his work when his great heart had throbbled for the final time are unique and unapproachable. The theory that Leslie E. Keeley worked out through years of study has survived the test of time and the attacks of opposition, and the Institute now does its work unhindered by even the breath of hostile critics. Like the traditional Missourians, the critics and the scoffers "have been shown," and the Keeley Institute now commands only the praise and respect of the whole country.

Dr. Leslie E. Keeley met the usual fate of those who discover the sources of actual benefit to the world. He spent his life theorizing, working, and perfecting his discoveries, and then, when his work had borne fruit, and he had reached the top wave of success and popularity, he died, passing when life was most enjoyable, when criticism had been silenced, and when the years seemed to offer him only the best of everything. His ideas had been developed and demonstrated, and those to whom he left his mighty undertakings had only to gather up the reins and continue acting on his theories.

DOCTOR KEELEY'S CAREER.

Leslie E. Keeley was an army surgeon, serving with distinction, and gaining the hearty commendation of the officers who rode with Grant and Sherman. After the war he came to Chenoa, Ill., and then moved to Dwight, where he proceeded to plan a system of study that resulted in the evolution of "the Keeley Cure." Thirty years ago he confidently informed his friends that he was tracing up the ramifications of a theory which would enable him to conquer drunkenness, and that it would not be many months before he could give full demonstration to his ideas. Doctor Keeley had by this time come to the conclusion that drunkenness was a disease, and, with the frankness which always characterized his speech and writings, he did not hesitate to say that he had formerly believed drunkenness to be, in the main, an inherited condition. Close study of inebriety had forced him to alter his own ideas, and when he had once studied out a definite pathology of alcoholism the road to his ultimate success lay wide open. The definition which Doctor Keeley worked out for inebriety covers the whole ground, and no physician has ever been able to improve upon it. Drunkenness, according to Doctor Keeley, is a "condition of the nerve cells wherein they have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly without its help."

In shorter words, when a man's system is once saturated with whiskey he cannot live without additional alcohol from time to time.

Having thus figured out the conditions of drunkenness, Doctor Keeley was ready to begin experiments upon a remedy for such conditions—an idea which would have been impracticable had the old contentions as to heredity been accepted as unshakable. In 1880 he was ready to make his first demonstrations, and the first Keeley Institute was ready for the reception of the first Keeley patients. It was a little wooden building, formerly the home of a country newspaper, and in these unpretentious quarters the Keeley Institute and the laboratory, indispensable to the great work, were originally housed.

HIGH IDEALS.

Doctor Keeley had calculated when he worked out his theory not only upon the disease conditions already noted, but upon the character of the average inebriate. He had learned that the majority of drinking men were earnest, honest people, who deplored their own condi-

tion, who ardently desired to reform, and who had no natural or vicious desire for drunkenness. Most of them, he also learned, were people of high intellectuality, and in nowise degenerates or dense brained sorts, such as too many imagine the average drunkard to really be. He therefore figured that the material on which to bestow his cure was of high grade and appreciative quality. This made certain problems much easier from the start. If the average inebriate were the sort of person often pictured by temperance agitators, no town could harbor him, and it would be a death blow to Dwight to bring hundreds of them into the little Illinois city. Moreover, if the inebriate were either a degenerate or a victim of real heredity, no cure could either drive out alcoholic inclination or make him restrain his besotted behavior. Had Doctor Keeley calculated wrongly, his invention would not only have been a failure from the start, but Dwight would have been filled with raving semi-maniacs, terrorizing the town and committing frightful outrages on the community.

The Keeley theory, as worked out through its complete success, was therefore double; first, that inebriety was simply a disease, and, as such, capable of a cure; second, that inebriates were gentlemen and men of honor, and that no trouble, no reign of terror, would be incurred by bringing them to Dwight. Both propositions worked out to the dot, and the people of Dwight are today thoroughly proud of the Keeley Institute and of the man who founded it. No padded cells, no armed guards were ever needed to control the inebriates or to keep them from spreading terror through the town. Thousands have come and gone; a steady stream has passed in and out of the portals during these twenty-seven years, and never has either of the original Keeley theories been shaken. The Keeley methods have done all that they were supposed to do for their recipients, and the dwellers at the Institute, in return, have borne themselves as gentlemen and decent citizens.

GROWTH OF THE INSTITUTE.

It did not take long for the little Institute to score a series of successes, and larger quarters became imperative. They were soon located, only, in turn, to prove inadequate. Year by year the Institute demanded, and obtained, more room. A fire destroyed practically the whole plant in 1902, but it was speedily rebuilt upon a finer scale than ever. Today the Institute occupies massive and magnificent fireproof buildings, which cost upward of \$500,000, and it has branches in practically every state in the union, with others in Canada and England, and arrangements now under way for more branches in France and Australia.

The central building of the Institute structures is the laboratory and office building, where treatment is administered and the Keeley remedies are prepared. Adjoining the office building is a power plant of great value, provided with splendid machinery, and generating electricity for the company buildings. Heat and hot water are furnished from this plant. North of the laboratory is a hotel, the Livingston, owned and operated by the Keeley company, which cost \$200,000, and is equipped in a style that no hotel in the larger cities can surpass. While the patients of the Institute board at this hotel, traveling men and casual visitors to Dwight stop here in numbers, and it is impossible to distinguish the Institute's patrons from the brisk and clear-eyed commercial traveler. The patients of the Keeley Institute are found everywhere throughout the little town. They are met in the corridors and lobby of the big hotel; they are encountered walking, driving, playing tennis and baseball, and fraternizing with the people of the city. No social lines are drawn to exclude the Keeley patients. The good people of Dwight have long since learned that the Keeley patrons are gentlemen of good behavior, and, taught by the Keeley theories, regard the man who is afflicted with the disease of inebriety exactly as they would the man suffering from malaria or ague, so far as social equality is concerned.

MISTAKEN IMPRESSIONS.

An impression has gone abroad—an impression handed down from the olden time, when "drink cures" were prisons and methods of sternest cruelty—that Dwight is a place of confinement. Many timid people still think that patients at Dwight are treated exactly as was the case at "drink cures" one hundred years ago—that they are kept captives, and caged with roaring, shrieking drunkards, "seeing snakes," and tearing up the furniture, as a plain fact, the reverse is the exact truth in every way. No matter what may be the condition of a man on reaching Dwight, it takes but a few days to sober him and induce him to cheerfully give up liquor, and the "upon honor" system of the place has held the patients under such perfect control that in all the years of the Institute's history not one patron has ever been arrested. The town marshal of Dwight, in fact, has been a sinecure, and his duties are so light that he has been given office of street superintendent as a means of finding him sufficient occupation.

The rules at Dwight are of the plainest and simplest kind, and the patients find no trouble in living up to them. "Take your medicine and be a gentleman" is the order of the day, and the patrons themselves maintain a standard of conduct that is irreproachable. As the result, there is no disorder, no trouble, no need for armed guards and padded cells.

It takes four weeks to effect a cure under the Keeley methods. The patient has an internal remedy, which he takes at stated intervals as he might any other prescription. Four times daily every patient comes to the office for hypodermic injections, and the antagonists of the Keeley methods formerly made this a basis of attack, arguing that the hypodermic idea was full of danger. The records of the Dwight Institute are sufficient answer to these assertions, and the experience of twenty-seven years has shown that the hypodermic treatment has unquestioned advantages that can be gained in no other way.

Within a few days after the patient begins the treatment his general improvement is noticeable—not only from the direct attack of the strained conditions caused by excessive drink, but through incidental treatment administered for any minor ailments—colds, indigestion, malaria, etc., which may be also troubling the patron. The idea of the place is to send a man home not only cured of alcoholism, but of any other ailments that can be successfully combated.

Certain structural changes caused by inebriety often work havoc with the victim, and the Keeley system does not claim to do away with these. Cirrhosis of the liver and fatty degeneration of the heart are among the most annoying of these ailments, and are often beyond the reach of medical assistance. It is asserted, on apparently good foundation, that much improvement is wrought in even these cases when the alcoholic poison has been driven out by the Keeley remedies. Disposition is another disease which the Keeley Institute does not claim to cure, and these cases of periodical insanity are not accepted at Dwight.

DRUG FIENDS CURED.

Drug habits—the use of cocaine, morphine, opium, etc.—are handled at the Keeley Institute, and with marked success. The same theories apply to drug victims as to inebriates—diseased conditions of the nerve cells with a consequent demand for the particular drug that has wrought the ruin. A drug user is much harder to handle than an alcoholic victim, as the drunkard often quits voluntarily for many days, and hence is, proportionately, less "soaked" with poison than the drug fiend, who never stops of his own accord. The drug fiend is also secretive in habit, and ashamed of his vice, while the drunkard parades his disease openly and becomes as a rule the essence of hospitality in his invitations to "join me in another one." Under all these circumstances it is not astonishing that it takes one or two weeks longer to cure a drug fiend than a victim of chronic alcoholism.

WOMEN ARE WELCOME.

Women patronize the Keeley Institute in large and continually increasing numbers. They have a corridor, at the Livingston Hotel, with a separate entrance, and are regarded simply as guests or visitors, with none of the publicity and inquisitive curiosity that every woman dreads worse than she would death by torture. Nobody in Dwight or around the hotel evinces the slightest inquisitiveness concerning the Institute patrons—the Institute has been established too many years and the people have long since learned that the patients have nothing singular or freakish about them.

It has never been claimed for the Keeley Cure that it will change a man from an inebriate to a moderate drinker; he must remain a total abstainer as long as he lives; they have all tried faithfully the experiment of being moderate drinkers and having made a dismal failure of it, any subsequent attempts will result similarly. There is no middle ground between abstinence and excess for the man who has taken a cure for the liquor addiction, and he should govern himself accordingly; all are subject to the outside temptation, but with the aid of past experience, and having the craving actually and permanently removed, they will have no trouble in this respect if they exercise ordinary common sense. If a man makes a mistake under certain circumstances, he is permitted to have a second treatment, but never under any conditions will the Institute administer a third.

OLD SOLDIERS AS PATRONS.

Thousands of veterans in the various soldiers' homes—places where time hangs heavy on the old warriors' hands, and where many of them have consequently taken to drinking—have been cured by the Keeley remedies, while many officers and soldiers in the regular army have also been graduates of the Institute. Generals, senators, congressmen, editors, lawyers, clergymen—representatives of every occupation—have all been cured at Dwight, and the number of graduates is over 300,-

000. Not less than 17,000 physicians are among those who have been on the rolls of the Keeley institution. Some 30,000 of the graduates have formed an organization known as the Keeley League.

The literature issued by the Keeley management is high-class in every way and dignified in tone. Instead of appealing for patronage the Keeley literature is in itself a campaign against the liquor habit, and a dignified presentation of temperance arguments, from the standpoint of men who know whereof they speak.

Endorsements of the Keeley methods have heaped up through the years till a bare mention of the men and women who have given the Institute unstinted praise would fill many columns. Numbers of Catholic clergymen have, unsolicited, given ardent approval to the Keeley ideas, while one of the foremost advocates of the Keeley method was the late Joseph Medill, the great Chicago editor. Mr. Medill was given a practical demonstration of the Keeley system, five supposedly incorrigible drunkards having been thoroughly cured solely for the purpose of giving Mr. Medill ocular and unquestionable proofs.

DWIGHT WELL LOCATED.

The pretty little city of Dwight, seventy-three miles from Chicago, is on the direct line of the Alton railroad, while the railway connections make it easily accessible from all sections of the country. Prominent among the citizens of this delightful little town are the officers now in charge of the Keeley Institute—the men who are continuing the work that Dr. Leslie E. Keeley began so long ago.

President John R. Oughton has two ideals—the Keeley Institute and studies of nature. He owns several thousand acres of fertile land around Dwight, and maintains a high-class stock farm, on which he has erected a palatial country home, but the pride of the big estate is a herd of nearly one hundred deer. One of the prettiest sights imaginable is to see the whole herd streaming over the long stretches of prairie land or bounding happily across the snow.

So much for the Keeley Institute and for its system of treatment—a demonstrated success, an agency of good incalculable, and destined, as the years go by, to be still greater and to gain still wider fame.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

MALT LIQUORS AS WELL AS WHISKEY BRING ON DREAD DISEASE.

THE conclusive symptom of chronic inebriety is delirium tremens, "the horrors," says J. W. Helburn in American Magazine. "None but the true inebriate gets it, and most inebriates get it sooner or later, though some escape the actual delirium that is the typical feature. It must not be confused with alcoholic insanity, the violent dementia brought on in some persons by amounts of alcohol often too small to cause intoxication. True delirium tremens is literally the result of soaking. It comes on when the tissues are saturated with alcohol. Usually it appears at the end of a long spree or in the case of a steady drinker when he has been taking more than his usual allowance. But as alcohol remains in the tissues from three to eight days the delirium may develop some days after the spree, whereupon the victim usually ascribes it to the fact that he gave up alcohol and took to water. It is a state of collapse, insomnia, trembling, acute terror and usually violent delirium, which lasts from two to five days. 'Menagerie delirium,' the vision of violent mice and iridescent snakes generally supposed to prevail, is not very common, snakes being rarer than other animals.

"The ordinary delirium centers about the usual occupation of the patient. Its violence can be judged by the degree to which his visions are independent of his will and by the terror they cause him. A teamster, for instance, usually drives horses in his delirium. If they obey him he will get well, but if they back against his orders or bolt he is thrown into a state of extreme terror and is pretty certain to die. The delusions of a first attack are always terrifying, but in later recurrences the experienced drinker is often aware of his condition and watches his own hallucinations with a sort of impersonal amusement. The supposedly harmless malt liquors are slower in bringing on delirium tremens than whiskey, but usually bring on uglier attacks. Contrary to general opinion, they are responsible for a considerable share of the inebriety of this country. Some years ago Dr. Charles L. Dana, at that time visiting physician to Bellevue hospital, recorded the form of liquor used by nearly 200 inebriate patients. A third drank whiskey, nearly a third beer and whiskey and a quarter malt liquors altogether. The rest took anything that contained alcohol. There are virtually no wine drinking inebriates in this country."

Art Department

EDITED BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

LEONARDO DA VINCI—"THE WIZARD OF THE RENAISSANCE"
—A LEADER IN ITS MOST IMPORTANT PERIOD.

[Nineteenth Paper.]

BY priority of birth Leonardo should have been studied before the subject of our last study, Fra Bartolomeo, as he was the senior by twenty-three years and the latter's teacher at one time; but as he was one of the four who came to earth "in the fulness of time" to make their time known as the greatest age of the Italian Renaissance we have reserved him till this epochal period. Sweet and gifted as was Fra Baccio (Bartolomeo), he could not reach the height to which the "four archangelic natures climbed," who are said "to have gathered up all that had hitherto been achieved in art since the days of Pisano and Giotto, adding such celestial illumination from the sunlight of their in-born genius that in them the world forever sees what art can do." Not counting Venice, our studies have now brought us to the great age of the Renaissance, and the four leaders at this time are Leonardo da Vinci, born in Valdarno in 1452, dying in France in 1519; Michael Angelo Buonarroti, born at Caprese, in the Casentino, in 1475, dying at Rome in 1564 (having outlived his great peers by nearly half a century); Raphael Santi, born at Urbino, 1483, dying in Rome in 1520; and Antonio Allegri, born at Correggio, 1494, dying in the town of his birth in 1534. Symonds says: "To these four men, each in his own degree and according to his own peculiar quality of mind, the fulness of the Renaissance in its power and freedom was revealed. They entered the inner shrine, where dwelt the spirit of their age, and bore to the world the message each of them had heard. In their work posterity still may read the meaning of that epoch, differently rendered according to the difference of gifts in each consummate artist, but comprehended in its unity by study of the four together. Leonardo is the wizard, or diviner; to him the Renaissance offers her mystery and lends her magic. Raphael is the Phebean singer; to him the Renaissance reveals her joy and dowers him with the gift of melody. Correggio is the Ariel or Faun, the lover and light-giver; he has surprised laughter upon the face of the universe, and he paints this laughter in ever-varying movement. Michael Angelo is the prophet and Sibylline seer; to him the Renaissance discloses the travail of her spirit; him she endues with power; he wrests her secret, voyaging, like an ideal Columbus, the vast abyss of thought alone. In order that this revelation of the Renaissance in painting should be complete, it is necessary to add a fifth power to these four—that of the Venetian masters, who are the poets of carnal beauty, the rhetoricians of mundane pomp, the impassioned interpreters of all things great and splendid in the pageant of the outer world. As Venice herself, by type of constitution and historical development, remained sequestered from the rest of Italy, so her painters demand separate treatment. It is enough, therefore, for the present to remember that without the note they utter the chord of the Renaissance lacks its harmony." In Venice a painter was usually only a painter, a sculptor only a sculptor; but in Florence it was customary for the same man to practice all the arts. Giotto was the foremost painter, you remember, of his day, and architect as well, and in sculpture attained no mean distinction. And such was the case with many of his successors, until the school culminated (Florentine) in Michael Angelo, who stood preëminent in all.

But of Florentine versatility Leonardo is the supreme expression, as he embraced not only all the arts, but all the sciences. He was distinguished as a military and civil engineer, as a geologist, geographer and astronomer; he re-discovered the principles of the lever and hydraulics; he was a great mathematician and mechanician, an anatomist, a physiologist, and a chemist. He invented more mechanical devices than any man that ever lived, unless it be Edison. Some of them were merely toys that delighted or frightened his contemporaries, others serviceable implements that are in use today, like the saws employed today at the quarries in Carrara, or the hoisting apparatus with which the obelisks of London and New York were lifted into position, but more of his achievements later on.

Leonardo was the natural son of Messer Pietro,

notary of Florence and landed proprietor at Vinci. Vasari says he was so beautiful of person that no one has sufficiently extolled his charms; so strong of limb that he could bend an iron ring or horseshoe between his fingers; so eloquent of speech that those who listened to his words were fain to answer "yes" or "no" as he thought fit. Today this description seems, perhaps, exaggerated, but when we study the character of this myriad-gifted son, we can easily see how he may have swayed all whom he willed to be his servants.

Of course, many traditions have grown round the name of Leonardo da Vinci, but putting all these aside he may well have been termed "the wizard of the Italian Renaissance." With all his other gifts, he was a wonderful musician. The Duke of Milan sent for him to play upon his lute and improvise Italian canzoni. The lute he carried was of silver, shaped like a horse's head, and tuned to acoustic laws discovered by himself. Of the songs he sang to its accompaniment none have been preserved. (O, the carelessness of the close contemporaries of greatness in every age!) Only one sonnet remains to show of what sort was the poetry of Leonardo, prized so highly by the men of his generation. This, too, is less remarkable for poetic beauty than for philosophy expressed with singular brevity of phrase. Here is the one lone sonnet, as translated by Symonds:

He who can do not what he wills, should try
To will what he can do; for since 'tis vain
To will what can't be compassed, to abstain
From idle wishing is philosophy.
So, all our happiness and grief imply
Knowledge or not of will's ability;
They therefore can, who will what ought to be,
Nor wrest true reason from her seat away.
Nor what a man can, should he always will!
Oft seemeth sweet what after is not so;
And what I wished, when had, hath cost a tear.
Then, reader of these lines, if thou wouldst still
Be helpful to thyself, to others dear,
Will to can always what thou ought to do.

This story of his lute might be taken as a parable of his achievements. Art and science were never separated in his work, and both were often subservient to some fanciful caprice, or some whimsical freak of originality. Curiosity and love of the uncommon ruled his nature. He penetrated many secrets of science. Even in his childhood he is said to have perplexed his teachers with arithmetical problems. In his maturity he carried anatomy further than Della Torre; he invented machinery for water mills and aqueducts; he devised engines of war, discovered the secret of conical rifle bullets, adapted paddle-wheels to boats, projected new systems of siege artillery, investigated the principles of optics, designed buildings, made plans for piercing mountains, raising churches, connecting rivers, draining marshes, clearing harbors. The folio volume of sketches in the Ambrosian Library at Milan contains designs for all these workers. The collection in the Royal Library at Windsor is no less rich. Among Leonardo's scientific drawings in the latter place may be mentioned a series of maps illustrating the river system of central Italy, with plans for improved drainage.

It is hardly necessary to remind you that history tells us that he served Cesare Borgia and the Florentine republic as an engineer, architect, etc., and that much of his time at Milan was spent in hydraulic works upon the Adda. It should be said here that Leonardo committed the results of his discoveries to writing; but he published very little, and that by no means the most precious of his thoughts. He founded at Milan an Academy of Arts and Sciences, if this name may be given to an association of artists, scholars and men of the world, to whom it is said that he communicated his researches in anatomy. The "Treatise on Painting," which bears his name, is a compilation from notes and manuscripts first printed in 1651. "There was no branch of study whereby nature through the effort of the inquisitive intellect might not be subordinated to the use of man, of which he was not master." Nor, richly gifted as he was, did Leonardo trust his natural facility. His study and patience were no less marvelous than the quickness of his insight. A deep student of the known as well as the unknown—a searcher into phenomena—a would-be piercer through all the mysteries of life;—this was Leonardo; and this phase of his character is portrayed in the face of his well-known portrait, "Mona Lisa."

When a boy he was a pupil in the workshop of Verocchio, who had fixed a smile on the face of his bronze statue of David. Leonardo, the boy, modeled in terra cotta certain heads of women, smiling. When an old man, he left "Mona Lisa" on the easel

not quite finished—the portrait of a shadowy, subtle, uncertain smile. "This smile," says one of his biographers, "this enigmatic revelation of a movement in the soul, this seductive ripple on the surface of the human personality, was to Leonardo a symbol of the secret of the world, an image of the universal mystery. It haunted him all his life, and innumerable were the attempts he made to render by external form the magic of this fugitive and evanescent charm." Knowing now the character of Leonardo, may we not agree with the theory advanced by the writer just quoted? To me, it answers the many queries propounded by interested students of this famous painting—as to the character and meaning of that indefinable smile.

Gifted with every talent, so beautiful that he fascinated every beholder, is it any wonder that as a youth in Florence he was courted and admired as youth has never been since the days of Alcibiades, or that when he went to Milan he took the court by storm?

That a man of such varied occupations should have produced little in art is not surprising; but that that little should be so perfect is astonishing, so rare is the combination of scientific and artistic genius, so difficult is it to look into the essence of things and yet be charmed with the beauty of their external appearance. Yet there can be no doubt that "among the countless works produced by that desire for beauty that is in every human heart" none rank higher than the few that we owe to Leonardo's hand.

Of the many paintings once attributed to him, only three are now admitted by all the critics to be authentic—the cartoon of the Royal Academy, the Mona Lisa and the decaying fresco of the Last Supper. Many other paintings have been attributed to him, but even though we are not now sure they were by his own hand, they are stamped with his genius, as exemplified by his pupils.

To Leonardo must be accorded the supreme glory of being the first modern to invent grandeur of style. Before his day there were strong and beautiful pictures, but the "Last Supper" was the first that was truly grand, and it is the genuine grandeur which depends not on largeness of dimensions, but which comes from harmonious combination of nobility and simplicity, and shines forth in the smallest wood cut of the immortal work. Says one writer: "Its painting was like the discovery of some majestic harmony in nature of which men had never dreamed." In these thirteen figures seated at a table in a bare room with windows overlooking upon an extended prospect, there is a dignity, an elevation, a majesty that came as an astonishment to the world; while in the varied yet harmonious arrangement of the several groups the full capacities of composition were first revealed. When the painting was completed it was hailed as the masterpiece of painting, and succeeding ages have but joined in the acclaim. Even the humblest reproduction of it conveys some impression of the grandeur of the original which, faded, repainted and defaced, still charms us by the majesty of its shadowy outlines. All the world critics agree that, had Leonardo produced nothing else, his title to rank with the greatest could never be gained. Grandeur of style is the highest merit that a work of art can possess, and of that supreme distinction he is the inventor. "Had he never lived," says Rose. "it might have been discovered by Michael Angelo or Raphael, but who can say that without the 'Last Supper' we should ever have had the 'Creation of Man' or the 'School of Athens.' We cannot determine with certainty what Raphael and Michael Angelo would have done had not Leonardo taught them how such miracles are wrought."

No man ever had such mastery of facial expression. In portraying the human countenance he had the same undisputed supremacy that Angelo had of the human form. He saw quite through the souls of men, and fixed them on his canvas or sketch-book with unequalled skill. No expression was too grotesque or too violent to be depicted there. He understood the whole gamut of human feelings from the fiercest passions of anger to the most melting love. His whole life was a study of the faces he met. Sometimes for days he would follow one face until he had fixed it in his mind unalterably, sometimes a beautiful one, sometimes a hideous and repellent one;—then transfix it to his sketch-book. So when he came to paint the faces of the twelve apostles and Jesus at the crucial moment when the words, "One of you shall betray me," had been uttered, it was, apparently, easy for him to depict all the manifestations of amazement, horror and love that the tragic moment produced. (This painting, finished in

1498, may be seen, though a mere wreck, in the Convent delle Grazie, at Milan.)

"The Last Supper" is too well-known to need further description here. It is enough to say that this composition of a subject already called the masterpiece of nearly every preceding painter of any pretensions prior to Leonardo's marked the appearance of a new spirit of power and freedom in the arts. With the poem of Wordsworth on Da Vinci's "Last Supper," we will close this too inadequate study of the "Wizard of the Renaissance":

THE LAST SUPPER.

Though searching damp and many an envious frow
Have marred this work: the calm, ethereal glow,
The love deep-seated in the Savior's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements: as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the beholder,—and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives; lip, forehead, cheek
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings, still bespeak
A labor worthy of eternal youth!

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

THE "POET SCOUT."

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, the famous "Poet Scout," has many friends among readers of the BANNER OF GOLD, and all will be glad to hear from him again. The following letter shows that he is still fighting for the extermination of the twin evils, whisky and cigarettes, and that he considers the Keeley Cure one of the most potent factors in the work of reform:

ON THE IRON TRAIL, December 9, 1907.
EDITOR THE BANNER OF GOLD:—It was during World's Fair time that, in company with a number of Keeley graduates, I first visited the Keeley Institute at Dwight, and ever since my entertainment there, whether around the camp fire in my own wild West, out under the stars, in the drawing rooms of the effete East, or at great Chautauqua and Lyceum gatherings, I have made special mention of the grand work for God and humanity at the Keeley institutions. And when today I found a BANNER OF GOLD in the sleeper from Chicago to Creston, Iowa, and read the article on "Cigarettes and Cigaretists," by Elbert Hubbard, I thought I would write you about my last visit to the Hubbard ranch, the Roycrofters, at East Aurora, N. Y. Nowhere have I been more inspired than on the Roycrofters, where industry, unselfishness, co-operation, love, truth and justice are more fully exemplified than I have ever seen them in any community, and only rarely in any family where I have been a guest. Elbert Hubbard is the simplest great man I ever knew, and he is surrounded by simplicity. Mrs. Hubbard is the brainiest, busiest and best combination of a woman I ever met, while Miriam, the little daughter, who calls me her "Old Pard" and "Uncle Jack," is the sweetest, best-behaved and most brilliant child I have ever known.

On Thanksgiving night Mr. Hubbard advertised a Temperance Rally in Emerson Hall, and the people of East Aurora were invited. The hall was packed and extra chairs and benches were carried up from the floor below. Modesty forbids me quoting from Mr. Hubbard's speech introducing the speaker, but it was not unlike the inclosed, which appeared in The Philistine two years ago after my first visit at Christmas time.

It was a great meeting, and at its conclusion two ministers and a large delegation of blue ribboners gave me cordial and hearty congratulations and thanks. It was the opening campaign against the saloons in East Aurora, and just before election I shall go back and take the stump for the people against the saloon. My latest poem, "The Womanhood of Man," read for the first time on that Thanksgiving evening, will appear in the Philistine for January. I inclose advance copy.

I am coming to Dwight again soon as I get a day off, and I want the students of political and other economy to invite their friends to the camp fire.

In conclusion, let me say that for thirty-five years I have conscientiously fought for temperance and have talked to tens of thousands of boys about the evils of the cigarette, the dime novel and the dime novel drama. I have put not less than a hundred boys behind prison bars out West who have admitted to me and to others that they attributed their fate to the cigarette as a starter. The other evils followed. I trust that the time is not far away when cigarettes and dime novels will be prohibited—for mad dogs and rattlesnakes are not as dangerous. Fraternally yours,

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

In a personal letter Captain Crawford writes that the Roycrofters are to print a long-promised book of his poems, which will be out soon. It will be bound in limp leather, silk-lined, and on finest Italian hand-made paper. The price of the book will be two dollars, which may be sent direct to the Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York, and autograph copies will be furnished when desired.

Captain Crawford has honestly earned his titles. He is a real poet and a real scout,—a man with a warrior's soul and the heart of a woman. His career as an army scout and frontiersman was distinguished by brave deeds, courage and fearlessness. His verse is

distinguished by its quaint humor and its gentle spirit of optimism.

Captain Crawford is one of Nature's poets. He began to make verses before he could write his name. When he enlisted, as a boy of sixteen, he was only able to put his mark to the paper, and he tells an interesting story of how his first set of verses, "The Forty-eighth" (his regiment), was taken down by a wounded Zouave who happened to be lying next to him in the military hospital, and was printed and sung before he knew how to read and write. His latest, and one of his best poems, "The Womanhood of Man," appeared in the January number of The Philistine. By permission of Elbert Hubbard we reproduce it as follows:

THE WOMANHOOD OF MAN.

There is gold in every fibre
Of the Womanhood of Man;
It has ebbed and flowed in blood and tears
Since this old world began,
From the veins and souls of heroes
And of heroines, since the day
When women wept and Jesus died
To wash our sins away.

I am just an optimistic,
Reckless, broncho sort of chap;
Though I stand for peace and justice
I am always in a scrap;
But my ancestors were fighters
Since red warfare first began,
And my only saving grace is
In the Womanhood of Man.

I have prospected for treasure
In the gold lands of the West;
I have driven many a tunnel
In the mountain's rugged breast;
And I've found each little leader,
From bedrock to surface pan,
Was a mother-loaded magnet
From the Womanhood of Man.

I have sunk down to the bedrock
In a wayward brother's soul,
When the whispered name of "Mother"
Caused the God-sent tears to roll
From a seeming barren desert
Down the cheeks, all bronzed with tan;
It was God's assay for "color"
In the Womanhood of Man.

I have tested modest manhood
In the fiery front of war;
I have analyzed the metal
In the blood of many a scar,
And have found the lion-hearted
Whole-souled hero of the clan
Was the optimistic product
Of the Womanhood of Man.

If you want to find the metal
That is twenty karats fine,
You must prospect on the surface
Ere you sink to strike the mine;
But you'll find it in the tailings
If you'll test them with the pan—
Find the gold of strenuous manhood
In the Womanhood of Man.

I would rather "face the music"
When the wild Apaches yell,—
Rather face the hell of battle
Amid storms of shot and shell,
Than suppress the tears of gladness,
Or of sadness, while I can
Realize they are the essence
Of the Womanhood of Man.

'Tis the womanhood of manhood
That is always reaching out;
It has been my lone companion
While on many a dangerous scout;
And wherever fate may place me
I shall do the best I can,
To be worthy of the manhood
Of the Womanhood of Man.

Here is another poem which will appear in the forthcoming volume. It is appropriately named "Sunshine," and Captain Crawford calls it his creed and his credential:

SUNSHINE.

I never like to see a man a 'rastlin' with the dumps
'Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss.
There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble mo'n you can drown a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God 'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellow man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holler "How'd you do!"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a hurtin' 'im, and laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just afore the day,
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God 'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain.
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain.
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by,
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores

Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours!
But always keep rememberin' when cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

Captain Crawford is one of the most unique and delightful entertainers of the present time. Poetry, patriotism, history, wit and religion are all blended in what he modestly calls a medley of frontier experiences interspersed with his verse and once in a while a bit of song. His entertainments possess a charm that wins his audience, whether he addresses a hall full of boys or the leading spirits at the nation's capital. Elbert Hubbard, who is himself a brilliant writer, an original thinker and one of the most captivating and forceful speakers on the American platform, says of him:

Jack Crawford is an orator, a poet, a man; and I'll go you a Stetson against a stogie that Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton have not a man on their roster who can hold an audience of 2,000 people for two hours and not have a person leave or want to leave. Captain Jack can do it, and moreover can adapt himself to any kind of an audience, from Chicago newsboys to a parliament of religions. The man is a marvel of manly strength, fluid intelligence, flowing wit and oratorical grace.

Who taught Captain Jack to throw the lariat of his imagination over us and rope us hand and foot and put his brand upon us? Yes, that is what I mean—who educated him? God educated him.

Casual acquaintances sometimes are surprised that Captain Crawford is such an advocate of teetotalism. But the reason is not far to seek. His father's intemperance deprived him of even the rudiments of an education, and when his mother died he gave her a solemn promise never to touch a drop of liquor. How faithfully he has kept his word to her everybody who knows him is aware. She knew his wild nature, and realized better than he could what a temptation drink might become to him. And he considers that he owes all that he has accomplished in life to that sacred promise.

Captain Crawford's temperance principles are so well known that he is not often asked to drink. But one instance is recorded, when he offered a toast which all women should read. It was at a banquet in Boston when one of the young ladies passed a glass across the table with the request that he "drink a toast to the ladies." The poet scout's hand and voice trembled as he took the glass from the jeweled hand, but looking into the laughing eyes of the girl he said:

Miss, this is a difficult task you have given me, but a soldier's duty is first to obey orders—and I shall try to drink a toast to woman—not in that, however, which may bring her husband reeling home to abuse where he should love and cherish—send her sons to drunkard's graves, and perhaps, her daughters to lives of shame. No, not in that, but rather in God's life-giving water, pure as her chastity, clear as her intuitions, bright as her smile, sparkling as the laughter of her eyes, strong and sustaining as her love. In the crystal water I will drink to her, that she may remain queen regnant in the empire she has already won, grounded as the universe in love, built up and enthroned in the homes and hearts of the world. I will drink to her, the full blown flower of creation's morning, of which man is but the bud and blossom to her, who in childhood clasps our little hands and teaches us the first prayer to the great All-Father; who comes to us in youth with good counsel and advice, and who when our feet go down into the dark shadows, smooths the pillow of death as none other can; to her who is the flower of flowers, the pearl of pearls. God's last but God's best gift to man—woman, peerless, pure, sweet, royal woman; I drink your health in God's own beverage—cold, sparkling water.

Captain Jack Crawford possesses a striking personality. He is a big fellow with iron gray moustache and long hair flowing over his shoulders. The long hair was originally worn for its effect on the Indians, who believe that a man who is fighting and cuts his hair is a coward. He is a Scotchman, born on Irish soil. He was brought to America when a child, but compelled by poverty to work in the mines of Pennsylvania, where the family had settled.

But the war broke out and his father enlisted, for, notwithstanding his drinking habits, he was a horn soldier and he fought bravely and gave his life for his adopted country. The spirit of the father was strong in the boy and he ran away and enlisted in the same company. Twice wounded in heavy battles, he received his first schooling in hospitals, from the sisters of charity, who nursed him back to health.

After the war he returned to Pennsylvania, where he again worked in the mines until his mother's death. Finally he drifted westward and eventually entered the service of the government. He was captain of the Black Hills Rangers and served as a scout during the Sioux campaign, and as a chief of scouts he served Generals Merritt and Buell during the Apache campaign.

All this time he was writing;—and his recitations and stores around the campfire received the enthusiastic applause of admiring comrades. It was recreation;—but it was unconscious preparation for his work on the platform.



"TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."

BY METÀ E. B. THORNE.

OF times when weary with toilsome days,
Our sorrowing hearts overwhelmed with care,
When footsore we travel earth's dusty ways,
And our burdens seem more than our souls can bear;
When this world seems naught but a barren strand,
And vainly we seek for a joy below,
And can only hope in some better land
To find surcease of our pain and woe—
On a sudden a rift in the heavy cloud
That darkens our sky, gives a glimpse of blue;
Our hearts are lifted, with sorrow bowed,
And are thrilled with joy as the sun shines through.

'Tis the light of love that thus makes us glad:
Its rays divine weary hearts illumine;
It comforts the mourner and cheers the sad
And scatters the clouds and the gathering gloom.
Sometimes 'tis the clasp of a friendly hand
That gives new strength to the fainting soul,
And with courage renewed, o'er the burning sand
He pursues his way to the far-off goal.
Sometimes 'tis the smile on a face, illumed
With Love's own tender and gracious light,
And as dew to the thirsty flowers consumed
By the noonday heat—so it cheers our night.

Again 'tis the tone of a loving voice;
Ah, who that knows not its magic power?
What spirit has not thus been made rejoice
By some word of cheer in its drearest hour?
Then let us clasp hands as we greet each day,
And send a warm thrill from heart to heart,
And scatter glad smiles all along our way;
Speaking words of love as we meet or part;
For Love—it is bread to the hungry soul;
And Love—it is wine to the fainting one;
And Love—it gives courage to win the goal,
The portals of life when the race is run.

MAKE THIS THE YEAR.

ONLY a few days have passed since we closed the record of a year's possibilities and made a fresh calendar for the new year. But already most of us have slackened up a bit and some of our best resolutions have been practically forgotten.

There is a peculiar discouragement that seems to develop at the close of the year. We may have been industrious, conscientious, and fairly successful, but when the end of the year approaches and we go over the events of the twelve months we see so many places where we have fallen short of what we planned to accomplish that we rather overdo matters in our zeal to make up for past shortcomings.

We formulate resolutions with little regard for their consistency, but with a fierce determination to lash ourselves into a spirit of hard work that shall make up in a year for all the time we have lost in a lifetime.

Good resolutions are stock in trade for some people. They pay big dividends to those who live up to them;—and they are a benefit even to those who are farthest from their realization. The summing-up process that accompanies them is a kind of personal revelation. It gives us a better understanding of traits of character that we must contend with.

Let us be thankful that we have the courage to try again when we fail. Let us keep on making resolutions. But let us make them for every day instead of once in a twelvemonth. Every day begins a new year. If we fail in our purpose today let us start anew tomorrow. But let us temper our resolutions with judgment and make them more practical. When we fail let us seek the cause of our failure, so that we may remedy it.

Few people are satisfied with what they are making of their lives. There is always a yearning for greater achievement; an ambition to accomplish something better than they have done. And often the coveted prize is quite within the bounds of their capability if they would make the needed effort.

All achievement means hard work. The men and women who are noted for special talent are men and

women who have had along with that talent a genius for hard work.

It is a good thing to call one's self to account occasionally. Take up the different points that trouble you and argue them out with yourself as you would with someone else who was in fault, and find where the blame lies. It may be pardonable to gloss over our faults in the presence of other people, but in our self-communings we should be honest to the last degree.

If we are not doing the best that our circumstances allow, whether in business or in our homes, we need to look for the reason.

Usually the woman who does her work in a half-hearted way has a streak of indolence in her nature, and would degenerate into positive laziness if she had a chance. But there is a great deal of wasted time that is not the result of laziness. Very industrious women, who complain that they cannot find time to read the books for which their souls yearn sometimes spend more time talking over the back porch than it would take to get the heart out of a book. And many a busy woman has had her morning ruined and her plans for a day upset by the informal visits of thoughtless neighbors.

Procrastination is another stumbling-block in the way of our progress. We are prone to put off the disagreeable task. We seem to think it will become easier if it can only be detached from its proper connections. But we always find that postponement increases the difficulty and procrastination doubles our work by interfering on other duties.

These are some of the minor things that stand in the way of advancement. But there are other and greater obstacles that must be overcome in many lives. One of the greatest of these is intemperance. Whether a woman is herself addicted to the use of intoxicants, or whether her husband is an inebriate there are many good resolutions. But the only way to bring such resolutions into manifestation is to cure the addiction.

Whatever is the cause of our broken resolutions can be remedied. We can be what we will to be. Let us make this the year in which we conquer ourselves.

DRINK HABIT AMONG WOMEN.

ACCORDING to Prof. John Duncan Quackenbos, specialist in nervous and mental diseases, member of many American and foreign medical societies, and formerly of the Columbia university faculty, the drink habit is spreading at an alarming rate among the women of New York. To a representative of the Sunday World he said:

"It is with real alarm that I note the rapid growth of the drink habit among women in New York city. I have been in a position to watch that growth closely, and I can say with full knowledge that ten women drink today where one drank a dozen years ago.

"The growth of the habit has been among women of all classes, the rich and the poor, young and old. Girls in their teens evidently see no impropriety whatever in drinking publicly with men companions. Very often, indeed, I have had young girls brought to me for treatment, hysterically drunk.

"I have treated within a year women whose weekly bill for champagne alone was \$100 and who filled up the intervals between their draughts of wine with highballs and cocktails. One woman drank a quart of champagne every morning, and when ready to go out her custom was to order her maid to bring her another quart. Then before leaving the house to enter her carriage she would empty the bottle to 'steady her nerves.'

"School misses and college girls in great numbers are among the throng of women drinkers. A case was pointed out recently of a luncheon given here in New York at which 24 debutantes drank 36 bottles of champagne, and 15 of them smoked seven dozen cigarettes.

"As every one knows, the punch bowl figures largely in the growth of the drink habit among women of New

York. It is found at all functions, and many a girl has got her first taste of liquor by a dip into it. The punch bowl, however, is not to be blamed entirely. Many women dip into it and may do it many times without acquiring the drink habit, but many get their start there. It does give them the taste of liquor and then, with many of them, the taste for liquor.

"Now, the tendency of the American woman is to go to extremes, and in drinking she over-drinks. It is dangerous for her to touch liquor at all. This is particularly true of the New York woman, because of the added excitement of life in New York.

"It is not my object to preach unless the mere statement of fact is a sermon, and the fact is New York women do drink, or rather too large a percentage of them drink, and drink to excess. If one doubts it let him go to any of our large hotels and restaurants any night and look about him. On every hand you find them and their sister visitors to New York drinking. No one thinks anything about it, and the women think they are simply doing the proper thing. Many of them drink just because they do think that way, and many of them drink because they like the liquor.

"I have treated in the last eight years seven hundred cases of alcoholism, with a large percentage of women, and I found in many cases where the patient was a woman that she did not, deep down in her heart, want to be cured of the habit. The fact is true especially in the case of the rich society woman. She usually comes to me either at the urgent solicitation of relatives or friends, or with only a surface desire to be rid of the habit. Very few of them honestly and truly, and with their whole heart, want to be cured.

"Conditions might not be so bad, however, if women or men drank real, pure whiskey, real, pure wine and real, pure liquors of all sorts, but they don't. They think they do, but what they are really drinking is a deadly poison and one swift in its execution. I feel safe in saying that out of one hundred drinks sold in New York city as whiskey not more than one is the real article. * * *

"It is rather surprising how many of our school children have become beer drinkers, especially those of foreign birth, and the habit is making them mentally sluggish to a degree that is attracting the attention of educators and philanthropists."

FROM MRS. ELLEN M. WATSON.

MRS. ELLEN M. WATSON, of Pittsburg, called at THE BANNER OF GOLD office recently on her way to San Diego, Cal., where she goes with her daughter to avoid the rigors of an Eastern winter. Time deals so gently with Mrs. Watson that it is difficult to credit the number of years to which she smilingly confesses. Much younger women might learn a useful lesson from this earnest worker, whose only concession to her advancing years is a brave determination to work a little harder, because the time is becoming shorter. "Mother Watson," as she is affectionately called by Keeley graduates, is a firm believer in the Keeley Cure. She has found it an unflinching help in her efforts to save the drinking man, and she only regrets that she did not know of it sooner, so that some of the men who were ruined by drink in her early days might have been rescued. Mrs. Watson attended the meeting of the National Anti-Saloon League at Norfolk, Va., which she reports as follows:

In September, in Norfolk, Va., the National Anti-Saloon League held the best Temperance meeting that was ever known in America. State Superintendent after Superintendent, from Seattle to Maine, told how the cause was gaining ground. The South is far ahead of the North, and their state maps, that decorated the church, were strong proofs of how rapidly they were crowding out the saloons. Happy delegates from Georgia were ready to rejoice over the victory in Oklahoma. The Georgia map is now white, and the State Superintendent said that after the first of January the law, with the people back of it, will keep it white. The great majority of delegates were ministers of the gospel, and many of them of the religion. The splendid report of Doctor Baker, the National Superintendent, should be printed in pamphlet form and sent out by the million to let our people know what the Anti-Saloon League has done and is doing. Dr. E. S. Chapman, the best known Presbyterian minister on the Pacific Coast and the invaluable Superintendent of the California Anti-Saloon League, has stirred up many of our States, North, South, East and West, with his "Stainless Flag" address. It was preached by thousands of our pastors on the 30th of June, and will be more extensively used next summer. Women and children are doing splendid work in the South. We hope to start them out under total abstinence banners in Pennsylvania.

Allegheny County has made a good beginning. It is the pioneer along church lines and our Presbyterians, Methodists, United Presbyterians and Catholics, have made temperance a branch of missions. The Catholics should have been named first, for under the guidance of their priests they have long been engaged in a pledge-signing campaign. Our liquor men in session

in Harrisburg said (I quote from the morning paper): "By what a narrow margin we escaped the enactment of a local option law at the last session of the Legislature. A similar, a more drastic measure, will be introduced the coming session by our eternal enemy, the Anti-Saloon League." They tell of the ruin of the liquor trade in various Southern States and now wish to formulate plans "to prevent the passage of illiberal laws" in this State. They are dismayed because our faithful State Superintendent, Rev. S. E. Nicholson, of Harrisburg, asks for \$10,000, and thinks \$100,000 is necessary to defeat our friends who voted against local option at the last session of the Legislature.

Next winter every Sabbath School in Pennsylvania should make an object lesson of our local option map, more money should be given to temperance workers—thousands and thousands could be well used in the coming fight and Mr. Nicholson should soon get what he needs. Remember that this war means many battles. There are men in every class, creed and party who solemnly believe that "no question is ever settled until it is settled right." Yours in the work,

ELLEN M. WATSON.

THE LESSON OF A MOTHER.

"YOU see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand, which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly, "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear—and we shall have a struggle to get along at first—"

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted, stoutly, rubbing her cheek softly against his hand.

"And," he pursued, graciously having allowed her interruption, "we shall have to come down to strict economy. But if you only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother manage, dear?" she asked, smiling, but very happy, at the notion of the mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover, radiantly, "but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat—and she does it all herself, you know! So we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I have plenty of spending money. You see when a woman is always hiring her laundry work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove blacking done, and all that sort of thing—why, it just walks into a man's income and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath were also inclined for a vacation; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and, being determined to learn a few things of John's mother, she went to her house for a long visit the very next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one fine morning John received, to his blank amazement, a little package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:

I have learned how your mother "manages," and I am going to explain it to you, since, you confess you don't know. I find that she is a wife, mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy-maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener, and a general slave for a family of five. She works from five in the morning until ten at night, and I almost wept when I kissed her hand—it was so hard and wrinkled and corded and unkind! When I saw her polishing the stoves, carrying big buckets of water, and great armfuls of wood, often splitting the latter, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. "Why—John," she said in a trembling, bewildered way, "he works in the office from nine until four, you know, and when he comes home is very tired;—else—or else—he goes down town." Now, I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a "manager" as your mother. If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery, so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the wood; if she must scrub, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all that you have to say of her is that she is an "excellent manager." I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earns the name also; and judging from your lack of consideration for your mother I am quite sure you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would care to marry. "As the son is, the husband is," is a safe and happy rule to follow.

So the letter closed, and John pondered—and he is pondering yet.—Exchange.

A Social Parasite.

"Mirandy's visits always sort of make me think of a mosquito's," said Aunt Hannah thoughtfully when the guest of the day had departed. "She always buzzes in on you just as cheerful and social like, takes her bite of whatever you have to offer, and goes singing on her way as if she had done her duty; but you find you have a dozen stinging, burning, uncomfortable spots left as a reward for your hospitality. Your receipt for pickles isn't nowadays equal to Mrs. Smith's, you've been cheated in your new parlor carpet, your fall hat isn't becoming after all and hardly any of your friends are as good as you've always thought them. There's a drop of poison most everywhere she happened to light—nothing but little bites, but they burn and sting, and upset all your comfort. It does seem as if mosquitos ought to have a monopoly of that kind of business without human beings taking it up."—Forward.

JUST THIS MINUTE.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

IF we're thoughtful, just this minute,
In whatever we say or do;
If we put a purpose in it
That is honest, through and through,
We shall gladden life and give it
Grace to make it all sublime;
For, though life is long, we live it
Just this minute at a time.

Just this minute we are going
Toward the right or toward the wrong;
Just this minute we are sowing
Seeds of sorrow or of song.
Just this minute we are thinking
On the ways that lead to God,
Or in idle dreams are sinking
To the level of the clod.

Yesterday is gone; tomorrow
Never comes within our grasp;
Just this minute's joy or sorrow,
That is all our hands may grasp.
Just this minute! Let us take it
As a pearl of precious price,
And with high endeavor make it
Fit to shine in paradise.

—Exchange.

THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.

BY LAURA ROSAMOND WHITE.

I WILL not tell you her name; it might grieve her; but for a long time I wondered why she burned the midnight lamp. She was not an arduous student, compelled to pore over books. She was not a needlewoman, eking out a slender livelihood by evening toil. She kept her own counsel with dignity. No complaints, no revelations passed her lips. She was not questioned why that lamp was so often burning late into the night, when she surely must be weary and needed rest.

Finally it transpired that she waited in solitude for the coming of an intoxicated loved one. No matter what his condition, he was always kind, always respectful, and when sober, always regretful of the sorrow he caused. Yet he often staggered home, too dull to heed the tears he caused, too liquor-saturated to perceive anguish—too selfish to give up his dram, even for love's sake.

Always the light was out, when he was out, on the side of the house nearest her neighbors, and it was a chance discovery that she never retired until the saloon sent home the one for whom she watched in stricken silence. The glimmer of her midnight lamp was as discreet as possible, but it was a twinkle through the darkness that guided the drunkard to the door, when he was able to come unaided. She could not drop her curtains entirely (so her faithful heart declared) lest he might need the light. Verily, he did need light of the soul and mind to rescue him from the blackness of intemperance.

One bleak, bitter night this woman with the aching heart, read till her eyes ached. It was December—almost Christmas-tide. For some weeks her home trial had been less. Her husband had been quite sober, but this night again he failed to come, and she knew with unerring certainty that he was once more in the toils of strong drink. She was helpless, for what can a woman do when he who should be her companion, protector and earth-comforter so far forgets his duty as to leave her desolate?

In tears she closed her book, stirred the bright wood fire, added a generous number of beech sticks (for she had personal means that kept her from ragged and fireless want) and for what seemed an age, she rested sleeplessly in an easy chair, near the good fire.

A keen wind whistled out-of-doors. Much snow that had fallen during the day muffled the pathways, so she did not hear the lurching, staggering step of her wanderer, until he reached the little north porch. Suddenly there was a heavy fall, and she flung wide the door and found the besotted man stretched full length and bleeding from brow, by the porch. He had slipped uncertainly on the steps, and his head had struck the foot-scraper, inflicting a severe but not fatal hurt. She dragged him in-doors, staunching the flow of blood, and as the drunken man revived, aided him to arise from the floor and lie upon the couch in the warm and pleasant room—pleasant except for the spectacle of ruin that he presented. He at last slept heavily, and the midnight lamp that night burned till morning. When daylight came, this long patient woman mended her fires, gave her husband a draught of well creamed coffee, and said: "Robert, it is five years since you have been on the downward course. I have exhausted myself trying to save you, and to be kind to you when you would not be saved. And I am tired of the problem. Your conduct is becoming suicidal. I love you,

as you know; but I warn you that I have reached the limit of endurance. I shall no longer amuse myself by staying in this house, while you haunt the saloons. Do you understand what that means?"

"Mary," answered Robert, "I don't blame you. You have been a saint, and I have acted like a demon. I wish I could reform. Do you suppose I can?" And then Mary's heart melted, as it had melted a thousand times before, and she sank on her knees beside the couch and sobbed in love and despair.

"Mary! Mary! my sweet Mary!" said Robert, "don't weep so. I have a plan, and when my head is better of this pain and shock, I will tell it to you."

Three days later, when the wound was healing on Robert's brow, and the devoted wife had done all she could for his comfort and welfare, they had a long talk, the sum of which was, that they would leave that region altogether. After a course for Robert at a well-indorsed Keeley Cure, that they hoped might purify his blood of the hell-fire of alcoholic desire, they resolved to seek a home retreat where the saloon temptation does not exist. This plan was developed to fruition. Robert and Mary closed their home, left many beloved relatives, and went far away to seek his safety and their mutual happiness.

It is four years since I saw them, but I shall never forget that midnight lamp, and the haunting beams that shone from my neighbor's window.

I have before me a letter just received, that bears date,

December 10, 1907.

Dear Friend:—We are happy and well. Drink no longer troubles us. Robert is "sane and in his right mind." I have not burned that sorrowful midnight lamp since I last saw you—not since we came to this blessed region where liquor is debarred and drunkenness unknown.

You were a good friend to me. I shall never forget you.

* * * We are prospering here. Have a nice home out of danger's way.

Thank God there are places in this wide world where the saloon has no power. It is like Eden to us here, and we expect to dwell here in peace and such prosperity as our heavenly Father may grant us, till we go to the heavenly city.

There were details domestic and otherwise in this letter, not for the public. But when I read the message, I resolved to, at least, tell of that "midnight lamp," and the gladness and brightness that has succeeded its lonely glow.—Temperance Tribune.

NEW YEAR IN JAPAN.

CHARACTERISTIC FESTIVITIES OF THE MIKADO'S CAPITAL.

"IMAGINE one's self in Tokyo during the New Year festivities," writes Clarence Marshall Phillips in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "The first thing to attract one's attention would be the porch decorations. Each one is arrayed in great ropes twisted and knotted into amazing beauty. Pine branches, either arched over the doors or windows, are interspersed with organges and bordered with festoons of flowers, while to symbolize Old Age on account of his crooked back, a lobster occupies a conspicuous position (referring, of course, to the old year). In fact, the most unique of displays on the Ginza are those of the lobsters, which are so skillfully arranged that the on-looker can readily guess the meaning or 'story' the arrangement was intended to convey.

"Roses of sales booths, tent shows and those features generally seen at an oriental street fair occupy two and a half miles of the street's length. Anything from a cheap fan to a costly image of Buddha can be bought at whatever price the moment demands. Dances allegorical of every side of life are in profusion, while the fakir is as common as in any European fair.

"The real beauty of the scene is furnished by the flower booths which dot the Ginza as far as one can see. These displays are wrought into such phenomenal beauty that one would infer the designers to be none other than the tasteful Japanese. Odd it is how prevalent this power is among this people. Even the proprietors of the most humble booths possess the faculty. The whole fair cannot be 'taken in' in a few hours, but at 12 we retire to our hotel to pass away the witching hour at which time the old year passes into the new. The frivolities are now toned down, and in the spell of the hush we foreigners cannot help but recall the time ago when we listened while the guns boomed 'farewell' and the bells 'rang out the old, rang in the new.' The festivities continue the remainder of the night and the next day and until the 3d of January. The decorations are taken down on the 4th or the 6th, according to local custom. From this time on to the 16th of January the business man enjoys his vacation, which is a quite essential conclusion to the New Year's gaiety. After this, though, he again resumes his work, and the New Year's frolic is 'lotted down on memory as a thing of the past.'"

DOINGS AT DWIGHT

There are many gentlemen in Dwight who are followers of the footsteps of Isaac Walton, but they haven't all of Isaac Walton's literary attainments as well. There is one exception to the general rule, however, and he has recently broken forth into verse. Your correspondent had the privilege of reading one of his recent effusions and has surreptitiously made a copy thereof, which is as follows:

WISH AND FISH.

My present hope and future wishing
Is not to miss a season's fishing.
With jovial comrade, rod and pipe,
No worry then if fish don't bite.
I'd like to spend hour after hour
Off in a boat or 'long the shore;
In broiling sun or dusty shade,
Our hooks and lines of tested grade,
Troll with spoon and cast with bait
Over the weeds both early and late.
See the bass "strike"—the tension feel,
Watching the line spin off the reel.
There—now he "breaks"—take in the slack;
Keep a tight line, reel him back;
Give him a chance to make a run,
Here's where angling develops fun;
Speed in and out, rush, dive and fret,
Soon lost—or safe in landing net.
It's cruel, using the most of life
Wrangling with work and tireless strife.
Out and in season freeze and roast,
Delve and drudge for a tempting bait;
Forget our youth and happy days
Trying to solve financial maze,
Deprived of all historic glory,
That big "catch" in fishermen's story;
To make all days a festive dream
Select a home on lake or stream;
No greater joy could angels wish
Than sit on a log or rock and fish.

A QUIET HOME WEDDING.

We clip the following account of the wedding of Miss Barbara Corbett and Dr. James H. Oughton from the Dwight Star and Herald:

The marriage of Miss Barbara Corbett to Dr. James H. Oughton was solemnized at high noon, Saturday, January 11th, at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Oughton. Rev. W. J. Drew officiated, using the beautiful Episcopal service.

Promptly at the appointed hour, to the soft strains of the Lohengrin wedding march, the bridal party descended to the reception hall, which was beautifully and appropriately decorated. The alcove where the ceremony was performed was a tropical bower of palms and ferns interspersed with poinsettias.

Doctor Oughton was attended by his brother, J. R. Oughton, Jr., as best man, and Miss Mary Oughton, of Chicago, a cousin of the groom, attended the bride. Miss Oughton wore white and carried pink roses, making a pretty, youthful picture.

The bride wore a princess gown of shimmering white silk, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. The best man carried his honors with dignity and the groom accepted his additional responsibilities with ease and grace. The bride was given away by her sister, Mrs. I. H. Baker, of Dwight.

Only immediate relatives and a limited number of friends were present. After the marriage the usual informal but fervent congratulations were extended and there was a total absence of the gloom which sometimes attends such occasions. Some time was spent in examining the handsome and useful wedding presents which had been received by the bride and groom from their numerous friends.

At 1 P. M. the host and hostess, bride and groom and the assembled guests sat down to a wedding breakfast in the beautiful dining room of the Oughton mansion. The party, including Mr. and Mrs. Oughton and the bride and groom, numbered twenty-four and all sat at one large table, Mr. and Mrs. Oughton at one end and the bride and groom at the other.

The following named guests were present: Mrs. Butler, of Elk Rapids, Mich., Doctor and Mrs. C. M. Oughton, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Oughton, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Bennett, Miss Oughton and Miss Emily Lee, all of Chicago. The Dwight guests were: Reverend and Mrs. Drew, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Mr. McClellan, Mrs. H. R. Bennett, Mr. Neil Corbett, Miss Chester and John R. Oughton, Jr.

The wedding breakfast was worthy of the occasion and in harmony with the charming surroundings. The spacious and elegant dining room was decorated with plants and flowers from Mr. Oughton's greenhouses, and roses and carnations in abundance graced the elegantly appointed tables. The breakfast was served by noiseless and competent colored waiters employed by the Chicago caterer who had charge of the breakfast. The menu was a happy combination of good things, both dainty and substantial and was served in a manner to delight the heart of even so careful a hostess as Mrs. Oughton. A package of wedding cake enclosed in a book-shaped white box, tied with white ribbon and having the name of the guest, was placed at each plate. Beautiful bisque figurine souvenirs, which excited the admiration of all, held the ice cream. The party was a merry one and sat at the table until time to go to the station to see the happy pair take their departure. It is unnecessary to state that the usual courtesies (?) and delicate attentions were paid and the bridal party decorated, amid a shower of rice and good wishes, for Washington and other aster cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Oughton are to be congratulated not only that they have such a charming addition to their family, but also for the very successful entertainment

provided for the bride and groom and the guests; the latter were unanimous in declaring the occasion one of the most successful functions they had ever attended.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Oughton left on January 16th for the South, it being their intention to stop at several intervening points, but to spend two or three months at San Antonio, Texas. Word has been received that they have reached their destination in good condition and that they find the climate leaves nothing to be desired.

The Oughton mansion at Dwight is occupied by Doctor and Mrs. J. H. Oughton and John R. Oughton, Jr., while their parents are absent.

Curtis J. Judd, the secretary-treasurer of the Leslie E. Keeley Company, has moved from Brookline, Mass., back to Chicago. This enables Major Judd to devote more time to his interests at Dwight with less inconvenience.

A local Council of the Knights of Columbus was organized in Dwight on December 29th and the occasion brought many members from adjoining towns. The weather was not favorable, but the day was a great success nevertheless. Some thirty-eight candidates were initiated and one hundred and sixty-eight people sat down at the banquet at the Livingston Hotel at nine o'clock after the services were over. It has been quite noticeable for a long time that the order is rapidly growing. It is expected that the new Council at Dwight will accomplish good work.

Mr. Henry Pepper, of Lake Zurich, Ill., recently came to Dwight with the eleventh patient which he has brought here since the fire in February, 1902. Mr. Thomas Connell, of Bagdad, Ky., also brought a patient, whom he left here for treatment. Both Mr. Pepper and Mr. Connell are themselves Keeley graduates, and report other graduates in their vicinity as doing well.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY NATIONAL BANK.

The following report of the annual meeting of the directors and stockholders of the Livingston County National Bank appeared in a recent issue of the Pontiac Leader:

The Livingston County National Bank held its annual meeting of directors and stockholders Tuesday evening, January 14. The financial report for the year was quite satisfactory. A semi-annual dividend was declared of 6 per cent.

Directors elected: Curtis J. Judd, D. M. Lyon, J. A. Hoover, A. C. Norton, J. M. Lyon, Anton Fischer, Erastus Hoobler.

Mr. D. C. Elyar, who has been officially connected with the bank for many years, decided to retire. This change resulted in the following selection of officers: Curtis J. Judd, president; D. M. Lyon, vice-president; E. Hoobler, vice-president; J. M. Lyon, cashier.

Curtis J. Judd, of Dwight, the president, is a familiar visitor in Pontiac. A long-time resident in Livingston county, the largest stockholder in this bank, director and vice-president of the First National Bank of Dwight, one of the principal stockholders in the Bankers' National Bank of Chicago, has extensive farm interests in Illinois and Iowa and the present secretary and treasurer of the Leslie E. Keeley Company at Dwight, having been one of the original incorporators in 1886.

D. M. Lyon and Erastus Hoobler as vice-presidents are well known Pontiac business men, and need no further introduction.

Mr. Hoobler is well and favorably remembered as occupying the office of circuit clerk for two terms of four years each. He is the proprietor of the Livingston County Abstract Company. As vice-president he has arranged to take an active position in the bank's management, giving it personal attention, and will continue to give the abstract company his supervision, having a reliable office force to conduct the detail work.

J. M. Lyon, cashier for nine years, has the additional approval of our public in filling the office of mayor for the second term.

The Livingston County National Bank enters its thirty-eighth year in charge of a corps of officers which indicate the continuance of careful service to the best interests of its patrons.

VOICE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE

BY MISS MARIE C. BREHM.

MORE than sixty-five thousand persons in the United States died last year of consumption. The relation of alcoholism to consumption is receiving world-wide recognition and the belief that no nation can prevent the spread of pulmonary tuberculosis unless it prevents the spread of alcoholism is gaining. The use of alcoholic liquors predisposes people to consumption. Legrain says: "The increase of consumption is proportionate to that of alcoholism in France." The late Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, reported that less than twenty-five per cent of all consumptives coming under his observation were total abstainers. Moderate drinkers are more liable to disease than total abstainers. Quain's Dictionary of Medicine says: "A poison may be defined as a substance having an inherent, deleterious property which renders it capable of destroying life by whatever avenue it is taken into the system." And

among such poisons it enumerates alcohol. Dr. Adolf Fick, professor of physiology in the University of Wurtzburg, Germany, says: "From an exhaustive definition we shall have to class every substance as a poison which, on becoming mixed with the blood, causes a disturbance in the function of any organ. That alcohol is such a substance cannot be doubted."

Whoever is taught from the pulpit, the platform, the press, the Sunday school or public school, that a poison is a substance which has the inherent power when introduced into the circulation to injure health and destroy life, and that alcohol is such a poison, is learning truths he will not have to unlearn. Alcohol is a narcotic, and, like other narcotics, it has the power to create an uncontrollable desire for itself. Its miserable victims are seen on every hand wherever the saloon exists. We have a vast army of inebriates in our land, representing all classes and conditions. They are withdrawn from the ranks of active workers and producers and become burdens to be supported by the sober, industrious, property accumulating, taxpaying element of society. Today over a million workers are waging a great warfare in their effort to break up and banish the great evil of intemperance. More and more, above all other agitation, the voice of Science is heard proclaiming the truth that the use of alcoholic liquors, even in small quantities, is physiologically wrong. Daily experience and common sense everywhere demonstrate the fact that alcoholic drink is a degenerating influence. An overwhelming array of facts could be cited from business experience, athletics, army service, Arctic exploration, epidemics, and even labor strikes, showing that total abstainers have better physical and mental endurance than moderate drinkers. Ruskin says the wealth of a nation does not consist of its territory or its material things. The wealth of a nation consists in its population, and only in its sound population.

Since the use of alcoholic drinks is physiologically wrong, it follows logically that it is economically wrong, for whatever reduces the power and value of the individual, unit of society, reduces the power and value of the nation. Shall we not accept as a truism, that which is physiologically wrong cannot be morally right, and what is morally wrong cannot be economically right, and what is physiologically, morally and economically wrong cannot by any twist of legislation be made politically right? Therefore, as the light of truth is turned on the problem of how to free the nation from the curse of intemperance and its attendant evils of disease, crime, insanity, poverty, misery and woe, the voice of Science, the voice of Common Sense, and the voice of God unite in declaring "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Presbyterian Banner.

A Moderate Drinker.

At a meeting in a large town in Pennsylvania, at the close of the lecture a gentleman rose, and was announced as Judge So-and-So, judge of the quarter sessions. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, before the audience is dismissed, I wish to say a few words in defense of myself and the class I represent. Now, it is very hard to have it publicly stated that I set a bad example." The speaker had not said that the moderate drinker set a bad example, but that he did not set a good one. "Now," he said, "I am a moderate drinker. Everybody knows me. I take my glass at home, I take it abroad; I am a moderate drinker, a respectable, moderate drinker. Who dare say anything against me? Who ever saw me the worse for drink? Who ever saw me out of the way by drink? If young men followed my example, they would be as I am, respectable and respected. I challenge the town in which I live, I challenge the county, to say whether my example is a bad one. Let young men follow my example and they will be as I am." A man in the audience cried out, "Give it to him, old man; give it to him. Put a header on him." Some one said, "Put that man out." Another gentleman said, "No, let that man remain. He is the only son of the judge!" His only son tried to follow his example, and there was the result. He was so drunk that he would disturb a respectable meeting. And I tell you, sir, and I tell you, madam, every one, from the beginning, who has become a drunkard, has become so by trying to be a moderate drinker and failing.—Exchange.

Railway Men Must Be Sober.

Nearly all the railways of America require total abstinence from their employees. More than 1,500,000 men are involved under such regulations.

No teetotaler has been admitted into the gigantic workhouse at Wandsworth, London. All applicants for relief tell a story of alcoholism.—Sir Victor Worsley, in a recent address in Glasgow.

C.T.A.U. Department

Edited by JOHN P. CUNNEEN

973 North Robey Street, Chicago

EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

SOME drink to make them wide-awake,
And some to make them sleep;
Some drink because they merry are,
And some because they weep.

Some drink because they're very hot,
And some because they're cold;
Some drink to cheer them when they're young,
And some because they're old.

Some drink to give them appetite,
And some to aid digestion;
Some, for the doctor says it's right,
And some without a question.

Some drink when they a bargain make,
And some because of loss;
Some drink when they their pleasure take,
And some when they are cross.

Some drink for sake of company,
While some drink on the sly;
And many drink but never think
About the reason why.

—The Citizen.

THE GYMNASIUM.

BY J. F. CUNNEEN.

GYMNASIUMS are aids to the temperance cause. The development of a sound mind in a sound body, strengthening the individual so that it will be easy for him to meet successfully the obstacles that he will encounter in the battle of life, will do much to safeguard him from becoming a prey to King Alcohol. The gymnasium is of special benefit to the growing youth who has little chance in a large crowded city to exhaust the surplus steam of youth. Even boys who work in workshops at laborious occupations are seldom tired enough to rest in leisure hours. It is often the case that boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age in a workshop eat their lunch a bite at a time before the whistle blows at noon time, and then rush to play tag or other games through the noon hour, running, climbing and moving with all the energy their little bodies are capable of. Not every place allows the boy this opportunity and often compulsory inactivity is his lot. In the evening after work the boy has little opportunity for play and recreation, for the streets of large cities afford a poor playground.

When the boy who works hard in a shop still has surplus energy to exhaust in exhilarant games or play how much more compressed energy must the boy have who works in an office and at various sedentary occupations. The surplus energy of youth is too often misdirected in large cities. Deprived of the opportunity of being used in a natural, beneficial way, it turns to the pool room, dance hall, theater and saloon, too often to the young man's ruin.

The gymnasium is a democratic institution, where, under the leveling influence of the light, inexpensive gymnasium suit, the rich and poor meet on equal terms with no disadvantage to either. Here all may gain health and strength with pleasure, so that in after years they will look back upon the hours they spent in the gymnasium as the most pleasurable of their lives spent outside their own homes. Here the surplus energy of youth may be exhausted with an advantage that will make the developed man a leader in the land.

The gymnasium does not encourage youth to waste time; a few hours a day for a few days of the week generally suffices. The health, strength and satisfaction gained usually makes the youth love his home more strongly, and gives him an inclination and ambi-

tion to study, so that he will be in a position to take advantage of all opportunities that may come his way. All this is gained with but little expenditure of money. A few dollars pays for a gymnasium suit, and from \$5 to \$15 a year pays the cost of membership.

Athletic exercise is not absolutely necessary for health and long life. Temperateness in eating and drinking, proper care of the body, and breathing deeply of pure air are aids to health and long life. Some decry athletics as a menace to health and long life and cite the number of athletes who die at an early age. It is true that athletes who train and drive their bodies at times to the greatest exertion possible and then suddenly cease exercising, but keep on eating and drinking heavily until it is time to train for another contest, plant the seeds of disease that may soon cause death. But teachers in gymnasiums who exercise steadily all their lives are notably long lived. Working men in rolling mills who work with tremendous exertion and in great heat enjoy splendid health and maintain their physical powers to a great age if they continue to work. But let the mill shut down and a long period of idleness ensue and the amount of sickness and the number of deaths among the men will be appalling. There is the same result here as with the athlete, who exerts himself tremendously at times and then suddenly ceases all exercise, allowing the previous active tissue of the body to remain dormant, which quickly brings on disease.

There are many who think that there is no need of workmen taking special exercise, nor their children who are to follow in their footsteps, but workmen more than any other need special exercise. They should train their muscles and bodies, and by so doing they will easily stand severe periods of hard labor and will not need to seek stimulants and doctors and medicine. If children of workmen, and workmen themselves, in times of leisure, would go through special exercise there would be very little of the drink evil among them, for working people seldom take to drink except when exhausted with laborious occupations which their muscles and bodies are untrained to meet successfully.

People ought to train their minds and bodies to have them ready for the emergencies that may come to them, for if they do not there is danger of failure at critical moments. When a man builds a house he builds it to stand all kinds of weather and storms that may come. The human body should be trained to meet successfully all conditions it is liable to contend against. If the body is built only for fair weather, it will fail in rough weather. If the muscles are trained to meet only light resistances, they will fail when much is expected of them.

Many workmen who work at heavy work throw the strain upon the solid parts of the body, jarring the vital organs and stiffening the joints, making the labor more difficult and bringing on premature old age. Other workmen throw the strain upon the muscles of the body, making their labor much easier, prolonging good health, ability to labor and long life.

The Young Men's Christian Association has done inestimable service to mankind through its gymnasiums. Rich and poor alike may enjoy its benefits. The cost of membership is placed within reach of all, and generous self-sacrifice upon the part of the promoters and liberal donations from people of means give advantages of great value. Scientific instructors train the boys and men to insure good health, ability to labor and to prolong life, not to make athletes of them.

The City of Chicago, through its South Park system, has built and equipped a number of gymnasiums. There is a locker room where those who exercise in the gymnasium may place their street clothes while exercising and may leave their gymnasium suit when not in use. The gymnasiums are of good size, well equipped, and competent instructors train all who are

willing to exercise. There are plenty of shower baths and a plunge pool. There are also open-air gymnasiums and large swimming pools for use in summer time. Not a cent is charged. Everything is supplied free. Needless to say the institutions are popular and the money spent in building, equipping and maintaining them is money well spent and will return manifold in the good done and the manhood built up.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL C. T. A. U.

ARCHBISHOP KEANE, the newly elected president of the National Union, makes an eloquent appeal for co-operation and energetic work in the following, which we copy from the Bulletin of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America:

Dear Mr. General Secretary:—Permit me to express my profound regret at my having been chosen President of the National Union.

Old war-worn veterans ought to be allowed to remain in the quiet retirement which their years of service have earned.

For what still remains to them of strength and energy they have occupation enough in the needs of their various localities; the direction of the National Organization calls for the brawny energy of younger men.

Such practical wisdom as breathes in Bishop Canevin's address ought for at least ten years more to sound the "forward march" of the Union. But since he has insisted on having a rest, I bow for this one year to the vote of the convention.

I desire therefore to express the hope that this call of duty, to which I thus render obedience, may find an echo in the heart of many and many another old veteran, and rouse them once more to the energetic co-operation which I earnestly ask of them.

The ranks of the Societies and of the Union ought to number at least twice as many soldiers of temperance as they show at present.

I appeal, then, to all who ought to be in the ranks and have grown remiss, to step forward and fill the lines.

Non-Catholic effort has achieved much for national sobriety during the past year; let us not grieve the heart of our Divine Master by seeming less eager for this great end than are our separated brethren.

I appeal with fraternal affection to every bishop and priest to work harder than ever against the evil influences which rob our good Shepherd of so many of his sheep.

Let these next months be a record period of strenuous endeavor against the havoc wrought by the drink power among our people.

I especially request that the monthly meetings of our local societies be made an object of much greater care than heretofore. There are boundless capabilities of usefulness in those regular reunions, if properly directed and energetically worked.

No doubt the demands for untiring devotedness which this involves means great self-sacrifice and constant renewal of purpose in the leaders. But can they doubt that our Divine Master is keeping their account?

And can they permit themselves to grow tired of devotedness to Him and to His interests? Surely not.

So, let us all, from root to branch of this great National organization, for God's glory and for the good of our fellow-men, pull our energies together, and make this in every way the best year in the history of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

JOHN J. KEANE, President.

Dubuque, Iowa, 23d October, 1907.

Influence of One Man's Example.

Let me tell you this little incident in my own life. I had been walking about the country looking for work. I got back to London after a while, and got a job. On the first pay night you can imagine how glad I was. I was stopped as I went back to the shop to take my apron off—"Bill, we all go to the 'Railway' on a Friday," I said, "What?" "The Railway Tavern." Won't you come up and have a parting glass?" It is really quite pathetic the way they plead for that parting glass. They have never seen you in their lives before, and the parting from Saturday to Monday is really quite beyond them. "Come and have a parting glass." "No." "Won't the old woman let you?" "No, she won't." So I was pointed out as the chap whose old woman was waiting at the other end for him. I freely forgive anybody who makes points off me; I think they need them. The next Friday the question is, "What time train up, old 'un?" "Same time." "Old woman meet you last week?" "Yes, and she will meet me this week." "She could do with you?" "Yes, she could that." "Now, come on, no kid, have a drop with me." "No, I am not having any." Some time after that a man said, "What train, Bill; same time?" I said, "Yes, six." He said, "Can I come?" I said, "Yes, but what is your game? Old woman been on you?" "Well, last week, Bill, I stopped down here and blowed eight bob. I could have bought two pairs of boots for my little girls with that money, couldn't I?" I said, "All right, Jim, I will give you a whistle when we are going." The fifth week we took home six with us; the sixth week the "Railway" was without a customer.—Will Crookes, M. P.

THE LARGEST ENGINES IN THE WORLD



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GEO. J. CHARLTON, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT. CHICAGO.



THE KEELEY CURE.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

PEOPLE WHO TAKE THE CURE—EFFECT ON THE GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—PRICE OF TREATMENT, ETC.

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition. The Keeley Remedies are absolutely a specific for this disease.

How Long Does It Take?

The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and, hence, there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival a patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness caused by the treatment, and the physical condition improves from the start.

At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved, mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright and complexion clear; morally changed because of his disgust for his former life, and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear a Keeley patient say, "I feel ten years younger."

Opium, Morphine, Etc.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, and other similar or kindred drugs, when used continuously, induce diseases, each of which is characteristic of the substance used. The definite symptom is always the necessity for repeated doses, which is commonly designated as "craving." The use of these drugs is usually begun to induce sleep or to relieve pain, and the victim has the disease firmly fastened on him before he realizes his condition. It is then discovered that the desire for the accustomed "dose" dominates all other desires, and even death itself is scarcely more to be dreaded than the cutting off of the usual supply. These diseases have been considered incurable, but Doctor Keeley has demonstrated otherwise. They yield to scientific treatment, and from four to six weeks only are required to complete a cure. This statement may seem startling, but it is true. We will gladly refer you to people who have been cured and who have standing that will bear investigation. *Send for printed matter on opium and other drug using.*

No Confinement.

One feature of the Keeley Treatment that commends it to those needing it, is that there is absolutely no confinement. Patients are required to take the remedies with the utmost regularity, and are expected to attend the lectures, but the remainder of each day is disposed of as the patient pleases. It is needless to say that no improper conduct is permitted, and that liberty does not mean license. No one visiting Dwight would suppose, unless informed, that the fine-looking, quiet, well-behaved people observed at the hotels and on the street are there for treatment—yet such is the case. They appear in all respects to be temporary residents of the village, and are so recognized. Lifelong friendships are formed and good comradeship prevails.

Effect on the General Health.

There can be but one truthful answer and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness caused by our treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients or graduates; they know and will tell

you truthfully. Do not ask a saloon-keeper, or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-six years of age—time enough, the most captious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business more than twenty years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients?

What Our Remedies Do.

These remedies are reconstructive nerve tonics which restore the nerve cells to a normal, healthy condition, the same as before being poisoned by alcohol or toxic drugs. When this is done the "craving" disappears because, as has been proved, that is a symptom of a diseased condition of these cells. A parallel case is that of a cough, which indicates a diseased condition of throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs; when the cause is ascertained and removed, the cough disappears.

Owing to lack of space these diseases and addictions, their causes and cure, cannot be fully described, but



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

literature upon any and all of these subjects will be sent free upon application. We will consider it a favor to be permitted to prove our assertions.

Who Takes the Keeley Cure?

We have cured thousands of veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the National Soldiers' Homes of the country, whose ages range from fifty to eighty years.

We have cured several children under five years of age who were addicted to morphine and opium, such addictions having been acquired through the mother's own addiction or direct administration. No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

We have cured hundreds of soldiers in the Regular Army of the United States, and have letters from officers of all ranks, from Major-Generals to Lieutenants, commending the Keeley Cure in the highest terms.

We have cured senators, congressmen, lawyers, clergymen, business men, merchants, laborers, men of all occupations and of no occupation, to the number of more than 300,000. Among them are 17,000 physicians.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

All who have taken our treatment are perfectly satisfied with the results. This is a broad statement and would hardly be made if not true. Nine-tenths of all our patients come to us accompanied by, or through the influence of, our graduates, and this is the best evidence of the efficacy of our cure. In fact, Keeley graduates are so enthusiastic about their condition that some 30,000 of them have formed an organization known as "The Keeley League." This is the only temperance society in the world composed exclusively of men who have been drunkards. Men and women who have taken the cure are the best judges of its effects, and there are more than 300,000 of these. We will refer you to reliable and well-known people in your immediate vicinity if you ask us to. *Send for "Evidence and Proof from Reliable Sources."*

The Livingston Hotel.

The magnificent new Livingston Hotel is owned by The Leslie E. Keeley Co., and is maintained primarily for the accommodation of patients taking treatment at the Institute. This hotel is three stories in height, and is equipped with every modern convenience. The style of architecture is colonial, insuring broad, cool verandas and spacious rooms. The electric lights, steam heat, and hot water are supplied by our own plant adjacent to the hotel. The hotel itself is absolutely the most thoroughly fireproof hotel in the country, as there is no woodwork in the construction except the doors and window-frames, the floors being tile, mosaic, or monolith. Every precaution is taken to insure cleanliness and a thorough sanitary condition. The plumbing is the most modern and practical system, and absolutely precludes the possibility of any danger from this source. The Livingston is arranged upon such a plan that patients can have, if they so desire, the absolute privacy of a home. There are several entrances, a ladies' parlor a reception room, an amusement room, besides one for correspondence and reading, private baths and lavatories, a telephone in each room, in fact everything needful to minister to the comfort and convenience of guests. A feature which pleases all, is a well-selected library of standard works for the free use of patients. The dining room is a marvel of beauty and good taste, elegant decorations, beautiful highly polished columns, mosaic floor and fine service, while the kitchen is equipped with every appliance to secure excellent results, as far as fare is concerned; the construction and arrangement insures absolute cleanliness at all times and under all circumstances. The office is spacious and elegant, with a colonial mantel and open fireplace, mosaic floor and all modern appointments.

Lady patients will find that residence in the Livingston will insure them any degree of privacy which they desire; our attendants and nurses are under the same roof, and thus will be always within call. Each lady receives treatment in her own room and there is no reason why, if she does not mention the fact herself, that she will be regarded otherwise than as a visitor at the hotel. No pains or expense has been spared to add to the comfort of patients and make their brief residence in Dwight pleasant as well as beneficial. *Send for pamphlet containing illustrations of Livingston Hotel and attractive features of Dwight.*

Send for printed matter pertaining to the Home Treatment of the Tobacco Habit and neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion.

DWIGHT is the home of the Keeley Cure. It is on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, 73 miles from Chicago, 36 miles from Joliet, 81 miles from Peoria, 52 miles from Bloomington, 111 miles from Springfield, Ill., and has direct railroad communication with all these cities. It is accessible, healthy, progressive and "wide awake." All communications confidential and literature free on application. Address

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.,
Dwight, Illinois.

Chicago Office

Suite 906 Rector Building
122 Monroe Street

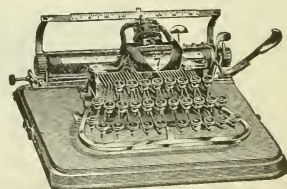
Long Distance and Local Telephone, Central 3555

PRINTED matter on Alcoholic Inebriety, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and other drug addictions, Tobacco using and Neurasthenia, as well as any information regarding the Keeley Cure may be obtained at our Chicago Office.

All arrangements for the treatment of patients at Dwight may be made at the Chicago Office, and patients will be visited and accompanied to Dwight if desired.

Patients en route to Dwight will be directed as to trains, etc.

The Leslie E. Keeley Company



Use a Blenkinsderfer Typewriter
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Authorized Keeley Institutes

The following is an authentic list of the Institutes established under and by authority of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY Co., and which are known by the uniform name of "THE KEELEY INSTITUTE." In each of these establishments the remedies used are prepared in our laboratory at Dwight, Illinois, and they are administered by physicians who have been specially instructed by us at Dwight in their administration and in the Keeley method of treating Inebriety, Drug and Narcotic addictions. The address of the Institute is given in each case, and this list will be corrected from time to time as may become necessary.

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.

THE PARENT INSTITUTE

Dwight, Illinois, September, 1907

ALABAMA

Birmingham, 2000 Twelfth Avenue, North

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs, 702 Park Avenue

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 2930 Sacramento Street

Los Angeles, 1022 South Flower Street

COLORADO

Denver, 18th and Curtis Streets

CONNECTICUT

West Haven

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, 211 North Capitol Street

FLORIDA

Jacksonville, Stockton and Park Streets

GEORGIA

Atlanta, 235 Capitol Avenue

ILLINOIS

Dwight

INDIANA

Marion

Plainfield

IOWA

Des Moines, 706 Fourth Street

KENTUCKY

Crab Orchard

LOUISIANA

New Orleans, 1628 Felicity Street

MAINE

Portland, 151 Congress Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids, 265 South College Avenue

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, 10th Street and Park Avenue

MISSOURI

Kansas City, 716 West Tenth Street

St. Louis, 2803 Locust Street

MONTANA

Alhambra

NEBRASKA

Omaha, Twenty-fifth and Cass Streets

NEW HAMPSHIRE

North Conway

NEW YORK

Buffalo, 799 Niagara Street

White Plains

NORTH CAROLINA

Greensboro

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo

OHIO

Columbus, 1087 Dennison Avenue

OREGON

Portland, 71 East Eleventh Street

PENNSYLVANIA

Harrisburg

Philadelphia, 812 North Broad Street

Pittsburg, 4246 Fifth Avenue

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, 306 Washington Street

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia, 1329 Lady Street

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls, Spring Avenue and 5th Street

TEXAS

Dallas, Bellevue Place

UTAH

Salt Lake City, 334 W. South Temple Street

VIRGINIA

Richmond, 800 East Marshall Street

WISCONSIN

Waukesha

WASHINGTON

Seattle, 1120 Kilbourne Street

FOREIGN

CANADA

Toronto, 1253 Dundas Street

Winnipeg, Hugo and Jessie Avenue, Ft. Rouge.

ENGLAND

London, 9 West Bolton Gardens, S. W.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Neurasthenia.



THE LIVINGSTON HOTEL

The Keeley Remedies have now been before the public for more than a quarter of a century and are recognized by the public at large as well as the medical profession as being the most efficacious treatment in existence for the diseases which they are designed to overcome. Printed matter, consisting of testimonials both from people who have taken the cure and others who have simply observed its effects, will be furnished free upon application; also printed matter descriptive of the diseases we treat and the claims made in behalf of our remedies. All correspondence strictly confidential.



LABORATORY AND OFFICES OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

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B: 13
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THE BANNER OF GOLD



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FRIENDSHIP.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.



THOUGH Love and all her forces joined
To build a temple to her fame,
A golden temple, onyx-grained,
Yet would thy unembellished name,
O Friendship, work a spell more sweet!
Evoke a worship more complete!

Thou art Love's elder sister, less
Enchanting for the hour, but far
More constant in thy tenderness.

No circumstance can change or mar
Thy countenance serene, nor show
A paling of its tender glow.

Thou askest neither song nor prayer;
Thou art not jealous of the knee;

Thy subjects are as free as air
To worship all, or all let be.
Like to the sun unquestioning,
Thou givest without reckoning.

The curtains of that force which lies
Betwixt the worlds we're chasing through,
At touch of thy fair fingers, rise,
And Far and Near at once I view.
Then, wheresoe'er my comrades be,
I see them turning here to me.

With smiling eyes, a goodly host,
They hasten over sea and land,
And if but one poor crust I boast
There is a goodly feast at hand.
A moment gone so bleak and bare
This room hath riched everywhere.

What king upon an instant's thought
Could summon such a company?
What company his summons brought
Could be so gay and glad and free?
And what are meat and bread and wine
To such a company as mine?

Fairest of all that white-robed host
Who out of Silence visit me,
And of all passions mortals boast
Most grateful that bestowed by thee.
Thy sunbeam fetters never fret,
And in thy wine is no regret.

—Chicago Sunday Examiner.

THE SAVING OF EURYDICE.

BY LE ROY ARMSTRONG, AUTHOR OF "AN INDIANA MAN,"
"SERGEANT GORE," "WASHINGTON BROWN,
FARMER," ETC., ETC.



DOCTOR MATCHETT had been married just about a year when the accident occurred. It was one of those grade-crossing happenings that are so common nowadays, and it excited but little attention at the time for the reason that but two persons were killed. But I have always thought—at least I have always thought so until a few months ago—that the greatest catastrophe in this case was reserved to those who escaped with their lives.

As I say, the general public paid but little attention to it, for the death list was not large enough. The grade-crossing Moloch must demand sacrifices by the dozen before the numbed pulse of the people is sufficiently stirred to condemn. And even then the condemnation is discouragingly short-lived. Doctor Matchett and his wife had started for a drive, and they met Mr. and Mrs. Nolan on the avenue and asked them to join in the ride through the parks.

But in crossing the tracks on the way over, they were caught by the train and the accident happened. How he escaped without injury Doctor Matchett never knew, for the descent of the destroyer upon him was so sudden that he had no time for any attempt at thinking. But he was saved and unhurt. The whole terrible thing was over in a moment. The train had stopped and the passengers were crowding around. One of the horses was dead in the wreck of the carriage and harness. Mrs. Matchett was moaning and attempting to creep away. She was on the hither side of the track. Directly in front, broken and unconscious, was Mr. Nolan, and a little farther back was the maimed and helpless body of his wife, a good, gray-haired woman whose life of usefulness had earned for her a better death than that.

There were two of them whom no power on earth could save or help. And they were carried in sorrow to their homes. Mrs. Matchett, seriously injured, lay on a bed of pain for weeks, and then dragged herself slowly about the house again. But her sufferings were pitiful. Old Doctor Wilmot came and looked at her, and then held a consultation with her husband. What he proposed was not to the liking of the younger man, but it seemed, after all, the humane thing to do, and he did it.

I had known the family since their marriage. Indeed, I had known the doctor since our college days, and no man could have more sincerely approved the choice of

a friend than I approved his when he came home that day with his bride. It was not alone that she was gentle and kind. It was not alone that she was beautiful and full of all bodily graces. It was chiefly that her mind was something superior. I never could tell just why it was, but an evening spent at that house always made me a better man. I could not easily return to the trivial things that make up so much of a city man's life. The books that had possessed an interest for me before were neglected after each of these visits. And the company that had entertained me and the places that I had admired, became distasteful.

She was a very sermon and incentive to purer living, to the better employment of time—which had always seemed plenty enough to me, but had come to be serious enough to demand its economy.

One of my visits revealed a curious and significant phase in the woman's life. She was still subject to those occasional spasms of agony, the increasing result of her accident, and she was suffering, I thought, more than I had ever seen a woman suffer before. She could not talk connectedly, the agony was so severe. She could not think; yet I could see her every now and then arouse and try to return to her normal habit of case, vivacity and eloquence. But it was hopeless. The tortured nerves refused to release her, and she would relapse in a moment into a suffering more severe. It was so painful that I more than once indicated my wish to leave. But both she and her husband opposed me, and so I remained, uncomfortably trying to smooth over what I could plainly see was a most embarrassing hour for them.

At length Mrs. Matchett rose and excused herself. She did not blush as she looked at me, but there was a darker look in her face. The eyes were set and strained as if of death and temptation she must make quick choice. She was gone some moments when the doctor proposed a game of chess, and we got out the board in silence. We had played nearly an hour when she returned. It was her old charming and beautiful self. The rest of the evening was as delightful as the former had been constrained. There was no note in the scale of sweet entertainment that she did not sound, and all with a touch so gracious, with a tact so perfect that I left at last as much amazed as enraptured.

Then I was sent to Washington for six months by the paper, and it was a sad sight that greeted me when Congress adjourned and I came home. I had corresponded with the doctor and his wife during my absence and was not prepared for any change in the pleasant conditions. Now and then, it is true, there were passages in her letters that seemed involved, but they were, as a rule, even more elevated and remarkable than her conversation had ever been.

But she was different when I met her. She looked old when she came into the parlor. There was a shrunken and haggard look about her eyes. There was an unnatural attempt to seem gay, and a curiously unnatural attempt to entertain. The doctor was quieter. He sat silent most of the time, and I somehow felt that they were better alone. So I made my adieu early and went to the hotel.

The next time I saw her she did not see me. I was going to my room at the hotel when I saw her ahead of me in the hall, walking with bowed head and heavy feet to a room the maid held open for her. There was an air of dejection so complete that it affected her very dress, and the garments clung upon her as on the veriest dowdy. An hour later I met her on the street, and no transformation could have been more marked. She was upright, her eye was bright, her step was the tread of a girl, and her apparel was as seemly as it had been in the days when the sunshine blessed her as a bride.

I was beginning to understand it. And I would have stiller forever the quick beating of my heart if I could have carried into the grave with me the load that was oppressing her.

After that it was more rapid. I met them one night at a lecture. There was a defiant look in her eyes, and she moved to her place as if she had been forbidden, yet chose to rebel. She left her seat as the lecture progressed, and at a most interesting place in the description of some Italian works of art. She hurried up the aisle with the impatience of a spoiled child and threw herself down on a chair at the very back of the house, against the hall. I watched her from my seat in the side of the house. She was looking straight ahead, staring with a death-like fixity; yet her hands were busy. She fumbled with her purse for a moment, and then crossed her arms, each hand clasping the opposite arm just below the shoulder. No being alive could have seemed more weak, hopeless and dejected than she.

But as she sat there her figure straightened, her eyes took on a more natural light, her pose became more

healthy and natural, her whole being seemed renewed. She had mounted as on eagles' wings, and as she went down to her place again in the parquet there was once more about her that air of a queen which had once been her most precious mantle.

Then I saw her on a street car one night. She was sitting right opposite, but she did not recognize me when I came in. But for the material in her garments you would have thought her an overworked washwoman. There were lines in her face that nothing but hell can paint on the cheeks of youth. There was a smouldering light in her eyes that God never saw save in the orbs of angels falling from the vanishing heights of heaven.

She was twitching all over with a nervousness that verged on the nature of spasms. She crossed her arms near the elbows, and I noticed the right hand moving, as if the fingers would adjust themselves. For some moments she came nearer and nearer collapse. Then all of a sudden she started, and I could see a slow returning to her normal self. The nervous movements ceased, the shoulders went back to nature's level, the brow was lifted, the wrinkles vanished and the lips parted in a smile of welcome.

Before we could speak an added consciousness came to her, and she looked startled out of the car. She had been carried far past her intended destination, and she rose with a bow that had a pleading for silence, an appeal for charity, in it, and was put down at the next corner.

The doctor tried to talk with me about it one time, but I honestly could not find it in my heart to discuss the matter with him. It seemed so terrible.

About two months after that I was crossing State street on Van Buren. I had been at the World's Fair, and had come home by boat. It was about 10 o'clock at night. I still had plenty of time for a North Side car. All about was the blazon of cheap vice and the dust of hopeless misery. On every side were the smoke-stained garments of those who had been tossed for a time above the seething depths of Tophet, and who knew, as they knew their names, they must inevitably fall back again.

And there I met her. But I could not leave her there. I grasped her arm and led her slowly along the street. I asked her how it happened her husband had not kept her at home, and she laughed as she told how she had escaped him. She had been startled by my coming into a moment of new life, and then the feet began again to stumble. She crowded me into an alcove made by a building projection, turned her back for an instant, fumbled nervously with that purse, and with imprecations for its tardy opening, leaned heavily against a doorway as she pressed her right hand upon her left shoulder, and then sank down desolate on the filthy door-step.

Again the strange transformation occurred. She rose in a moment, her stronger, better nature coming nearer and almost touching her. She took my arm with the old grace and walked where I would lead her. She made no objection when I stopped near her home, and went with the sorrowful humility of an erring child when I entered the street that was hallowed by her home. But the reaction came again almost before I could return her to the refuge to which a wife is always entitled, and she bowed her head with such weeping as, pray God, I never may hear again.

"Don't do it again," rose to my lips. And then I thought of their mockery. Would she do it again—would she have done it at all if she could have helped it?

We reached her gate as I reproached myself, and there she turned to me and grasped my arm closer; turned to me and laid her head, still fair and precious, on my shoulder while her heart dissolved in hopeless tears.

"Oh, save me!" she cried. "Can you not save me? Is there nothing? Must I go down that way again? God, tell him what to do for me! Jesus, show him some way? Oh, Mother Mary!"—and the silvery voice was smothered with passionate weeping.

I never saw a man so crushed as was her husband when I left him that night. When I urged him to go to bed he told me he had not been in bed for a month. He had been watching her constantly. And yet he could not keep her. She evaded him at times almost with the cleverness of a magician. His heart was breaking. And my own was wrenched with anguish.

If prayer is the heart's sincere desire, then I prayed that night. And the answer came with the morning. It was small enough hope. It was wild and unnatural and improbable. But must hope be large before we grasp it? Must we understand and know each step to the end before we plant our feet in the path of beginning? Is pride so dear or self-esteem so sweet that no new savior may be trusted? Then were the Nazarene's

mission useless. Then were the wonderful mercy of God but a shameful mockery.

Her husband was asleep when I went there. But he had not yet gone to bed. He had simply fallen from his chair when exhausted nature refused to sustain him longer, and he lay there abject in a neglected home. I left him. The last sight of him was as he still lay there, disposed uncomfortably, breathing heavily, his nerveless hands on the dusty hearth, his unclean linen marking the man's year-old distraction. I left him so, because my hope was rising, and I thought it better to let him wake at the very bottom of despair.

* * * * *

A good old woman went with us—a good old woman who had known my mother, and who had believed in my youth. It was she who went with the wife of my friend, and who stood by her, strong and gracious, through the torture of those first few days. It was she who wrote me daily at my home in Chicago, and who watched the putting off of the old garment and the putting on of a new. It was she who marked the successive steps of a priceless woman walking from the abyss to the plains of safety. It was she who came home at the end of one short month and restored to my friend his wife anew.

Of that meeting I cannot tell you. I would not have witnessed its sacred details if time had served me to escape. But there was a ring at the door, the quick step of a ransomed creature, the sharp cry of an ecstasy none but the saved can know, and the swift folding of that glorious woman in the arms that never had been closed against her. I am not a godly man, but my heart went up that night in a song of thanksgiving more genuine than any my own soul's salvation could have bought. I had reached the door, for no farewell was necessary, when the doctor turned from his bride restored, and with a cry so strangely glad, embraced me and tried to weep his thanks.

There was the gate of Heaven again. We all passed through, and we sat for weeks, for months, for more than a year, in the sunshine of that angel smile. We drank at the fountain of her wit, we warmed in the sunshine of her grace, we learned from the big book of her chastened heart. The old times—nay, times better than the old—came back again, and gave no threat of leaving.

One night at a party, where sober groups may talk of serious things, Mrs. Matchett was one of a trio that listened to a great divine outline his plan of earth's redemption. He was an egotist—vain and unlearned. He would banish the darkness of intemperance as God banished a primal darkness before the world was born. He would put to rout all the nostrum agencies that claim to help inebriates. Especially would be silence the claims of Doctor Keeley—whom he termed an impostor, a juggler with potions, a blasphemous fellow who called sin disease.

I tried to argue with the preacher. But he launched into a tirade so full of vituperation, so studded with texts filched from scripture to gem anathema, so charged with feeling that the calm of convention was broken. We were the center of a group growing larger as the preacher went on. He was mad against the prairie doctor who dared prescribe for sin. He rose to his feet the better to crush all gainsaying, to silence all discussion. He launched great thunderbolts of wrath against a man for whom, he said, the church could hold no patience. He startled the whole assembly with the fire of his impromptu address.

And then, when his hate was sated, when his tongue had found an end of calumny, Mrs. Matchett arose and stood beside him.

She had never been so beautiful. The white of her face was touched to pink by the sunset clouds on the hills of Heaven. The blue of her eyes was glorified by that great light which shines from the sky at noonday—that light which far outshines the splendor of the sun. The wealth of her hair—that glory of a woman—was caressed to curves of softest radiance by hands of those who loved her.

"You do not know," she said, as with infinite patience she fronted the rash divine.

"And what, may I ask, do you know?" was his swift reply.

"What do I know?" she cried. "I know—" and the trembling hand was outstretched to the prairie town, the glistening eyes were set in that direction, the willing feet moved one step to the south. And then hands, eyes and heart went up in thankfulness to God. "I know that my redeemer liveth!"

And there, around her the awed and silent group, before the shamed and humbled clergyman, her husband's arm was about her. And her husband took her and turned from them—from all the world, if need be. What were they—what was anything to him? Eurydice was with him.

PHYSIOLOGICAL RELATION BETWEEN INEBRIATE DRUGS.

BY LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., LL. D.

[Reprinted from a series of articles written for THE BANNER OF GOLD.]

COFFEE and tea drinkers would be shocked no doubt to hear themselves classed as inebriates, but coffee and tea contain each an alkaloid poison very similar in properties, which poisons first stimulate, then paralyze the heart, and in long continued poisoning, cause a craving for the drug, and this is inebriety. Tobacco users are also inebriates, as well as are the habitual users of opium, chloral, hasheesh, etc., etc.

It has been thought that two diseases cannot exist at the same time in the same organ, but though there is a definite antagonism between the causes of many diseases, yet two or even more diseases may inhabit the same person at the same time, or even the same organ. The only reason why one or more diseases cannot inhabit the same individual or the organ of the same person at the same time is because the poisons of different species of germs destroy each other. One of the present great therapeutical principles depends upon this fact, which is that one species of microbe can be used to fight or antagonize another. The future of medical practice will no doubt employ this principle of cure to a great extent.

Suppose the enemies of the pus germ become known so well that when blood poisoning occurs after wounds or injuries, the antagonist germ can be inoculated and the abscess prevented. How much better practice this will be than to remove whole organs or sets of organs, by reason of pus or of abscess.

As is well known, chemicals or drugs have an antagonism. In the first place they chemically fight each other—or are chemically "incompatible," and such drugs cannot be mixed in bottle or taken together without trouble. In addition, drugs used as medicines are antagonistic physiologically. Thus a set of drugs causes increased secretion, while another collection lessens the bodily secretions. These are vitally antagonistic. Symptoms in disease are all caused by poison. The poison which floating in the blood and irritating the temperature center, causes fever, is antagonized physiologically by those drugs which lower the temperature.

The great classification of medical drugs must be into those which aid each other and those which oppose. The narcotics aid each other in the one thing—the narcotism—though they may differ more or less in minor points. Alcohol, opium, hasheesh, chloral, ether, are all antagonistic in relation to heart's action, the secretions, digestion, respiration, etc., etc., but they all agree in causing narcotism in a general sense, and antagonize each other more or less in this quality.

In politics the voters of the two great leading parties will differ from each other in minor points on candidates, but they agree as partisans, while the individuals of each party may differ likewise, but agree on the more general ideas, principles and candidates.

Narcotic drugs are given in combination for these reasons. Morphia and atropia form one of the most frequent combinations. The drugs agree to a certain extent on the narcotism, but atropia antagonizes many of the disasters of morphia, as nausea, heart failure and the blood pressure. But on one point drugs cannot act for each other as substitutes. In a crave for whisky, in true alcoholic inebriety, neither morphine nor other drug is able to satisfy. The crave will not be satisfied, and if the experiment is tried in a person having his liberty the result will be narcotism from both drugs or poisons.

Owing to these actions of drugs several inebrieties may exist together. Very often combinations are made of such drugs as hyoscyamus, morphia, atropia and hasheesh for the treatment of neuralgia or other painful nervous disease, and this prescription may be so long continued that an inebriety of mixed nature representing each of these poisons is the result—a compound inebriety—but not a "narcomania," as such a disease is an impossibility. Now, in such inebriety it will be impossible to satisfy the crave for the drugs by giving either of them alone. If the combine is stopped, and morphine alone given, the craving call for drugs cannot be satisfied until morphia enough is given to blunt the senses and the consciousness to the sensation of craving.

Narcotic drugs are the chief weapon of the materia medica. Nothing is easier than to blunt the consciousness to the sense of pain in disease. There is no drug except alcohol so universally, continuously and constantly used as morphia in diseases. The object

of the physician is first to stop pain and, second, to lessen the temperature. The pain-alleviating drugs are all poisons and all of them are inebriating drugs. No doubt they are used too much, but what is to be done? People will assume the risks of inebriety for the sake of relief from suffering. They will employ the physician who can ease them of pains the most speedily and surely, and this relief is always demanded at any expense.

Pain has its uses. It is the signal of distress, and means that something is wrong. It is never the disease—but is the conscious result of disease. It seems a mockery to destroy the consciousness of pain, for such is the knowledge of disease and its locality. Of course the pain is frequently overdone by nature, but the fact remains that the destruction of pain does not cure the disease.

An old Egyptian king, whose army was in battle and defeated, killed four messengers, one after the other, who had brought him bad news of the fight. Of course these bearers of ill tidings could not repeat their messages, but this did the defeated army no good. It is equally unwise to entirely destroy the pains of disease except as a temporary measure, while the disease is being relieved and cured.

But in the inebrieties one drug leads to the use of another. An alcoholic or opium inebriate, if cured should use no kind of narcotic. Tobacco is the paid servant of all inebrieties. It is a narcotic and a poison. Its use is too suggestive to the nerve centers and cells. The excessive use of tea and coffee, by reason of their narcotic alkaloids, caffeine and theine, are also to be deprecated as drinks for persons who have ever used the drugs which inebriate. There is a bond of sympathy in all narcotics—a family relationship which binds them together in physiological action, and the indulgence in one of them is always suggestive to the nerve centers. A slumbering craving is frequently awakened by one of these milder drugs or poisons and the end is debauch.

There is another physiological relation of drugs which relates to their immediate physiological effect as poisons. They antagonize each other in this way. Thus belladonna is an antagonist of morphia in part of its effects, though they join forces so far as narcotic effects go. Some drugs slow the heart and increase the blood pressure, while others act in an opposite manner, thus acting against each other. Another law of drugs is that the small dose acts in an opposite manner to the large dose of the same drug. Thus alcohol first stimulates the whole system, but larger quantities paralyze. Opium in small dose stimulates the brain—but in large dose paralyzes the same organ. This is the law of all poisonous drugs. A small dose of arsenic is a stimulant to the stomach, while a large dose poisons the stomach.

The day of narcotic drugging is on the wane and it must go. At best these drugs are not curative of anything, but are given to antagonize the symptoms of disease. They do not antagonize the causes of disease except incidentally, and are, therefore, useless as remedies—or at least they do not cure.

The medicines of the future will be the ptomaine extractives of bacterial cultures, and these will be used as preventives, rather than cures, which is far better. The world must be emancipated from poisons and there are but two methods for doing this work. The living agents of disease must be destroyed or the human tissue must be so poisoned and changed that they have a complete immunity to the poisons of disease.

Many people appear to think that tissues are naturally immune to poisons of different kinds, but there is no immunity except through actual poisoning. There is no more interesting study than the relations of poisons to each other, to heredity, to immunity, and to inebriety. Inebriety is the force which favors the taking of poisons. The creation of an immunity and heredity are the forces which act against poisons.

In the year 1500 Margaret of Navarre wrote the following "Receipt for a Happy Life." More than four centuries have passed since, but her quaint words are as full of good counsel now as when she penned them: "If you would have a happy life, take three ounces of patience, and three of repose, and mix together with a pound of peace of conscience. Add as much as the hand can hold of innocent pastimes, and of hope and pleasant memories three good drachms; moisten these with the pleasure distilled from a cheerful heart. Add of love's magic a few drops; but be sparing of these, for sometimes love brings a flame that nought but tears can drown. Grind all these things together and mix with an ounce of merriment to enliven; yet all this may not bring happiness unless in your orisons you lift your voice to Him who holds the gift of health."

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MATE PALMER, Editor.

SOBRIETY A BUSINESS REQUIREMENT.

VIEWED from the standpoint of actual conditions, the temperance question has made giant strides during the past few years.

There may not be so many temperance lectures; but there are more temperance editorials. There isn't so much persuasion, but there is more coercion. The temperance worker who gets much of a following in these days must have plans that are practical.

Fine theories and gruesome recitals accomplish nothing. Every one understands that whiskey is responsible for a large part of the crime. They can punish the crime, but the important thing is to stop the drinking of whiskey and so prevent crime.

But not all drunkards are criminals. By far the greater number of men who drink to excess ruin their own lives and destroy the happiness and the prospects of their families without committing any act for which the law would hold them responsible. What is needed is some way to stop the drinking and so prevent such consequences.

The method which has proved most effective thus far is nothing less than a system of Compulsory Sobriety. It isn't brought about by legislative enactments or prohibitory measures. It was accomplished by level-headed business men—men who are accustomed to dealing with all questions from a practical basis.

Possibly there wasn't a temperance worker among them. Perhaps they were not even total abstainers. It made no difference. They wanted employees who were. There was small gain from drunken workmen. They were always making blunders that took the profit out of their labor, celebrating pay-day with a drinking bout that carried into the next week, and rounding up the year with a jubilation that was a blow to holiday necessities as well as to its festivities.

Such things were exasperating. In a time when competition was close they meant lack of profit. And outside of moral considerations the question of profit is always enough to lead to decisive action.

While earnest workers in the temperance cause were making futile attempts to prohibit the sale of liquor some of the rulers of the industrial world took measures to stop the drinking of liquor.

Railroads were among the first to adopt a total abstinence standard for their employees. They realized that the slightest degree of intoxication impaired the vision, affected the power to distinguish colors, and interfered with the sense of accuracy. One drunken employee might send hundreds of trusting passengers to their death and involve a company in endless damage suits, in addition to the property destroyed by the disaster.

One drunken employee was not worth such a tremendous sacrifice, and railroads formulated rules prohibiting the use of intoxicants among their employees.

When this was done the traveling public breathed easier. There was a sense of security that had not existed before. It was Compulsory Sobriety. But it was a step in the right direction.

Large corporations adopted the same methods. The country was full of unemployed men—many of them good men waiting for an opportunity to prove their

mettle. Why struggle with those who were unreliable when better ones wanted the places?

Gradually the smaller companies have fallen into line until it is difficult for the drinking man to find employment anywhere.

Compulsory Sobriety is about the only kind of sobriety that appeals to some men. When it is a choice between sobriety and starvation it doesn't take them long to make up their minds.

Every day the limits of the drinking man are becoming more circumscribed. Nobody wants him. If by misrepresentation he secures a position he does not hold it long. A very few deviations will send him adrift.

When a man loses his place through intemperance in these days he doesn't get much sympathy. There is a sort of I-told-you-so expression in every face. Nobody pats him on the back and tells him what a great man he would be if only he didn't drink.

He does drink, and somehow that settles it for everybody. His friends lose confidence in him and his family are sorrowing and heartbroken. There is only one alternative. He must stop drinking. It is the era of Compulsory Sobriety.

HOW is a man to stop drinking when every nerve calls for alcohol? In the old days, when the climax of temperance endeavor was signing the pledge, the man who needed help would doubtless have been urged to use his will power; but new requirements develop new possibilities. Science has solved the problem by declaring that inebriety causes a diseased condition that can be cured by appropriate remedies.

It was a revelation to inebriates and also to temperance workers. It explained why men of good impulses, who hated their bondage, found the cords forever tightening in spite of their most heroic struggles.

It did more—it took a certain element of reproach out of the word inebriety. Begun in an unguarded social way, and continued through ignorance of its dangers, it is galling to a man's pride that what has drifted into an overwhelming misfortune is looked upon as a disgrace.

A man may do many disgraceful things while in a state of intoxication, but inebriety per se is a diseased condition, and it is no more of a reproach to be cured of that disease than it would be to be cured of any other malady.

It closed the argument about will power, for it proved that the continued use of intoxicants paralyzes the will power.

When that stage is reached it is a restoration rather than a reformation that is needed. This restoration can be accomplished by means of the Keeley Cure. It enables a man to get around the rock of Compulsory Sobriety without difficulty.

Even in cases where it is possible by persistent effort and much suffering to abstain from alcoholic beverages, what is the use of the suffering? Why try to quit drinking by sheer force of a shattered will power when there is a remedy that will destroy the craving and restore a man to a perfectly normal condition?

In these days of scientific discovery it is as unnecessary to endure physical suffering while breaking up an addiction as it would be to undergo a surgical operation without an anesthetic.

MR. JOHN F. CUNNEEN.

MR. JOHN F. CUNNEEN, editor of the C. T. A. U. department of the BANNER OF GOLD, is making a splendid record as a temperance orator. During the past few weeks he has delivered a series of lectures under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League, and his services are in great demand throughout the state in the present campaign. Mr. Cunneen is a forceful and convincing speaker and his heart is in the work. He has made a careful study of his subject, and he is able to give a graphic portrayal of the conditions he discusses. Mr. Cunneen is president of the C. T. A. Society of Illinois and Chief Sir Knight of the Father Mathew Society of Chicago. He is still a young man, but he has been prominent in temperance work for a number of years.

Archbishop Ireland has given us this interesting statement: "During my travels through Europe recently I have discovered that the war against alcohol is spreading over every country on that continent. There is not a single country in Europe today that does not have its annual conference of anti-alcoholic workers, and this conference is made up of the best and leading thinkers of every country."

HOPE.—There is always hope in the man who actually and honestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.

WE are glad to publish the following letters. They were written by men who have been cured of drug and liquor addictions. As will be seen, these addictions covered periods of many years, and had caused inexpressible suffering and resisted the most determined efforts to conquer them. But in each case the craving that seemed unconquerable was easily destroyed, and although many years have gone by, there has been no recurrence. No one understands the tortures of the drug-user or the inebriate as well as the person who has passed through them. No one appreciates the value of a cure for such torture as thoroughly as the one who has been rescued from it. These men were without health and almost without hope. They were restored to strength, usefulness and happiness, and they tell their experience so that those who are bound by drink or drugs may know that there is a sure means of escape from such slavery. Many who read these letters will have no personal use for such information; but there are few who do not know of some unfortunate who is in urgent need of such help:

Experience of a Minnesota Judge.

WINDOM, MINN., February 29, 1908.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 27th in which you ask me to write a letter for the BANNER OF GOLD. Two years ago I celebrated my fiftieth birthday—the twenty-second of February—by writing a letter to the BANNER and last year I celebrated the same day by writing another letter for the same paper on my experience in the Keeley Treatment for the drug addiction.

On the 22nd inst. I celebrated my fifty-second birthday by taking unto myself a wife, believing that the Bible is true wherein it says that it is not good for man to live alone.

I have only to add to what I have already written that I can only reiterate the statements therein contained with another year's proof of the permanency and efficacy of the cure. Nine years have now elapsed since my final fight with the demon of morphia and I have never for one moment had any desire for the drug, nor have I used a particle of it in any way, shape or manner.

On the thirtieth day of last June I went to a hospital and underwent a very serious and dangerous operation; for fifteen days I lay flat on my back with my feet higher than my head, but during all this time with my nerves wracked with pain I never had the least inclination to take any morphia, although I could not help knowing that a small hypodermic of this subtle drug would deaden my sense of pain and enable me to sleep.

I consider this experience a sublime test of the efficacy of the Keeley Cure.

I am at all times ready and willing to sound the praises of the Keeley Treatment, both for drug addictions and for inebriety, and should any poor, suffering drug victim wish to write me I shall take great pleasure in answering as best I can, and any inquiries upon matters within my own experience. To those so afflicted permit me to say that I know just how you feel. For ten long years I was the slave of morphine, using toward the last enough of the poison daily by means of the hypodermic needle, to kill ten strong men not accustomed to it, and I know all the horrors that the morphia-maniac suffers; the dread of the supply of the drug running low and not being able to replenish it; the fear of breaking the hypodermic needle and of not being able to get another; the agony when something occurred so that the usual dose could not be pumped into the system at the usual time and the nerves cried for their usual stimulant; the horror and degradation of knowing that one was a slave to the drug and that his brain was under its control; the disappointment of repeated failure to effect a cure by the worst of worthless nostrums advertised by the worst of soulless vipers as a "sure and painless home cure"; the despair after these repeated failures; (I tried them seven different times and paid quite a sum of money for my experience), and the slowly growing conviction that one was slowly but surely approaching a condition when the victim, his friends and the world, would be better off if he were out of it, and a suicide's grave yawned before him.—I say, I know all this and can freely sympathize with you, my poor drug-slave friend, as no one who has not passed through this terrible ordeal can do. No one but a victim of the drug disease can ever understand or realize these tortures.

After enduring all this agony for ten years I made up my mind to try the Keeley Treatment, having very little if indeed any faith that it would be effective. My former experience with so-called cures had made me very skeptical. I entered the Keeley Institute in January, 1899, and placed myself under treatment. I was using at that time ten grains a day of morphia, hypodermically administered, a grain at a dose. In four weeks I had stoned the use of the drug entirely. I had my last fight with it on February 12, 1899, Lincoln's birthday. In six weeks from the time I went there I came home cured and permanently cured.

My dear afflicted friends, let me impress upon you the fact that the Keeley Treatment will accomplish all that is claimed for it. It will cure you completely and permanently of drug addiction or inebriety, but the physicians of the Keeley Institute do not claim to put brains in your heads, nor will the Keeley Treatment do so. After you have been treated and cured you must use your brains, exercise your will and keep away from the temptations of the terrible demon from whose

clutches you have been released, and it is not at all difficult for you to do so.

I can truthfully say that my cure was complete and permanent and that I would not be placed back where I was before taking the treatment for all the money I ever saw. I use neither drugs, liquor, nor tobacco, and am in the very best of robust health.

With best wishes for the continued success of the Keeley Remedies, I remain,
Yours truly,
WM. A. PETERSON.

In a former letter Judge Peterson gives a comprehensive and interesting account of the causes which led to his addiction. It forms an excellent supplement to his recent letter and we copy it in part as follows:

Like thousands of others I began using morphia through a physician's treatment. From my earliest recollection I had been subject to attacks of nervous sick headache of the most aggravated form, suffering so intensely that I became absolutely insane for hours. More than twenty years ago I experienced one of my worst attacks; I remember nothing that transpired for about twenty-four hours; then I was aroused, as from sleep, though I had not slept, but was simply "out of my head"—by a stinging sensation in my left arm, and discovered that my good doctor was puncturing the skin and injecting some fluid with an instrument, the like of which I had never seen before.

In a few minutes I was quiet, and as happy as the proverbial clam; my head still ached, but it did not hurt me. I knew that the pain was still there, but my sense of pain was so deadened that I cared nothing about it; but what a blessed feeling of rest and repose came stealing over my tired, strained nerves. It was a revelation to me to find that there was something that would control and soothe that terrible sick-headache, and I determined to know what it was. I accordingly implored my druggist until he told me it was morphine. But no one warned me, and I did not know that I was toying with an enemy that, under the guise of friendship, was stretching its insidious coils around me until it had me completely in its hateful embrace, luring me on, siren-like, to my certain destruction. Severe illness and death visited my household. Care, anxiety and broken rest drove me to insomnia, and I trembled lest I should become permanently insane. More morphia was the angel-devil that gave me sleep and rest. Then came the awful awakening—I realized all at once that I was in bondage; that I could not exist, even for an hour, without being under the influence of the devilish vampire that was slowly but surely sapping the foundations of health, strength, and reason.

Then began the struggle. I sent for and purchased advertised "Home Cures," and faithfully tried them, only to fail. I knew now that I was simply taking morphia in another form, and gradually reducing. I got it down to a very small amount several times; but I could not quit that last little bit, and after suffering the torments of hell I went back to my old habit worse than ever.

When I at last determined to go to a Keeley Institute, I went to be cured if there was any virtue in the treatment; if it proved a failure it should be through no fault of mine.

I am not writing a paid advertisement for the Keeley Cure; but I want to say right here that my own experience and what I have seen accomplished among friends,—some of them very near and dear to me—has made me an enthusiastic Keeley man, and so long as God gives me life and reason will I raise my feeble voice to say a good word for the Keeley Cure. Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh; and I will ever be ready to stretch forth my hand to help a fallen brother to make a pilgrimage to the Mecca of drug and drink slaves.

WILLIAM A. PETERSON.

Cured of Opium Using Fifteen Years Ago.

PHILIPSTOWN, ILL., March 4, 1908.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—I feel that I would be derelict to my duty to those who have suffered as I have from the same unfortunate cause, viz., the abuse of the drug, did I not give my experience as to my cure with the hope that it may induce even "one more unfortunate weary of breath," to apply to a Keeley Institute for relief from the awful terrors that inevitably hover over and around the user of the "drug," and as I am a graduate of the institution at Dwight of fifteen years ago, I think I am able to say to any and every unfortunate, that "there is a balm in Gilead," that there is a physician there," and that the Keeley Remedies can and will effect a cure, and by cure I mean cure—not a substitute for the drug, but a positive weaning off from its use. During the fifteen years since my cure I have never once tasted opium, nor its substitute or salts in any form or manner. It is useless for me to write my awful sufferings while using the drug, for every user or abuser knows for himself what those sufferings are. I had been an opium eater for five years and was in my sixtieth year when cured.

Sincerely yours,

J. E. CLIFFORD,
Class of April, 1893.

Cured of Morphine Addiction Sixteen Years Ago.

SANDUSKY, OHIO, March 1, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your letter of February 27th received. In reply will say that I have already said and written a good deal in favor of the Keeley Cure; but one can not say too much for that Institute, so I will add a few lines to my former letter—or letters.

It will be sixteen years this coming summer since I left the Institute at Dwight, but I have not forgotten, nor ever regretted, going there. When I left Sandusky in June, 1892, for Dwight, I was so low with

morphine that I did not think of ever returning to my home alive again. But after about six weeks' treatment at the Keeley Institute I got all right, and am still in that condition, and have no desire for morphine. Not only was I cured, but I saw hundreds of patients there who were cured.

Some may think that I am saying that to help along the Keeley Cure. Well, that is partly true, and they deserve it; but I am also thinking of some others, who may be suffering as I did from the morphine habit, and who may be looking for help, but do not know where to find it. To such I would say, there is no place to go except to the Keeley Cure. I had tried many ways to get out of the habit, but could not. The doctors' medicine made me worse and worse all the time until I got into the hands of the doctors at Dwight. They brought me around all right.

There is no need for any one to suffer from drug using; but one must go to the right place for treatment.

Yours very truly,

P. EBNER.

Effectiveness of the Keeley Cure for Inebriety.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—After sixteen years of experience, I desire to bear testimony to the thorough effectiveness of the Keeley Cure for inebriety in my own case. I was among the first graduates at West Haven, and have never had the least desire for alcoholic stimulants since that time.

I am now seven years of age and, of course, am living on "borrowed time"; yet my health is generally good. For the past twelve years I have been in the employ of the City of New Haven as clerk in the Town Clerk's office, and am quite able to satisfactorily serve my employer.

I met Doctor Keeley at West Haven while I was under treatment and my affection and regard for him, which commenced at that time, not only as a man and skillful physician, but as a benefactor of the race, continued until he was called to his reward. His picture



MR. FRANK M. LOVEJOY.

hangs in my parlor, and will be handed down to my children and children's children. Peace to his ashes.

Wishing you continued success in your glorious work, I remain,

Truly and sincerely yours,

FRANK M. LOVEJOY.

Wishes He Had Taken the Cure Fifteen Years Ago.

PORT WASHINGTON, Wis., February 23, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—My Dear Friends:—Yours of the 19th inst. at hand and I am glad to note that you take so much interest in my welfare. Now, my dear friends, I will tell you that I am a man again, since I came home from your Institute, yes, a man, and before I took your treatment I could not say that of myself. Now everything has changed, everything looks bright to me. Before I was indifferent to everything, but now I see that life is worth living, and I hope God and my will power will not let me fall back into my old ways. When I left Dwight I made up my mind to stay away from every place where intoxicating drinks were sold, and up to date I have not stepped inside a saloon, and hope I never will! I am again as well as I was before I began drinking. I eat three square meals a day, sleep sound at night, and feel bright when I get up in the morning, and go to work with a feeling as if the concern could not get along without me. My wife and children show the love they should show to a husband and father who deserves it, and I have not lost one minute of time at my place of occupation since I came back from Dwight. Everybody respects me now except some of those rumshop keepers. Oh, well, I will pay no attention to them, for the joy it gives me to see my dear old mother's happiness is more than I can tell you; that repays me for all. My dear friends, one thing which I am sorry for now is that I did not take the Keeley Cure fifteen years ago; but it is good as it is, as I am in the prime of life and can and will do a whole lot of good yet;

and let me state that I, Nic C. Peters, will not taste nor touch, to drink, any alcoholic drinks as long as I live. Perhaps before long I can persuade others in this city to pay a four weeks' visit to your most worthy Institute to take the cure.

I write you this letter as a man writes to his best friend, and you are at liberty to publish it if you think it will be for the good of others who are in the same condition that I was before I paid that visit to Dwight and took the cure. If at any time any of you gentlemen should visit this state near to this city, I beg you to visit me. You will be most welcome. With the thanks and blessing of my whole family for what you have done for me, I remain in debt,

Your friend,

NIC C. PETERS.

Sixteen Years of Absolute Sobriety.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., February 13, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—Sixteen years ago this morning I was discharged from your Institute at Dwight, pronounced by Dr. J. E. Blaine cured of the drink addiction and started to my home with some doubts and misgivings as to the permanency of the cure, but determined to discharge my whole duty as far as in my power to protect the treatment; and now after sixteen years of absolute sobriety, during which time I have led a happy and fairly useful life, I beg to say that during all of that time I have never for even one moment had the slightest suspicion of a desire to taste any intoxicating liquors, nor have I ever needed or taken such liquor as a medicine; in fact, since my treatment at Dwight I have had but little use for any kind of medicine.

As it is now the end of a very hard day of very exacting labor, I can not take the time to write you at such length as I should wish. I wish again in this my sixteenth annual communication to again thank you for the Keeley Treatment and offer this slight tribute to the memory of that Great Man.

With the very kindest regards to the company and to any who may know or care to inquire about me,

I remain as ever, very truly your friend,

O. M. SHANKLIN.

RUM IN THE OLD DAYS.

THE DRINKING HABIT NOT A MODERN INVENTION.

WHEN the Danes conquered England they discovered drinking among the Britons. An Englishman was forbidden to drink in the presence of a Dane without humbly asking and receiving permission. The penalty for a violation of this law was death, and so rigorously was it enforced that the timid English were afraid to drink even when leave had been granted unless the Danes gave them definite pledges that they would not be harmed. Thus arose the custom of drinking pledges.

Later on the English became heavy drinkers themselves, and at the time of the Norman invasion they were in the habit of giving great feasts, which lasted for weeks and at which every one got riotously drunk. King Edmund of England was given the name of Ironside on account of his remarkable staying qualities. It is said that he once drank two gallons of wine a day for thirty days. In the end he got into a row with one of his nobles and was stabbed to death.

After the conquest the invading Normans became pupils of the native British human oceans and soon became experts themselves. In the reign of King John, one hundred and forty years after William's landing, drunkenness was so general throughout England that it was necessary to appoint officers to regulate the sale of beer. Five days of every week the Britons worked. On the sixth they drank themselves under the table, and on the seventh they slept it off.

King Henry I. was a celebrated wine bibber, and his son and heir was his faithful disciple. This young man was sent over to France to marry the daughter of the king of that country. On the way home he stocked his ship with hundreds of barrels of French wines. During the passage he tapped one of these barrels and distributed its contents among his sailors. The latter got so drunk that they ran the ship upon a submerged rock, and it went down with all hands.

This was an impressive temperance lesson, but the English didn't profit by it. Instead they drank more and more, and we read that a few years afterward the evening meal of the average nobleman consisted of a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer and a quart of wine.

Everybody has heard of the great feast given by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth. It lasted two weeks, and during that time twenty-three thousand gallons of beer were consumed, not to speak of many hogheads of wine. This was the era of England's pre-eminence in drinking. Some of her greatest practitioners had international reputations, and ambitious amateurs came from all parts of Europe to witness their feats. Monday was the great drinking day. At one time, it was said, it was impossible to find twenty sober men in all England until late in the seventeenth century. The art of distillation had been practiced for

ages, but the product of the still had been used not as a beverage, but as a medicine. It is said that the first whiskey seen in London came from Ireland, where it was called usquebaugh, or bulcaan.

During the reign of Philip and Mary so many moonshine stills were set up in Ireland that parliament took a hand in the matter. It was ordained that no one but gentlemen, peers and freeholders of property worth at least \$50—a large amount of money in those days—should be permitted to own distilleries.

An English traveler, writing in the year 1600, said that there were more saloons in Dublin than in any other city in the world. The Irish, he said, always got drunk at wakes, weddings and fairs. The English were not far behind them, and over on the continent alcohol was also making great headway. Here in America, too, drinking was becoming a popular sport.

In London during the early part of the 18th century the lower classes gave themselves up almost entirely to drinking. Taverns were on every corner, and the price of whiskey was so low that even the most humble could enjoy his daily pot. An old notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* tells us that many taverns bore signs reading, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing!" Beneath each tavern was a cellar, strewn with straw, upon which the patrons of the establishment took their ease and dreamed their feverish dreams. When a man got delirium tremens and began chasing snakes his fellow soaks would beat him into insensibility and throw him out to die.

In Scotland, too, the jug and the jag played havoc. The historian Dunlop tells of a remarkable case of drunkenness which came to his own knowledge. A dispute having arisen at a fair in Ayrshire, the disputants, both of whom were drunk, staggered to a nearby courthouse to have it settled. There they found the three judges dancing before the door, drunk as lords and stark naked.

In Germany at this time heavy drinkers were highly esteemed, and it became the custom at the universities to elect the most capacious student "beer king." This custom continued into our own time, and Prince Bismarck, it is said, was "beer king" of all Germany in his youth.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

VANITY OF GREAT MINDS.

MEN OF GENIUS HAD A GOOD OPINION OF THEMSELVES.

"VANITY," said the husband as his wife tried on her new outfit before the cheval glass; "vanity is the curse of little minds." But the lady, who was literary, ran for her notebook.

"Vanity is the sign of a little mind, is it?" she cried. "Well, listen to this. This is from Gibbon's diary."

And she read:

"I am the greatest historian that ever lived. No one can equal me in this direction."

"Or this," she went on, "from a letter that John Ruskin wrote to Alexander Mitchell:

"What in the devil's name have you to do with either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli? You are students at the university and have no more business with politics than you have with rat catching. Had you ever read ten words of mine (with understanding) you would have known that I care no more for Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam, but that, with Carlyle, I stand, we two alone in England, for God and the queen."

"Or this, from Victor Hugo's famous letter to Bismarck:

"The giant greets the giant; the foe, the foe; the friend, the friend. I hate thee furiously because thou hast humbled France. I love thee because I am greater than thou art. Thou wert silent when the bells in the tower of my fame struck my eightieth year. I speak when the stolen clock on thy writing table unwillingly announces to thee that thou hast entered the seventies, I am eighty. Nay, I am eight and thou art seven, and mankind is the cipher behind each of us. Were we allied as one man history would cease. Thou art the body, I am the soul; thou art the cloud, I am the lightning; thou art the might, I am the fame. Who is the greater, victor or vanquished? Neither. The poet is greater than either, for he celebrates both."

Closing her notebook, the lady returned to the mirror. "Don't talk to me about vanity after that," she said.—Masonic Home Journal.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

MORPHINE AND OPIUM USING.

THESE ADDICTIONS CURABLE—CONFINEMENT AND RESTRAINT DETRIMENTAL.

IT was the writer's privilege recently to receive the annual report of a certain sanitarium, and also the business card of that same institution. The annual report is addressed by the physician in charge, or superintendent, to the Board of Directors, but inasmuch as a copy was sent to the writer it is evident that it was intended for general distribution also, and, hence, indirectly as advertising matter. The business card, after giving the name of the sanitarium says: "A private hospital for persons suffering from mental and nervous disorders, opium habit, inebriety, etc." It is evident that the card, as well as the report, is intended for the purpose of attracting patients, and under these circumstances it is interesting to note what inducements are held out as far as cure is concerned. It should be stated that the hospital or sanitarium is intended primarily for the accommodation of insane persons, but inebriates and opium habitués are admitted. We quote from the report: "A good many inebriates and morphine habitués are admitted and treated as such in the sanitarium. * * * But they are so admitted upon the full understanding that no secret remedies are in use, and without promise of cure, painless or other, affirmations. Such patients treated in the sanitarium recover the manner of advertising quacks or mercenary generally recover, and some of them remain 'well' indefinitely. The greater number, however, relapse into old habits sooner or later—sooner more likely than later as a general thing."

It is difficult to understand what in the foregoing statement would induce a patient suffering from either morphinism or drunkenness to seek the seclusion of this sanitarium unless it is the implied statement that while they do not promise as much as those institutions using secret remedies, they may be able to perform quite as much. It is difficult to explain why in making a report of this character a physician, with any claim to professional ethics or standing in a community, should go out of his way to attack persons or institutions considered his competitors; it can only be explained by comparison perhaps; it is like the case of John Randolph, of Roanoke, who is said to have hated sheep so cordially that he would go a mile out of his way in order to kick one. A sheep is a very inoffensive animal, that cannot be accused of doing any harm, and certainly its flesh is considered wholesome even by ethical physicians, while its fleece it would be hard to find a substitute for in the matter of raiment. When this simile was adopted it did not occur to the writer that the sheep was so like the Keeley Cure, which the gentleman, apparently, goes out of the way to kick, because it is an established fact that the latter has also supplied food and raiment in thousands of cases where these material necessities were wanting before. It is plain from the report that morphine and alcoholic patients will be accepted, but it is with the full understanding that nothing is promised them and, hence, they must find no fault if they are not benefited. It may be said also, though scarcely necessary, that the sanitarium is not a public institution, and that people are not admitted to it free.

It is an indisputable fact that the medical profession, with few exceptions, has not devoted to the subjects of morphine and alcoholic inebriety the attention that these great evils would justify. The reason is that they had long been considered incurable, and, hence, an unprofitable field for investigation. At the same time, the other ills that flesh is heir to receive their attention because more promising, as far as results to be obtained, and more easily entered. It is probable that no class of people in the world are more fully aware of the evil following these additions, or more strenuous in avoiding them. When a physician is called to a patient recovering from an alcoholic debauch, he treats the symptoms of the disease, and seeks by well-known methods to accomplish what is commonly called "sobering up." As soon as this is done he advises the patient to abstain from liquor, well knowing that his advice will not be followed, because it cannot be. The average practitioner will also advise strongly against the use of opiates except where strictly necessary, but when the addiction is fixed his resources are equally limited.

There is a great similarity between alcoholic, opium and other drug addictions, while there are also some features that are radically different.

Each produces its effect upon the nervous system and indirectly upon other organs of the body. In order to effect a cure it is necessary to understand what the nature of any disease is, to know where it must be met and combated, and this is especially true in the case of the diseases under discussion. It is not necessary here to comment upon the system of "gradual reduction" or "complete withdrawal"; there is scarcely a physician with any practice at all who has not proved both to be failures. The reason is obvious to anyone who will take the pains to investigate. These drugs produce their effect upon the nervous system; they are taken for their effect in lessening pain or producing some different sensation; naturally, the effect produced is only temporary and upon each repetition of the dose a larger quantity is required to bring about the effect sought. Why is a larger quantity required? It is exactly the same as in the case of an alcoholic inebriate. With each dose of any poison taken into the system there is established therein a tolerance to the effect of such poison, consequently subsequent doses have to overcome this acquired tolerance in order to produce the effect. There is scarcely anything but that a tolerance can be acquired for. Every one has noticed how people who are constantly exposed to the cold become less sensitive to its effects, and the same is true as to heat. It is exactly the same with substances taken internally and which the system recognizes as injurious. In order to acquire this tolerance a change is necessarily undergone by the cells, and when this change is brought about the alcohol or the drug is a necessity. Having been educated or changed so as to acquire the tolerance and perform their duties and functions under the influence of the substance to which the tolerance is acquired, repeated doses are then a necessity. We speak of the "craving" for drink, and, perhaps, the term is as apt as any other. It does not seem to be strong enough, however, to express or characterize the desire that the drug habitue has for his accustomed dose. The necessity is so strong, the desire so unutterable, the suffering so keen that death is really preferable, and death would undoubtedly ensue in many cases if the drug were withheld for any considerable length of time.

As in the case of alcohol, the changes brought about by the use of opium, morphine, and other drugs may be either organic or functional. Sometimes it is impossible to tell, after a thorough investigation, to which class a patient belongs, because the functional disturbance is often distressing in the extreme. No claim is made in behalf of the Keeley remedies that structural changes can be repaired. It is true, however, that a cure of the addiction and the consequent improvement in the general health, followed by gradual strengthening of the different organs and increased functional activity, will enable Nature to repair the damage. As has been said, however, functional disturbance is serious enough of itself, but this is usually corrected after a course of the Keeley Treatment. Anyone who has had experience with morphine users, for instance, cannot fail to have observed how slow and lax the different organs of the body become: this is especially true of all except the kidneys and sweat glands. A leading English authority says: "When the opium habit has become a disease, it alters nutrition and perverts vital function. * * * Even when death ends the succession of alternating states * * * which constitute the opium inebriate's life, functional derangement, impairment of the nutritive process, nerve-exhaustion, a dry, wrinkled, cadaverous skin, general wasting, emaciation and a bending form are prominent links in the lethal chain. * * * Decay following the disturbance of function is the prominent feature of the opist's slow march to the grave."

In marked contrast to the statement contained in the annual report mentioned in the beginning of this communication, are the claims of the Keeley Institutes: claims which can be and have been substantiated times without number. A Keeley Institute is as different as it is possible for the imagination to picture, from an insane asylum, and, instead of being treated as insane persons, patients are treated as rational human beings. They are not confined nor restrained in any way, it only being required that they implicitly follow the directions of the physician, and take no medicines except such as are prescribed by him. Restraint, so far from aiding a cure, actually hinders it. Drug users are exceedingly secretive in their habits and oftentimes misrepresent even to their dearest friends in relation to their addiction. They have educated themselves to bear no fatigue or pain without the use

of the drug, and it is important, therefore, to teach them to throw away their crutches and learn to walk unsupported, to build up character for truth and no longer to resort to subterfuge. This can best be accomplished by putting them upon their honor and giving them a chance to practice self-reliance and independence. Confinement and restraint, on the contrary, arouse all the anger and resentment that a patient is capable of, and there exists in his mind quite frequently a determination to break over all barriers as soon as an opportunity presents itself. Morphine patients in coming to a Keeley Institute often express surprise that they are not even placed in charge of an attendant, and that their comings and goings are not watched.

The withdrawal of the drug is often accomplished without the patient's knowledge, and with less inconvenience during the whole course of treatment than would be experienced by him in one day of voluntary discontinuance. It is true that inconvenience is experienced, but it should not be characterized as pain. The patient misses the sensation produced by the drug, and the feeling of elation which sometimes follows closely upon taking a hypodermic injection, but does not suffer actual pain. It is a notable circumstance in all Keeley Institutes that patients dread tomorrow, and this is only a heritage of former experience. There is scarcely one who has not tried to voluntarily discontinue its use, and has learned by bitter experience that each day is worse than the preceding one. It is difficult to eradicate this impression, and while he may feel comparatively comfortable today, he fears that tomorrow there will be a drop equal to what he has suffered in the past. When, however, he is informed that he has been without the drug for several days his elation is correspondingly great. It is no uncommon thing to hear patients say: "I have been a week without morphine, and that has not happened for twenty years, and now I know I am cured."

The cure of the drug habit is accomplished by elimination and by restoration of the nervous system to a sound condition. Briefly stated, it is an eradication of the drug impression and an obliteration of its effects. When people who have not had experience read a statement of this kind, they are apt to treat it with incredulity. They should, however, consider that it is made by responsible people who know what they are talking about, and that, therefore, the matter at least is worthy of investigation; it should not be dismissed lightly and branded as untruthful without inquiry. Every marvelous invention that has appeared in the world has met with the same experience. At the present day a person of intelligence does not dismiss a matter lightly; he investigates and is either convinced of the utility or the inutility of the device. The Keeley remedies have been used in curing drunkenness and drug additions for twenty-eight years, and hundreds of thousands of people have been benefited. This is a fact capable of proof, and the "doubting Thomas" should know that if it were not a fact it would be capable of disproof.

No man who runs a sanitarium should claim that because he is compelled to admit that he cannot cure a certain disease, no one else can. It is easy to say "quack" and attribute mercenary motives, but these are not arguments. The question that interests the public, especially that portion afflicted with disease, is whether there is a cure or not for such pathological condition. The ethical physicians should remember that while they have prejudices and while they may deplore the success of methods not originated by them, yet the public at large has reason to be thankful that relief is possible. It is safe to say that not one person in ten criticizes Doctor Keeley's methods who ever spent an hour in a Keeley Institute, or half an hour in reading Keeley literature; in too many cases the whole knowledge of the subject consists of statements in relation to it made by its avowed enemies. This is not a good way to arrive at the truth about an individual, and it is equally a bad method to adopt in obtaining information as to a fact. It is true, however, that bitter criticism of the Keeley Cure by the medical profession is now confined to people whose interests are directly concerned, and mainly to those in charge of sanitariums, and while they are offering to treat opium users and inebriates, they are compelled to forestall criticism by admitting in advance that they cannot effect cures, and rely on their "ethical" claims and abuse of successful methods for securing patronage.

The writer of this article has been cured by the

Keeley Remedies, and is, in addition, a thorough investigator of the results and claims of the Keeley Treatment. From this experience he is sure that the Keeley Cure is the greatest of modern discoveries inasmuch as it restores afflicted humanity to freedom, sobriety, and, hence, to morality. Any impartial investigator, physician or layman will arrive at the same conclusion.

OPIUM AND INTOXICANTS IN THE ORIENT.

BY MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

[From an address delivered before the National W. C. T. Convention at Nashville, Tenn., November 11, 1907.]

DOCTOR CRAFTS and I have recently completed a tour in Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, Australia, the Fiji Islands and Hawaii, our object being the investigation of the conditions brought about by opium and intoxicants, and the promotion of an international treaty to prevent the sale of opium and intoxicants to uncivilized and aboriginal peoples.

The United States Senate, in 1890, passed a measure advocating such a treaty, and Congress showed its good faith in the matter by passing, two years later, a measure by which American traders were forbidden to sell liquor and firearms to peoples without a civilized government living upon islands in the South Seas. The occasion for that action was the fact that the missionary work of forty years by Dr. John G. Paton in the New Hebrides Islands was being ruined by cannibals, fired with American liquor and armed with American firearms carrying on a war of extermination against the twenty thousand Christians secured through the efforts of Doctor Paton.

How beneficent would be the results if the traders of all other nations were similarly interdicted, not only as to intoxicating drinks, but as to opium also.

Just before Doctor Crafts started upon this tour, Secretary Root said to him, "I am with you and this government is with you in both propositions as to the opium in China and the intoxicating drinks for uncivilized peoples. Opium and intoxicants are the disgrace of civilization. My part is diplomacy; your part is agitation." President Roosevelt may be said to have "pressed the button" by sending a cablegram to the Conference of seventeen nations, sitting in Brussels to consider the regulation of the liquor traffic among the uncivilized races in Africa. The presentation of President Roosevelt's message to the Conference was accompanied by the showing of a petition representing nineteen millions of people in the United States, urging that the international treaty should be promulgated. This great petition was carried to Brussels by Doctor Crafts. Subsequently opportunity was afforded him to show this petition to the governments of China, Japan and Australia. In each of these countries cooperation was promised. So that we may hope that ere long the international treaty against the sale of opium and intoxicants to the child races may become an accomplished fact.

We are accustomed in the United States to hear much about the "yellow peril," but from what I have observed in the Orient, I am fully persuaded that there is much more to be feared from the "white peril," introduced through the white man's rum and opium. It is to the honor of the yellow people that they have struggled against it, even to bitter wars such as China has fought with England.

We rejoice to know that there is strong probability that the opium incubus is to be lifted from China. I have heard it said that the greatest event in the twentieth century was the action of Parliament on May 30, 1906, when it was declared that "the opium trade of England with China is morally indefensible, and the government is instructed to bring it to a speedy close." A grander event will be when England does bring the trade to a close. Undoubtedly the Empress Dowager and several of the Viceroy's of China are doing all in their power to stop the use of opium in China. Chinese opium smoking dens have largely been closed, and no more licenses for opium smoking are issued by the Chinese government.

When I was in China and saw the devastations of opium, I rejoiced that it was in the treaty between the United States and China that no opium should be sent by the United States into China. But my American pride in this matter had a sud-

den downfall one day when, after Doctor Crafts had finished making a strong appeal to an audience of a thousand or more Chinamen to cooperate with their Empress to rid China of the opium, a Chinese gentleman came to the platform and was introduced as a pastor in the city of Canton. He made a most impassioned plea to Doctor Crafts, in the presence of the Chinamen he had been addressing, that when he should return to the United States, he would try to do something to prevent the importation of opium into San Francisco, for by it the Chinamen in the United States are being corrupted and their families in China are being starved.

Subsequently we were told of a large opium factory at Macao, a Portuguese settlement in China, where the whole output is shipped to the United States, a part to Hawaii, and the rest to San Francisco. It should be said that this nefarious cargo is brought across the China Sea under a heavy guard to protect it against pirates, and it is taken on American vessels under cover of darkness, as they wait out about ten miles from Hongkong. In this connection it should be said that opium smoking dens are permitted on American ships. On the "Mongolia," a splendid ship in which we sailed from San Francisco, there were two opium dens. An investigation of them was made by Doctor Crafts and others, and remonstrances were made to the captain, who said that he was powerless to prevent it.

But what of opium in the Philippines? It is probably known to all in this presence that three years ago the United States Insular Government in the Philippines proposed selling the concession for the sale of opium to the highest bidder. It may not be known to all of you that a Chinaman with five millions of dollars at his command was said to be on his way to purchase the concession. A cablegram sent by the Missionary Union of Manila to the International Reform Bureau was the means of securing such a volley of protests from the Christian people of the United States that the sale of the concession was stopped. Subsequently an act passed Congress by which the sale of opium will be permitted for medicinal purposes alone after March, 1903. Three years were allowed by Congress to so reduce the use of opium in the Philippines that the entire abolition of it would become easily possible. Recent investigation by Doctor Crafts in visiting the opium establishments and in examining the books in the internal revenue office clearly proves that there is as yet no "tapering off." On the contrary, there is a large increase in the amount of opium sold. Last year the receipts were two millions of dollars in excess of revenue before received, and it was shown that there are seventy-five wholesale opium dealers and one hundred and seventy retail opium dealers in the Philippines, and 12,150 licensed opium smokers. It was claimed that Filipinos are not licensed, but it was confessed in the revenue office that they get it. The Secretary of the Interior for the Philippines told Doctor Crafts that opium is the greatest peril of the Filipino. Doctor Crafts was informed that an extension of the three years for "tapering off" might be asked for, which meant only that there was a desire for the continuation of revenue from the opium traffic. It does not better the situation to be told that the opium revenue is largely used for the support of schools. Better that the children should be without education than that it should be secured for them by use of the worst sort of tainted money. President Roosevelt having been informed of the condition of affairs, has sent word to the Philippines that there shall be no extension of the three years' time. It should also be said that President Roosevelt has secured the promise of England, Holland, Japan and China to act with the United States to stop the opium traffic for other than medicinal purposes in Asia and the Pacific Islands.

I have heard the claim from a member of the Insular government that the anti-opium law cannot be enforced. What Japan can do, the United States can do. What Australia can do, the United States can do. Japan is entirely free from opium—such a contrast to China! In Japan there is a three years' imprisonment penalty for any person found using opium and eight years' imprisonment for selling it. We owe a debt of gratitude to Japan for giving us a law for regulating the opium traffic in the Philippines, for it was Japan's anti-opium law that was recommended by the commission sent from the United States to investigate the opium question. Their report was adopted by Congress.

Art Department

EDITED BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL

WORK.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

LET me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Selected.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

MICHAEL ANGEL.

[Nineteenth Paper.]

IN our last study, you remember, we had reached the height of the Renaissance, naming the four great "mountain peaks" thereof—Da Vinci, Angelo, Raphael and "Corregio" (Antonio Allegri). In point of proper sequence as to power, we should today study Raphael and Corregio, leaving the towering Angelo till the last, and so conclude this period of our study with the proper climax—as they do plays in the theaters; but, in point of time Angelo comes next after Da Vinci—his birth date being, you remember, 1475 to 77, as authorities differ slightly. There is no discussion, however, over the place of his nativity, as the little town of Caprese, near Florence has that honor. Here the father, Lodovico, held the office of podista. His ancestry was honorable; the Buonarroti even claimed descent, but apparently without reason, from the princely house of Canossa. His mother gave him to be nursed by a stone-cutter's wife at Settignano, so that in after days he used to say that he had drawn in the love of chisels and mallets with his nurse's milk.

As the boy grew he showed great talent for art, and evinced such love and determination toward it that his father, after much opposition, was finally induced to apprentice his son to the painter Ghirlandajo, where he learned the rudiments of art, helping in the execution of the frescoes at Santa Maria Novella.

But at the early age of sixteen the pupil had surpassed the teacher as a draughtsman, and so he passed from Ghirlandajo's *bottega* (or workshop, as it would be styled by us). "The rupture between Michael Angelo and Ghirlandajo," says Symonds, "might be compared with that between Beethoven and Haydn. In both cases a proud and haughty youth, a scornful and uncompromising student, sought aid from a master great in his own line, but inferior in fire and originality of genius." And there is no doubt, from the writings of his contemporaries, that he was at times haughty and overbearing with his fellow artists—Perugino, Francia, Da Vinci and the gentle Raphael, but six years his junior. Like all great men, Angelo had a few smallnesses in his nature, and I presume it is as well that genius has its limitations, otherwise we might be tempted to bow down before it.

But to return to the development of Michael Angelo. After leaving Ghirlandajo's studio he procured an introduction to the Medicis, and frequented the gardens of San Marco, where Lorenzo de Medici had placed his collection of antiquities. Here he came into "his own." He begged a piece of marble and a chisel and struck out a Faun's mask. One is still shown in the Bargello as his work. From the first to the latest his work was significant. He seems never to have done apprentice work. He knew from the first what he wanted to do,—believed he *could* do it—and *did* it, as no other ever had, nor has. He felt "his calling and election" to proclaim a certain message, and nothing could deter him. "In like manner, the first sonnet composed by Dante is scarcely less precious than the last lines of the Paradiso. This is true of all the highest artistic natures, who need no preparation and have no period of groping." (Do you remember the story of Edward Kemeys—our own great sculptor—who modeled the head of the family dog so lifelike that all the family immediately recognized it, and who rapidly rose to world fame, never having had a lesson from human teacher?)

Lorenzo de Medici saw in Angelo a youth of extraordinary genius and took the lad into his own household. The astonished father soon found himself courted for the sake of his talented son, and was provided with

a comfortable post. In Lorenzo's palace the real education of Michael Angelo began. He sat at the same table with all the noted and cultured men of the time—Ficino, Pico and Poliziano—listening to dialogues on Plato and drinking in the golden poetry of Greece. At the same time he heard the preaching of Savonarola, and so another side of his soul was touched, and doubtless to this was due the deep religious currents of his life. At this time, while listening to Pico and Savonarola, he carved his first bas relief, a Battle of Hercules with the Centaurs.

Meanwhile Lorenzo died, and was succeeded by the tyrannous, traitorous Piero de Medici, who rapidly undid much that his father had done. The story goes that in contempt for Michael Angelo he ordered him before all the nobles of his court and fellow pupils of the sculptor to make a statue of snow. Of course much ridicule was in consequence heaped upon the young man, who grew still more sullen and haughty. But Piero's reign was of short duration,—quite like the snow man of Angelo's reluctant creation—and he was expelled from power and from Florence as well. Upon his expulsion and the proclamation of the new republic, it was dangerous for house-friends of the Medici to be seen in the city, consequently Michael Angelo made his way to Bologna, where he spent many months in the palace of Gian Francesco Aldovrandini, studying Dante, and working at an angel for the shrine of St. Dominic. As soon, however, as it seemed safe to do so, he returned to Florence, and to this time belongs the lost statue of the "Sleeping Cupid," which was sold as an antique to the Cardinal Raffaello Riario.

A dispute about the price of this "Cupid" took our sculptor, in 1496, to Rome, where it was destined that the greater part of his life should be spent, and his noblest works of art should be produced. "Here," says Symonds, "he executed the purest of all his statues, a *Pieta* in Marble." In 1501 he returned to Florence, where he remained till 1505. This period was fruitful of results, on which his after fame depended. The great statue of David, the two unfinished medallions in relief of the "Madonna," the "Holy Family" of the Tribune, and the cartoon of "The Battle of Pisa," were at this time produced, and no man's name, not even Da Vinci's, stood higher in esteem thenceforth.

At this point it may be well to say an explanatory word about Michael Angelo's art and his connection with the house of Medici. While living at the home of his patron, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and listening to all the scholarly men of the day around that ever hospitable and jovial table, he was educated much in the same way that Milton was, by the classics in conjunction with the scriptures. Both of these austere natures assimilated from pagan art and Jewish prophecy the two-fold elements they needed for their own imaginative life. Both Angelo and Milton were, however, separated from the Greek world by a gulf of Hebrew and Christian feeling. There was never a more fervent Christian than Michael Angelo, but there have been few who so utterly failed to grasp the Christian spirit of sweetness and light, patience and humility. Raphael had it. He was the "sweet singer" of art, the joy giver. Michael Angelo, the seer, the prophet, the Jeremiah, constantly brooding over the sins of the world, the woe of mankind. He tried to be a Christian, but his soul was with the Hebrew prophets. He was fit to stand beside Elijah as he stretched out his hands on Mt. Carmel, cursing the followers of Baal; beside Isaiah, as he hurled maledictions upon Babylon the great. He tried to represent Christian subjects, but all in vain. His Christ of Santa Maria sopra Minerva is an athlete rejoicing in his strength, who would have carried the cross to Golgotha with a smile; not "the Man of Sorrows," whose fragile body sank beneath its weight. The Christ of the "Last Judgment" is not the gentle Brother of Mankind welcoming the elect into mansions that he has made ready for them; he is the God of Wrath of the Hebrew prophets embodied in a form of unexampled muscular development, even exceeding that Torso of the Belvedere that Michael Angelo admired so much.

"The spirit of antiquity, whether Assyrian or Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew or Roman, was always masculine. The feminine element, though ever present, was always subordinate. The virtues of antiquity were the manly virtues—courage, independence, pride, integrity, patriotism. It was these embodied in noble forms that ancient art rejoiced to portray. But they easily degenerated into arrogance, cruelty and revengefulness, and when they had done so, and beneath the tyranny of Tiberius the burden of the world's anguish had become greater than it could bear, Christ arose to proclaim the superiority of the feminine virtues of love, gentleness and humility, and to preach the brotherhood of man." Of this new gospel Raphael became the supreme exponent in art, but Michael Angelo remained with the mighty men of old, the last and the greatest to assert the supremacy of the male ele-

ment. And he carried his preference for the masculine to the point of being abnormal. He never loved any woman, unless the Platonic sentiment that he experienced for Vittoria Colonna in his old age be called by such a name. His affection went out to his own sex, and when he emerged from his solitudes peopled by stupendous phantoms, it was the society of men that he sought, particularly of young men distinguished for personal beauty. But always he was the seer. One could not imagine a stronger contrast than that which distinguishes his art from Correggio's, or lives more different in all their details than those which he and Raphael or Leonardo lived respectively.

During the eighty-nine years of his life he saw Italy enslaved and his beloved Florence extinguished; it was also his bitter fate to watch the decay of all the arts and to see the triumph of sacerdotal despotism over liberal thought. To none of these things was he, *could* he be, indifferent, and the sorrow they caused his soul was expressed in his painting. By nature he was not framed to fascinate like Leonardo or to charm like Raphael. His manners were severe and simple. When he wrote, whether in prose or verse, he used the fewest phrases to express the most condensed meaning; when he spoke his words were brief and pointed. He entertained few friends, and shunned society. Brooding over the sermons of Savonarola, the text of his Bible, the discourses of Plato and the poems of Dante, he made his spirit strong in solitude by the companionship with everlasting thoughts. Therefore, when he was called to paint the Sistine Chapel he uttered through painting the mightiest prophecy the world has ever seen expressed in plastic form. His theme is nothing less than the burden of the prophets and the sibyls who preached the coming of a light upon the world, and the condemnation of the world which had rejected it, by an inexorable judge.

Much of the controversy about Michael Angelo, which is continually being waged between his admirers and his detractors, might be set at rest if it could be remembered that there are two distinct ways of judging works of art. We may regard them simply as appealing to our sense of beauty and affording harmonious intellectual pleasure. Or we may regard them as expressing the thought and spirit of their age, and as utterances made by men whose hearts burned within them. Michael Angelo was one of these select artistic natures and he used his chisel and his pencil to express not merely beautiful, artistic motives, but he felt and thought about the world in which he lived; and this was full of the ruin of republics, the corruption and humiliation of society, the subjection of Italy to strangers. In Angelo the student of both art and history finds an inestimably precious and rare point of contact between the inner spirit of the age and its external expression in sculpture and painting.

It is impossible to give in one paper anything like an adequate study of the works of this master mind, and so we shall not attempt at this time to speak in detail of any of his work, either as painter, sculptor or architect. You must remember that he was a master in each line of art. But with a slight mention of his more personal life we shall close our study today, feeling that we are in some degree better able to understand the gigantic works of this gigantic man.

It is doubtful if Michael Angelo could ever have been handsome, but he would have been far less unprepossessing if he had not had to go all through life with a broken nose, inflicted by the fist of the vain and quarrelsome Torrigiani when they were fellow students in the Carmine, drawing from Masaccio's frescoes. Like Beethoven, he united a loving nature, sensitive to beauty and desirous of affection, with a rude exterior. In that century of intrigue and amour we hear nothing to imply that Angelo was a lover until he had reached the age of sixty. That his morality was pure and his conversation stainless, both Vasari and Condivi attest.

In the year 1534 he first became acquainted with the noble lady, Vittoria Colonna, widow of the Marquis of Pescara. She was then aged about forty-four and had been nine years a widow. Living in retirement in Rome, she employed her time with philosophy and poetry. Artists and men of letters were admitted to her society. Among the subjects she had most at heart was the reform of the church and the restoration of religion to its evangelical purity. Between her and Angelo a tender affection sprang up, based upon the sympathy of high-thinking natures. If love be the right name for their exalted attachment, Michael Angelo may be said to have loved her with all the ardor of his pent-up, starved heart. When he was in Rome he was much in her company, and when they were separated they exchanged letters and poems, some of which remain.

On the death of Vittoria, in 1547, the light of life seemed to be extinguished for Angelo. It is said he waited by her bedside and kissed her hand when she was dying. The sonnets that he afterwards composed show that his

soul followed her to the great unknown. The following sonnet was delivered before the Florentine Academy in 1546. The thought in it is this: That as a sculptor hews from a block of marble the form that lies concealed within, so the lover has to extract from his lady's heart the life or death of his soul:

The best of artists hath no thought to show
Which the rough stone in its superfluous shell
Doth not include; to break the marble spell
Is all the hand that serves the brain can do.
The ill I shun, the good I seek, even so
In thee, fair lady, proud, ineffable,
Lies hidden; but the art I wield so well
Works adverse to my wish, and lays me low.
Therefore, not love, nor thy transcendent face,
Nor cruelty, nor fortune, nor disdain,
Cause my mischance, nor fate, nor destiny;
Since in thy heart thou carriest death and grace
Enclosed together, and my worthless brain
Can draw forth only death to feed on me.

"LOVE AND LOYALTY."

A UNIQUE AND VALUABLE VOLUME.

TODAY all thinkers agree that "the supreme art, to which all the arts rightly understood and used minister, is the art of living." And since in the material world of art the would-be artist must work most earnestly with the material with which he would express his soul, and be willing to sacrifice everything that would impede his progress, grasping eagerly at everything that helps him toward his goal so we, who would make of our lives as fine a piece of work as the Master Workman designed, must use every tool at our command as diligently as the painter or sculptor does his.

The materials from which art is made are found everywhere, but not every man is an artist; put two men at work at the same material under the same conditions and one becomes an artist, the other an artisan. The one uses his tools and materials with thought, purpose, diligence and love; the other, perfunctorily, conventionally. So with the lives of many of us; the materials, the force we call life is put into every man's hand, but those who discern its highest possibilities and are thereby able to point the way to others are nearly as few as the great artists of canvas and marble. Such men put into life the noblest personal energy and get out of it the richest growth; such men are the poets and prophets;—seers who, by their thoughts and words, point the way down the various paths for their fellow travelers toward the goal of the fine art of living.

The Great Artist has given us many tools to work with, among the most important of which are books; the printed thoughts of the man or woman who has earnestly striven to be an artist with his life-materials are the safest models for us to use.

Literature and life are so absolutely indissoluble that they can be regarded only as cause and effect. "By the magic of some spiritual alchemy, reading is transmuted into the qualities that build up character, and these qualities in turn determine the further choice of books, so that selection and result perpetuate themselves, forming an unceasing contribution to social influence." Again, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If a man's life is but the sum of the expression of his thought, the very power and degree of his thought depend largely on his range of reading. Books, then, being so intimately associated with the springs of our character, how carefully should we choose our companions of the book-shelf, the most perpetual companions of life. Friends come and go, but books remain forever, steadfast and true, and "may beguile all experiences and enchant all hours."

Truly "of the making of books" there seems no end, and it is well it is so. Each age brings its thinkers who present life's truths in ever varying light and beauty, and so we welcome these helps to higher living whenever they appear.

Such a "help" recently came to us from the University of Chicago Press under the title of "Love and Loyalty," and is from the pen of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls' Church, Chicago.

This book is a collection of sermon essays delivered before the "confirmation class" of All Souls' church during the twenty-five years of the pastor's ministry and forms one of the most inspiring books that has come to us in any age. "Essays and sermons do not sell today," say the publishers, "people want to be amused instead of made to think." Ah, there is, I fear, more truth than fiction in that statement, more the shame to us! If we read more that made us pause, ponder and consider, we should soon feel a different moral atmosphere. But we shun the essay or the sermon—those productions over which every earnest, sincere writer spends the best hours of his day in thought, that come to us as polished diamonds that should be treasured as

we do other precious things, and worn for our spiritual adornment.

But notwithstanding the plaint of publishers, here is a book made up of sermon-essays, and such sermons! Not dry, theological discourses, but essays built upon texts chosen by the class of boys and girls, from the Bible, the poets or the sages, as their class motto for the year. The search for these texts was often prolonged and laborious, but always delightful, and no motto was chosen that did not finally represent a unanimity of opinion. And to the boys and girls who cheerfully gave of their playtime one hour a week from All Souls' Day to Easter Day, that they might talk with their minister of the deep things of life, this book was dedicated as part of the anniversary celebration of the quarter of a century pastorate, last fall. "The book is thus one of aspirations and encouragements; it seeks to inspire rather than to analyze the holy life," says the writer. And as those to whom these sermons were first spoken are, some of them, now men and women having responsibilities as teachers, fathers and mothers, and they recalled these words spoken at a time in their lives when they were of incalculable worth to them, they besought the writer to give them to his "larger class," the young people who might be reached through the printed page where his voice could not be heard.

So here are "talks," "essays" or "sermons," just as you choose, arranged in the order of their delivery, from 1886 to 1907, with an introductory chapter entitled, "Life's Commencements." I am going to enumerate the titles and texts, and give one or two quotations from each. I quote first the last paragraph of "Life's Commencements":

Come forth into life, oh, young man and young woman! Come close to the heart of nature. Find shelter in the shadow of the masters. Find inspiration in the quest which inspired them. Wordsworth's "Meaneast Flower That Blows," Tennyson's "Flower in the Cranied Walls," Burns' "Mountain Daisy," and Emerson's "Rhodora" bloom for you and for me, and have for us their lesson, too deep for tears, too high for doubt. The little sandpiper runs across the sandy beach and the water-fowl wings its solitary way through the blue above, for you and for me as for Celia Thaxter and William Cullen Bryant; and they may teach us, as they, lessons of high emprise, of bold adventure, of tireless quest. Through these and all helps we may "forget the things which are behind, stretch forward to the things that are before, press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God as it was in Christ Jesus," as it is in the vision that glows in your own hearts on this consecrated mount.

The title of the first essay is "The Supreme Quest," and the text chosen was from Emerson: "Truth is the only armor in all passages of life and death," from the essay on "Worship." "But our text is no sooner stated than we encounter the old question of Pilate, 'What is truth?' for, whether born out of honest despair or out of moral cowardice, the New Testament question yet stands, the shield of the flippant, at the threshold of our inquiry. With it the lazy and the selfish parry the thrust of conscience. 'What is truth?' Show it to me, prove it to me, and I follow it; but why torture me with the unattainable, or browbeat me with the unproved, the undiscoverable?"

"To this question we can safely make a few confident answers that will strip us of our excuses and make plain the portion of the path of duty that lies just before us, however obscured the beginning and remote the end of the path may be.

"Truth is not a creation of fancy or feeling. Human reason may discover, but cannot create, a single link in that endless chain of reality which is truth * * * It belongs, not to your whims, your prejudices or preferences, but to the plans of the universe, the poise of things, the laws of the Eternal, to which we must conform because we cannot change them. Truth is not what you wish or I want, not what you think or I claim, but the order of things, the condition of cause and effect, the sequence of law."

The second essay is entitled "An Appeal to Youth," and the text chosen was from Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.

It is really unfair to this great chapter to take out one isolated quotation, as the whole beauty and power can not be imagined by it; but one brief thought will show the keynote: "Here we come upon one of the most fundamental principles of Browning. His superlative message to youth is that *Results* are of minor importance and that *Aim* is not only the highest test, but the only true measure of life. In Saul he says: 'Tis not what Man Does that exalts him, but what Man Would do.' In the 'Inn Album': 'Better have failed in the high aim, than vulgarly in the low aim succeed.'"

The third chapter, "Ideals" (1888), has a text chosen

from Robert Collyer, "God hides some ideal in every human breast." I shall give a few scattered sentences from this chapter of gems of thought:

The ideal that God plants in every human breast is a part of that great creative law which scholars call Evolution.

All ideals are good for something. Most of the microbes in the air are friendly to man as he is today; most of the germs in the mud are valuable; they are all friendly to man as he ought to be; all of them win or drive as far as they may life into greater life. The ideal is not a grim necessity, but a joyful song of the universe, and this song is the chorus of all life. Well does Emerson tell us:

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the low that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings.

An ideal should be sufficiently far away to require a whole life time to pursue it.

You should choose the ideal that will enlist all your faculties, and thus ever enlarge the boundaries of your humanity.

Thus much for this truly inspiring essay on Ideals that we wish we might have had when we were young.

The fourth chapter in our collection is entitled, "Helping the Future," and the text was taken from Zoroaster, "Let us be such as help the life of the future." How can we help the life of the future? My first answer is: By living now. Life, not its belongings, reaches into the future. Life is health; it is simplicity; it is sobriety; it is earnestness. Anything that interferes with our life today will rob the future of much of our helpfulness. If we would help the future we must be helpful now; *live* today and not seem to live; never mind the show, but be. Yes, if we would help the life of the future we must live now, by putting clean hearts into sound bodies. Brave minds must gather helpful thought into the granaries of the soul, so that in time of famine there will be plenty. "Remember that today will never dawn again," is a word of the great Dante.

Sermon Number Five is entitled "Success and Failure," and the text was spoken by Samuel Longfellow: "However things may seem, no good thing is failure, no evil thing success."

One of the character-building paragraphs in this most helpful chapter is as follows:

"Nothing is failure that makes for character; nothing is success that hurts it. Millions cannot buy the benediction that lurks in the loving impulse of the poorest laborer who believes in justice and tries to live up to his belief. So the good deed, the good thought, is a success, if it does nothing and goes nowhere other than to help build the column of character in the soul itself."

Number Six, "Life's Commission," found its text in Emerson:

"On bravely through the sunshine and the showers!
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours."

Number Seven also found its text in the Seer of Concord, and is entitled "The Life in Common." Text:

"All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone."

As an illustration to this altruistic discourse Mr. Jones tells the story of the runaway slave, Androcles, and the lion, and says: "There is deep philosophy in this story. The world, that seems so cruel and unkind recognizes its helpers. It is helpful to the helping, tender to the tender. It is cruel only to the selfish; the unselfish find themselves paid from within."

One of the richest gems in this rich collection is Chapter VIII, as may be inferred from the title and text taken from "The Chambered Nautilus": "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."

Since space will not allow the publishing of the whole chapter here, I can not mar it, or, rather, fail to do it justice by quoting it in part, as it is one that cannot stand disjointed sentences; they are too interpenetrated. This chapter alone makes the volume invaluable.

Chapter Nine, "Into the Light," finds its text also among the poets: "Come forth into the light of things. Let Nature be your teacher."—Wordsworth.

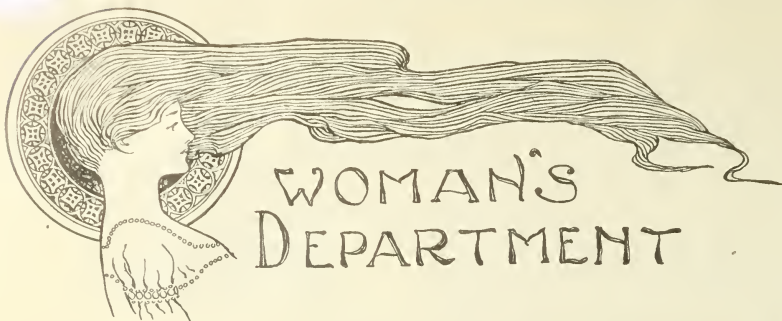
"Little Candles" is the title of the tenth essay and text from Shakespeare (who, I suspect, borrowed it from Epictetus):

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

"Little Waves" heads Chapter XI, with this couplet from Tennyson for text:

"No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years."

The writer closes a chapter replete with wise and
(Continued on page 29.)



THE MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE WAY.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

WHEN you come to a wearisome bit of the road,
Where the stones are thick and the path is steep,
And the back is bowed with the heft of the load,
As the narrowing way is hard to keep,
Don't stop just then for a wasteful sigh,
But challenge the worst with steadfast cheer;
If nowhere else, there is help on high—
God's angel will hasten your pioneer.

When you reach a lonesome bit of the road,
Curtailed about with mist and murk,
And you hear faint sounds from the dread abode,
Where shivering grim hobgoblins lurk,
Just laugh to scorn their doleful cries—
This is the place to whistle and sing;
Brush the fog from your fearless eyes,
And close to the faith of your fathers cling.
When you stand at a sorrowful bit of the road,
And a hand you loved has lost its clasp;
When streams are dry that in sweetness flowed,
And flowers drop from your listless grasp;
E'en now take heart, for farther on
There are hope and joy and the dawn of day;
You shall find again what you thought was gone;
'Tis the merry heart goes all the way.

—Selected.

THE DANGERS OF DRUG USING.

THE constant increase in the use of opium and its derivatives has created a general interest in the subject, and many are investigating it who have never felt the touch of its blighting influence.

We are frequently asked if the Keeley Cure is as effective in cases of drug using as it is for inebriety. This question finds a convincing answer in the testimonials from earnest men and women which appear elsewhere in this issue.

There are various causes which lead to the use of drugs, and while pain and sleeplessness are among the chief causes of such addictions, the wear and tear of modern life, acting on individuals who are eager to accomplish more than their strength will permit, unquestionably leads many to resort to the false stimulus of drugs.

No one intentionally creates a craving for drugs. But the average person learns their potency for good without learning of their possibilities for evil, and begins their use with no knowledge of the consequences that are sure to follow.

Few persons are brave enough to submit to physical suffering when they know of some way to stop it. Few will endure the discomforts of sleeplessness if there is any way to induce sleep. But those who are in need of help for such ills should be wary of the remedies they use. The so-called simple remedies often contain a deceptive drug that gives temporary relief, but leads to lasting injury.

While it is unfortunately true that physicians are responsible through careless prescriptions for many of these sufferers, it is often the case that a prescription which would have been harmless as well as useful if taken only as directed, is filled again and again, until some drug which enters into its composition becomes a necessity.

Most drug-users begin their addictions as a relief from suffering, and often they do not even know what they are taking until the habit is formed. Pain is the master tyrant in this world, and men and women of sterling principle, who would have resented the suggestion that it was possible for them to become the victims of an addiction have come out of the tortures of a prolonged and painful illness to find that they have become the slaves of some insidious drug, and that they cannot exist without it.

Drug using has none of the social features of drinking which owes much of its popularity to that cause. It is a practice which usually is concealed as long as concealment is possible. Many a drug victim receives

the sympathy of friends for some malady that perhaps has no existence, save as a convenient excuse for the ravages of morphine or opium.

Sometimes the secret is guarded from one's family until the changed condition and general failure tells the sad story, and after that it becomes a question whether it shall be shielded from the outside world or admitted as the cause of peculiarities that might otherwise be censured.

But whether an addiction is admitted or concealed its effects are the same. Sooner or later there comes the same condition of agony, the same pitiable helplessness.

* * *

OPIMUM in whatever form it may be used is a poison. And while small doses will alleviate suffering, its continued use causes such a change in the system as produces an increased power of resistance to the effects of the poison, and, as the resistance increases, the dose must be increased to produce the desired effect. If this process is continued there is scarcely any limit to the quantity of the poisonous drug that can be taken without causing death.

When the poison is taken into the system in this manner, a change takes place in the nerves and tissues of the body, which is made necessary by the presence of the poison in the system. In addition to the tolerance that has been built up the organs adapt themselves to the constant presence of the poison, and, having become adapted to its presence, what was once an abnormal condition becomes the normal condition, and the deprivation from the usual supply causes pain and suffering.

The sufferings of the drunkard who cannot get his accustomed supply of whiskey are said to be mild compared with the torture of the drug habitue when deprived of his drug.

There is a marked similarity between the disease of drunkenness and the diseased condition caused by drugs, and the Keeley Cure is equally as effectual in one case as in the other.

CHICAGO WOMAN'S KEELEY LEAGUE.

THE Chicago Woman's Keeley Rescue League held its regular monthly meeting Tuesday, March 3. The attendance was good, and some interesting reports were received from those who have been assisted during the past year.

Much sympathy was expressed for Mrs. William Dye, the president of the league, who has been prevented by severe illness from attending the meetings for some time. But all were rejoiced to learn that she is rapidly recovering, and hope for her speedy restoration to health. Mrs. Dye is an enthusiastic worker, and her wise counsel and words of cheer have been greatly missed.

Another member who has been missed from recent gatherings on account of serious illness is Mrs. Edward Scanlan. Mrs. Scanlan is an earnest advocate of the Keeley cause, and one of the most valued members of the league, and all are glad to know that she is regaining her health.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the work of the league, perhaps it should be stated that its object is to assist worthy men who are in need of the Keeley Cure, and who are without the means to pay for their treatment. This it does by loaning them money and allowing them to pay it back in monthly installments after they return from Dwight. Any one desiring further information about the league can obtain it by addressing the treasurer, Mrs. F. H. Thomas, 62 Woodland Park, Chicago.

Wake, and the phantoms will disappear; but if you choose to dream, you must have your nightmares as well as your visions of undying bliss.—Leslie Stephen.

IN LOVE WITH LIFE.

BY WILL REED DUNROY.

I love with life from hour to hour,
I steal a kiss or cull a flower.
And if through weeds my pathway leads,
I look above where mountains tower,
For life is good and love is holy.

In love with life from day to day,
Triumphantly I go my way;
In sun or rain, in peace or pain,
No circumstance can me dismay,
For life is good and love is holy.

In love with life from night to night,
I wander on in deep delight;
In storm and calm I find some balm
To heal all wounds or great or slight,
For life is good and love is holy.

In love with life from year to year,
I tread the pathway without fear;
In joy or gloom, by home or tomb,
I gather up bright threads of cheer,
For life is good and love is holy.

In love with life from rose to rose,
I view the seasons, how they close,
And soon or late, in love or hate,
I find the honey life bestows,
For life is good and love is holy. —Exchange.

LETTERS FROM WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN CURED OF DRUG USING.

THE following letters were written by women who had endured about all that it is possible for one to endure from drug bondage before they learned that there was any help for them. Their restoration to health has been so complete that it is difficult to realize that they were once the victims of drugs. But they have not forgotten the old suffering, and their hearts go out in loving sympathy for those who are sick and discouraged through the drug that they are powerless to give up. They want them to know that it is not necessary for them to suffer, for they can be cured without pain and without danger, and they write these letters in the hope that their own experience may help such sufferers:

Experience of a Professional Nurse.

HUTSONVILLE, ILL., March 2, 1908.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is with great pleasure that I write that I am still holding onto my God-given heritage that I received in 1892, which made me a free woman. I am ever ready to tell what the Keeley Cure did for me, and I am glad at all times to say a word to the dear brothers and sisters who are held in bondage by drugs as I was. I know that the cure will do for them just what it did for me. It will do all that it claims to do. I wish I was where I could tell them all what a blessing it is. I want to admonish all who are suffering from drug-using to go and be cured of your addictions. You will all bless the day when you went to Dwight, as I do.

I cannot say enough in praise of the dear friends who helped to make my cure a sure one. As I go from home to home in my work as a nurse the drug is often before me, but I have no desire for it—no more than as if I had never tasted it.

If there is anything that I can do to help those who are bound by the drug that made me a slave for nearly twenty years, I shall be very happy. I know it was what I read that the Keeley Cure had done for others that made me think of taking it. And as I was helped by reading the experience of those who had taken the cure, I hope that other sufferers may be helped by reading my experience.

With best wishes for all connected with the Keeley work, I will close by saying that the half has not been told.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. JENNIE BISHOP.

Crawford County.

In a letter written under date of February 28, 1906, Mrs. Bishop gives a history of her case which should be read in connection with the one given above. It shows the hopelessness of the condition to which she had been brought by the use of drugs, and also shows how a seemingly trifling circumstance sometimes changes the current of one's life. But for the little pamphlet to which she refers, Mrs. Bishop might still be suffering the agonies of morphine bondage. We publish the letter, as follows:

A small pamphlet came to me from Dwight, Ill., telling of the Keeley Cure. And, as I read it over and over again, and read the testimonials of those who had received the cure, I said to myself, "If others can be cured I can." So I made ready and was soon on my way to Dwight. I am proud to tell of the cure that I received there, and shall always bless and praise God for the day I went there, and for the strength He gave me to bring about a perfect cure.

One of my sons was on his way to Montana, and went with me to Dwight, and after a few hours with me left for Montana. I was then all alone with strangers, not one of whom I had ever seen before. When I told my sons good-bye (I have three) I said, "Now, children, I go away to be made free from this drug which holds me fast, and I will come back to you a free mother, or they will send my body back to you for burial. With

God's help, I hope to come back to you a free woman,—free from the dreadful drug.

I had used the drug (morphine) nearly twenty years. I had got so it took one bottle a week. No difference what I needed I had to have the drug. How I came to use it? I had neuralgia of the stomach and my doctor gave it to me long before I knew what I was taking, and long before I knew it the habit was fast hold of me. No one could have felt worse than I did when I found that I could not do without it. Many and many a dollar I have paid for a bottle, and that would only last one week. But thanks be to God that little paper came to me in the year 1892, and in a very short time I was on my way. Soon after reaching Dwight I met one of the doctors and was taken to my boarding place, where, in about two hours, he came and gave me my first treatment.

I shall never forget that doctor. He was so kind to me during my stay in Dwight. I remained several weeks after I was through with the drug, to be treated for other troubles, for I was in a very bad condition and had many things to contend with. But notwithstanding I suffered intensely from a carbuncle and some boils, I never once returned to the drug.

I want to say to any one who is bound down by drugs or by liquor, by all means go to Dwight and be made free as I was.

It is now more than thirteen years since I went to Dwight, and I will be sixty years old the twenty-fifth of October. But I am well and strong, and as the years go by, I am more and more impressed with the glorious truth that I am a Keeley graduate—for it means that I am free from the drug.

My profession is nursing, and I am never happier than when caring for the sick. I am often with the drug which I used to take, and give it day after day, but I have no craving for it.

Now, dear brothers and sisters who are still in the power of drugs, let me urge you to do as I did. The Keeley Cure does all that is claimed for it, and you will be treated kindly while you are taking it. I have been paid money that I got more real good from than the money I paid for my cure. I am now able to go about doing good. And as I am often around the sick or dying in the wee small hours of the night, I feel that it is God's hand that leads me in ministrations of love and mercy that I never could have done had I not gone to Dwight. With a heart full of love and sympathy I say, may the good work go on. God bless the Keeley Cure, and any and all who take it.

From one who knows by experience,
MRS. JENNIE BISHOP.

Cured of a Morphine Addiction of Thirty Years

The following letter was written by a lady who lives in Chicago. Her name and address will be given to anyone who wishes to write to her or to talk with her about her cure:

CHICAGO, ILL., March 31, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Just two years ago I went to the little city of Dwight with my son. I was not able to walk a block, and had been almost dead for months in my bed. My case was a very bad one. I had been addicted to the use of morphine for more than thirty years. It was first given to me by a physician in Pennsylvania during an illness, and when I found out what I was taking it had become a necessity and I had to continue its use. At first I took very small doses, but I had to increase the amount all the time until finally I was taking enough at one time to have taken the life of six or eight persons. It was at first given to me hypodermically but later I commenced taking it by mouth and I had taken it until my nerves were almost paralyzed and I was constantly in pain. My mind was becoming affected and I was completely discouraged, when at nearly fifty-six years of age I was persuaded to go to Dwight and take the Keeley Cure. I went to the Keeley Institute the 22d of April with a very heavy heart. But the 27th of May I came out of the Institute a new woman, without an ache or a pain, and have never wanted any of the drug since that time. When I entered the Keeley Institute my weight was only eighty-nine pounds, but I weighed ninety-one pounds when I left for home. I have continued to improve ever since and now weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds and feel twenty years younger. I am very happy with my family and I regard the Keeley Cure as one of the greatest discoveries that was ever made, and I never forget in my prayers morning and night to thank God for the Keeley Cure and I hope that He will help the poor unfortunates so that they may get to Dwight and be made new and whole and well again. They will find every one at the Institute good and kind, and everything possible will be done for their comfort and happiness.

I hope that any poor soul who is suffering as I did will not take a second thought, but will go at once and be cured of their addiction.

Has Stood the Test of Seventeen Years.

COSHOCOTON, OHIO, March 9, 1908.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is nearly seventeen years since I took the Keeley Cure, and I certainly feel that I have the right to tell others whose condition requires this cure to stop doubting the truth and go and take the cure and live as God intended that they should. Some have spoken of the expense of the treatment, never once counting the expense of the poison drugs they are taking, beside all the suffering they have endured through all the years they have been addicted to the use of those drugs.

I know of nothing more certain than this Keeley Cure. I have tested its virtues, and I have had positive proof of its efficacy. The same cure can be given to others with the same results, and it is their own fault if they have not obtained this blessed experience. The time is ripe for them to try it right now. Opportunity offers great advantages, but the neglect of it is

often most disastrous. What may be done at any time is apt to be done at no time. So, dear friends, hasten to grasp this opportunity to be cured of your addictions, and the victory will be yours, as it was mine. The cure is for every one who needs it. My prayer is that you may secure this help. And let no doubting man or woman keep you from believing this truth, and receiving the peace and comfort that result from taking the Keeley Cure.

The Keeley Remedies have no faults. The people who do not protect their cures are the ones to blame. I can say for myself that nothing could happen that would prompt me to take a narcotic, and my greatest desire is that all who need the cure may go and be restored to health, and live to be a comfort to themselves and their loved ones.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. J. W. CASSINGHAM.

Cured After Taking Twenty Grains of Morphine a Day.

REEDS, MO., March 6, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—As it is just a year since I last wrote to you, I thought I would write again and let you know that I am still proud of my cure. When I think of the past I can hardly realize that I ever used twenty grains of morphine daily. I have no desire for it now; nor have I had since long before I left Dwight. I will gladly answer any questions that any one wishes to ask about my cure. It has been thirteen years since I took the cure and I have seen a great deal of sickness and trouble since that time, but I never have wanted to go back to taking the drug.

I wish I could persuade all who need the cure to go and take it.

Sincerely yours,
JENNIE HUDSON.

A Pleasure to Answer Inquiries.

LAFAYETTE, IND., March 1, 1908.

DEAR EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is a year since I wrote you, and I thought I would write a few lines this lonely, rainy Sunday afternoon, to let the readers of the BANNER know that I am still proud of my cure. I never think of morphine without a shudder. I am so thankful that I do not want it any more, and can live so happily without it.

I am at all times ready and willing to sound the praises of the Keeley Treatment for drug addictions. Should any poor suffering drug victim wish to write to me, I shall take great pleasure in answering as best I can and all inquiries upon matters within my own experience. To those so afflicted, permit me to say that I know just how you feel. For nearly eight years I was the slave of morphine, using it by means of a hypodermic needle. I know all of the horrors that victims of the morphine habit suffer. I tried different physicians and sanitariums. All was a failure, and I began to feel that there was no help for me. I would try so hard to get rid of the habit by myself. I would go into my room and take another dose, and wish that I would never see the light of another day. No one but a victim of the drug disease can ever understand or realize the tortures I endured.

I had given up all hope of ever getting well when my son made up his mind to try one more experiment, and that was to take me to Dwight. That was nine years ago, and, thank God, he took me to the right place at last. I have a first-class cure, and have no more desire for morphine than I had before I took the first dose. I wish every opium-using person could receive as good a cure as I have, and they can. I thank God that I am free.

Sincerely yours,
SARAH RESER.

811 Cincinnati street.

CURE BETTER THAN IMPRISONMENT.

EVERYONE who is familiar with the work accomplished at Keeley Institutes will agree with Mrs. Watson in the opinions expressed in the following letter. Keeley-cured men are constantly working to influence or assist their unfortunate brothers to take the Keeley Cure. They know that the continued use of alcohol causes a diseased condition that requires medical treatment. Imprisonment does not cure disease. Mrs. Watson and her daughter are spending the winter in California, and expect to be in San Francisco the latter part of March. She writes:

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—I wish there was some way of persuading Keeley-cured men to protest against states establishing inebriate asylums. They are talked of, in some places, but to many of us who are firm believers in the Keeley Treatment, it seems a proof of dense ignorance to send men to an inebriate asylum where they must spend one or two years, instead of going to a Keeley Institute, where they would be cured and go home, at the end of a month. Dr. Leslie E. Keeley was the discoverer of the only medical treatment for inebriates that I know anything about. He has thousands of friends all over the land who should try to keep the victims of the drink traffic from wasting time and money in any kind of a home for inebriates. Every patient should be cured as fast as possible in a Keeley Institute and then go home to aid and comfort their families. I have three friends who were cured in Dwight more than seventeen years ago.

Yours for the Keeley Cure,
ELLEN M. WATSON,
Penn. W. C. T. Alliance, Supt. of Rescue Work.

"When the song's gone out of your life you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears; it's best to have a bit of silence, and out o' that maybe a psalm will rise bye and bye."

IF MEN COULD KNOW,

BY GRACE DUFFIE KEMPSON.

THE street lamps had been lighted; but the interior of the Old Ladies' Home was dim with the sudden winter twilight. It was scarcely able to see my way along the hall, although I was conscious that the bent and sorrowful shapes of old women were moving about through the gloom.

"You will find Mrs. S. in her room; go right up," said the matron at the door.

"But," I hesitated, "may I not send up my card?" I had been used to doing so in the old days when I had called at the stately mansion over which she had presided like a gentle queen.

"It will not be necessary." The matron smiled the institutional smile, and I passed her and stumbled on the first step. "It's rather dark, isn't it?" I mumbled, confusedly. But no one paid any attention to me and I groped along, with my hand on the wall, making slow progress upward.

Suddenly from below the stairs, where the singer had gone to press her face against the window to catch the last, grudging gleam of day, came the quivering notes of a song:

"Abide with me, fast falls the even tide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide!"

A sob caught my throat as the trembling, broken old voice went on. "The darkness deepens"—dear God, the lonely darkness! Strange emotions rushed upon me. Rage at the hands which govern institutions surged to my temples. Had I been a man I should have sworn pirate oaths and eased my spirit. As it was, I turned where I stood and shouted:

"Turn on the lights, won't you?" But again I had no attention paid either to my request or me. Just then some one touched my arm and I started. But a caressing voice said:

"Taint time, dearie. They're waitin' for half-past six. Can't you see? Your voice don't sound as if you was old enough to be afraid of the dark!"

"Are you afraid of the dark?" I asked. And she answered:

"Oh, yes. All old folks are, I guess. Father and I always had plenty of light after we got along in years. It comforts me to feel that he's gone where there ain't any dark hours to sit and cry through. And I hope he don't know I'm here. He could not be real happy in heaven if he realized how he'd left me, I'm sure."

I patted her hand; having no answer but tears; and made my way up to the landing. Groups of old ladies were huddled here and there along the hall. I could hear snatches of their gossip as I went along. After two or three journeys up and down without being able to find the door I sought, I went back to one of the groups to ask my way.

"I'll go wid ye to the dure," volunteered a cheerful voice. There was a scraping of a crutch, a gallantly smothered groan, as the rheumatic old limbs were straightened for her walk, and we set out together a dozen yards to the door. Then I waited to make my thanks to my conductor:

"Don't say a wo-ord," she returned with fine courtesy. "It was a grand journey in plisint company."

And "tap, tap," went the crutch, retreating on the uncarpeted floor.

Mrs. S. opened her door at my knock. I had seen her last receiving in her own drawing room, the governor of her state. But in this tiny white-walled room she was the same gentle lady.

"You have heard," she asked, "that our fortune had been swept away in a business failure?"

I had heard.

"And then," she added, softly, "the great sorrow came. My husband died."

There was a long silence.

"Are you—comfortable here?" I asked, awkwardly, remembering other scenes.

"Oh, ye-es. I should be content. Many are less fortunate, even. You know my dear husband, who lavished so much upon me while he lived, died uninsured. That is really the cause which brings most old ladies into institutions to spend their last days. But, oh, I wish husbands and fathers could know that an institution, no matter how well it is conducted, is not so good a place to live and die in as the smallest, humblest place that one can call her home."

"There is no better way of forgetting one's troubles than by attempting to relieve some one else who is in trouble. The more one thinks of his own troubles, the more power over him these troubles gain. When he is turned away for a time from himself in the effort to help another, personal troubles may perish from lack of attention and sustenance."

DOINGS AT DWIGHT

Dr. Charles L. Hamilton, of The Keeley Institute Staff, has recently taken a short vacation, spending the time in the South; he visited briefly at points in Oklahoma, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas. The doctor informs your correspondent that he enjoyed his trip and he certainly shows that he improved the time as far as acquiring good health is concerned.

John R. Oughton, the president of The Leslie E. Keeley Co., with Mrs. Oughton, has spent the winter at San Antonio, Texas. A letter written March 17th reported the temperature there at 94 at 8:30 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Oughton expect to leave San Antonio, returning via New Orleans and other southern cities, probably reaching Dwight about May 1st.

Miss Cora Walker, one of the employees in the office of The Leslie E. Keeley Co., is taking a few days' vacation.

There is no man at Dwight more popular with the new arrivals than Mr. Halloran, commonly called "Mike." Some time ago we had the pleasure of telling in these columns of Mr. Halloran's marriage and tendering our congratulations upon that happy event. There is a new arrival upon the scene now, a nine-pound boy, who has brought joy to the hearts of his father and mother, as well as showers of congratulations from their many friends and well-wishers. Young Master Halloran put in an appearance the day before St. Patrick's Day, as was remarked by one gentleman in tendering his congratulations, "A true Irishman always gets his shamrock the day before St. Patrick's Day."

St. Patrick's Day was observed in Dwight about the same as elsewhere; green ribbons, green ties, and artificial shamrocks sadly out of proportion to the real thing were in evidence everywhere; there was, however, brought from Mr. Oughton's conservatories in Dwight quite a large basket of the real shamrock, the original plant of which was brought from Ireland to a banquet of the Irish Fellowship Club in Chicago four or five years ago; this has grown and flourished for several years now, and has furnished an abundance of shamrock for the patients at Dwight; this basket was placed where all could help themselves, and proved an interesting diversion, as well as fruitful subject for conversation. Your scribe is informed that much knowledge as to St. Patrick and his work was disseminated among the patients by the investigation which was stimulated by the apparent lack of knowledge displayed on all hands.

Dwight is beginning to put on her spring suit. It is surprising what a few warm days will accomplish; the grass is already green, the roads dry, and during the last month there have been at least four thunder showers. The fruit crop last year was lost because of an early spring, but there are so many signs of summer at present that the old settlers are convinced that spring has come for good and that winter will no longer linger in her lap.

The following named persons, graduates of Dwight, have returned recently with friends whom they left for treatment: W. A. Holland, Doctor Hull and Gottlieb Gleichman.

An unusual number of patients at Dwight at the present time are accompanied by their wives, mothers or sisters. This is very pleasant, not only for the patients who are thus able to have members of their families with them, but it gives the ladies a chance to rest and recuperate also. Walking parties are in evidence nearly all the time during the pleasant weather which has prevailed recently, and it is a matter of comment that the ladies seem to improve quite as much as their male friends who are taking the treatment—not in the same direction, to be sure, but the improvement is very noticeable. Dwight is getting to be quite a resort, not for summer, nor for winter, but for all seasons.

There is a man taking treatment in Dwight at the present time who took six weeks to reach here from Chicago; during the intervening time his friends were ignorant as to his whereabouts and no small amount of anxiety was felt on his account. The trouble in this case was, the amount of money necessary for his treatment and board had been entrusted to the patient and he concluded that he would try will power, total abstinence, and a number of things before coming to Dwight; but he got here finally and is thoroughly convinced that he needs the cure. The money, however, was all gone and his confiding friends were called upon once more; they did not mind this, apparently, and there is no more enthusiastic patient in line than this one, and certainly none who shows greater improvement.

There are always one or more patients at Dwight who begin by giving a fictitious name; they use this

fictitious name so freely at the beginning that it is quite an effort for some of them to announce later that it is fictitious, as most of them do. The taste displayed in selecting names is rather peculiar and if taken as an index of what people would do if they could select their own names, it is very interesting; for instance, a gentleman recently under treatment who was unmistakably an American of Irish descent and upon whom an Irish name sat comfortably, gave a typical French name. Another, an American from below the Mason and Dixon line, gave the name of a well-known poet who has been dead a hundred years or more; there is very little attempt to live up to the name, fortunately, or the patients at Dwight might be treated to an illustration of the decadence of poetry. Fictitious names, however, are by no means common at Dwight, most of the patients feeling that as they drank under their right names, it is hardly worth while to adopt a fictitious name when getting rid of the habit.

IN EGYPT.

REFLECTIONS OF A TOURIST.

THE Tourist worships a "dug-up" scarab
And tramps about with a dragoman Arab,
Or floats in anguish on a camel's back,
A scowd weave like an air ship's track;
Some choose a donkey's bumping gait,
But either regrets it when too late;
Others, charmed with mosques and tombs,
Through dim subway cemetery rooms,
In ecstasies, claim mummies galore,
Or remnants of ancient Kings a score.
Such curious things done without reason
By tourists in a foreign voyage;
Yet misery forgotten in the voyage West,
As the victims return to their homes for rest.

THE POPPY INSIDE AND OUT.

ITS BENEFITS AND ITS DANGERS.

THERE is such a thing as being too good, and this is the case with the poppy. As a reliever of pain it is facile princeps among all the remedial agents known to mankind. This is told to the medical student, or if not he speedily discovers the fact after entering upon the duties of his profession. Because he knows this, he falls back upon it confidently in all cases of intense physical suffering. The evil of the whole thing lies in its virtue. This seeming paradox becomes clear when it is added that the certainty and quickness of its action impel the physician to have recourse to it when some harmless hypnotic remedy would be all-sufficient, and to hold on to it too long for the after peace, health and happiness of the patient.

It is not true by any means that a man knows a good thing when he sees it—that is to say, in the sense that he can apply and use it for himself, or for others. If it were a fact he could recognize and apply all the suffering and distress of the world would be ended, and a millennium would be ushered in of joy and song and gladness all the day long. The mischief is that a good thing is too highly appreciated and becomes a missionary of the devil. Alcohol has many good offices, and if restricted solely to these there would no longer be need for a cure for the drunkard, because there could not be found one upon the face of the earth. Opium is undeniably a good thing, but it is too frequently changed from an angel of light into a spirit of damnation.

What shall be said, then, touching the administration of this most subtle drug, which damns as well as saves? Admitting its efficacy in the time of danger to the human subject, how shall one determine the line, crossing which the opiate becomes a perpetual curse. The giving of it should invariably cease when the necessity for its administration no longer exists. It should be used only in emergency cases, and in a limited number of chronic disorders. Recourse to it should never be had in neuralgia or headache, yet it is a most common practice among some physicians to administer it in these very disorders. Headache or neuralgia never kills, and if relief must needs be afforded there are other agents to be had than opium. The reader who is informed need scarcely be told that the word opium is used in its generic sense, including in it morphine, laudanum, paregoric, etc., as well as the gum itself. The physician usually employs morphine because its action is more immediate and for the reason that it does not so disorder the stomach as the other forms of the drug. Recurring to the main thought, the use of it should cease promptly when the need for it no longer exists. There are instances in which it would seem that the giving of it should end only

with life. This is when the maladies are incurable and attended with great bodily suffering. One should be most careful to determine the fact that the pain would end only with death, which itself would not be very far removed. In the remaining instances of its administration let the physician and not the patient be judge of the time when the giving of it shall cease. Because the latter says he has need for it does not follow that this is true. There is a wide difference oftentimes between wanting and needing. It would be far better in every case if the physician were to keep the patient in ignorance of the nature of the drug. Suppose the man or woman does want to know; he certainly has no need to know it.

It is not necessary to descant upon the misery that has been fastened upon humanity through the careless and unnecessary administration of this drug, the responsibility for which lies for the most part with the physician. A good thing should not be brought into utter disrepute by those whose duty it is to hold it in sacred trust. That which is an inestimable boon to humanity when safeguarded should not be turned loose to destroy homes, wreck lives and fill graveyards with the dead who die untimely. He who is responsible for the wreckage of a single life has a dread account for which to answer when brought face to face with his victim and those who loved him, before the great white throne of God. Better not to have given the drug at all than to have given it too long. Better the passing out of the life at once than the oncome of bodily decay, mental distress, moral sin and despairing death.

Opium does not necessarily shorten life when its use is persisted in, although it were a consummation most devoutly to be wished. Thomas De Quincey used it in large quantity daily for upwards of half a century. He drank laudanum, and a study of the matter shows that users of the alkaloid (morphine) suffer more and die sooner than those addicted to the drug in any of its original forms, as laudanum, paregoric, gum or powdered opium, etc. The trouble, the weeping, crying trouble, the heart-breaking trouble is, that in all cases the unhappy victims endure pangs the portrayal of which are beyond the power of human pen or pencil. Alas, too, and alas, again, the torture extends to all the households of every victim, and there is intensified the offense of him who maketh his brother thus to sin.

A TEMPERANCE CENTENNIAL.

FOUNDING OF FIRST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY TO BE CELEBRATED.

IT is proposed to celebrate the organization of the first temperance society by a World Temperance Centennial Congress at Saratoga Springs, New York, June 14th to 30th next.

April 30th, 1858, there was organized at Moreau, Saratoga County, N. Y., by Dr. Billy James Clark, assisted by Rev. L. Armstrong, Gardner Storr and James Mott, the first Temperance Society in history. This organization is still in existence, and holds at least one meeting annually, for the election of officers and the transaction of business necessary to its perpetuation.

For the World's Congress a convention hall seating five thousand people has been secured. All nations of the world will be invited to send national representatives and delegates will be invited from churches, medical associations, historical societies and all temperance organizations.

In the preparation of the programme the history of the century of temperance reform has been divided into twenty year periods. The growth of temperance sentiment, organization and legislation during each of these periods will be dealt with exhaustively.

Saratoga Springs is said to be a village of hotels and not an expensive place in which to spend a vacation. It is said twenty thousand people could easily be lodged within five minutes' walk of the great convention hall.

Liquor as a Medicine.

Druggist Miller, of Indianapolis, Ind., who owns one of the best drug stores in that city, at the corner of 24th street and College avenue, filled 3,900 prescriptions last year. His customers are the well-to-do class, who employ the most skilled physicians. In the whole lot of 3,900 prescriptions written last year there were just four that called for liquor. In poorer parts of the city, where lower-priced physicians are called, the proportion of prescriptions that call for liquor is much larger. No comment is necessary. The facts are eloquent in themselves.

C.T.A.U. Department

Edited by JOHN F. CUNNEEN

973 North Robey Street,

Chicago

THE FORERUNNER.

BY EDITH HOPE KINNEY.

Blow, March, with mighty winds away
The outworn things of yesterday;
Sweep through the soul, as through the earth;
And bear afar the signs of death,
Dead leaves, dead dreams and blighted hours;
Clear hour and field for coming flowers!
Blow, March, with great wings, to make room
For life to bud and love to bloom!
Take in your flight old wrongs, regrets—
Give place to hope's new violets! —*The Outlook.*

TAKING THE PLEDGE.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY REV. JAMES T. COFFEY.

Do I need the pledge? Because I am a priest of God, do I need it? Yes, I need the pledge. Do the people need the pledge? Yes, they need it, and we are telling them that eternally. Do the bishops need the pledge? Yes, the bishops need it, too. We need the pledge because we must not be sign-boards by the wayside to point to people where they should go, but must say, we will do what we ask you to do. One of the remarkable things in our Lord's life was that whatever He asked His disciples to do He did it first Himself.

We believe that we have the right idea of fighting this foe. We are not criticising any other method. We would close up the saloon if we could, but we believe the saloon will go when the demand has been cut off. So, we ask you to assist in building up this organization. It appeals to the common sense of men, and we welcome every organization that is endeavoring to bring about the same result.

What we need most is that our leaders not only give us words of encouragement but example. It is a good thing to preach temperance sermons and to write letters of recommendation; but we need more than that because souls are going to hell every day, and we are the soldiers of Christ, who ought to save them by every means in our power. What is it that keeps our clergy out of this movement? Just what keeps the lay people out; nothing more; the social practices of the world and its influence. What is the pledge? To deny ourselves as Christ did. Why is it not taken? Because people do not want to deny themselves. They like to tell others to do it, but oh, there are so many circumstances that keep them back and prevent them from leading, and ours will be a fruitless movement, as it has been in many cases, until those who lead us spiritually will likewise give us the example we are looking for in this light.

It is a bold thing to say, but bold things must be said. Men don't want milk and water assertions, and have no respect for those who make them. My heart bleeds when I look out over conditions in this country, as you have heard them described tonight, thousands of our best people, our boys and even our girls going wrong, losing their religion, and so little done to keep them where they ought to be.

Why am I a total abstainer, or why have I the pledge? Because I needed to take it. When I saw conditions as a young man nineteen years ago in the city of St. Louis, I preached temperance sermons, and then I went into the homes to see conditions where fathers and mothers were not doing their duty. I said, what is the use of preaching sermons? They are all right, but people have their eyes and ears open, and if the pledge is good for them why is it not good for me?

In the city of St. Louis we have twenty-six breweries, the largest in the world, but we do not boast of it at

this convention. Six thousand men, women and children are employed in the different departments of one of these breweries, and they get a pint of cool, refreshing beer to drink every hour of the day. Nearly 50,000 people are employed in breweries in the city of St. Louis and the same practice exists in them all.

Two young men who have just finished the course at the Apostolic Mission House and have come back to work in St. Louis are in charge of what is called a brewery parish, and one of them said to me: "I have been taking a census of the parish, and the condition is so deplorable that when I stand at the altar to say Mass, I ask God what is there we can do to stem the tide that is dragging these souls into hell." He said, "I was greeted as never before by fathers and mothers who actually cursed me as I entered the door." Some of them had been Catholics; all of them worked in the breweries.

Yet, we say, drink does not do so much harm, and these orators exaggerate things. I have never found one yet, unless I except Mrs. Lake, to paint the picture of destruction that is to be found everywhere in this country from the effect of drink. And what can we do? Take the pledge. But it is a sign of weakness! Then the self-denial of our Lord was weakness, His fasting in the desert was a sign of weakness, His hanging on the Cross in shame a sign of weakness. Is it a sign of weakness to lead others, to say, I will not ask you alone to take water, I will lead and will show you it is better than anything else.

Let us do that; whether we belong to the Union or not, let us do it. That is the appeal I make to you. We all need the pledge; there is not one of us who does not need it if he thinks anything of the souls of those around him.

A QUESTION-BOX STORY.

BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER.

In a little Pennsylvania town I was giving a mission, and, as is always the case in a small town, there was considerable stir. The whole population was on the move, some through devotion, some through curiosity, some antagonistic.

I had introduced the Question Box, and was looking over the questions preparatory to answering them. One impressed me: "Is the club or saloon a civilization or a demoralizer?"

While I searched my mind for the best answer, I went down town to the only barber shop. Now, Joe Wiggins was the barber, a character like Mr. Dooley, witty, racy, jolly and wise, and his shop was the Mecca of the town for gossip. Wiggins was no churchgoer; made no pretensions to sanctity, but was a good man.

Wiggins was very pleasant, though curt. While I was in the chair an old resident, who had come back after some years' absence, dropped in to inquire about the townsperson.

After the customary salutations, the old resident asked for John Such-a-one.

"Down and out; all from booze," said Wiggins, laconically.

"Don't say? That's bad. And where is Tom Such-a-one?"

"He's down and out; same reason."

A third was asked for.

"Down and out; likewise booze."

"Lud-a-mighty! What's the matter?"

"Booze houses let a man down so easy he never knows it till he's out," said Wiggins.

And I thought, as I listened, here is my answer for that query, and so I left the shop.

In the evening, when the audience was assembled, this question came along out of the Query Box, and I said:

"My friends, let me reply to this question by stating a circumstance. I was in the barber's chair this after-

noon (an observant and intelligent man, by the way, is the barber), and I heard an old resident, just returned to the town, ask first about one, then another, and then about another old citizen. The answer was always the same: "Down and out—from booze."

"They were gone; they had passed into another world, and all that remained to say of them was in the striking words of my friend the barber, 'Down and out; all from booze.'"

"My friends, is not this question answered? Need I say more? You know the people of this place. Was my friend wrong? I leave you to come to conclusions."

CONVENTION IN NEW HAVEN.

THE executive board of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America has decided that the thirty-eighth annual convention of the union shall be held in New Haven, Conn., August 5, 6 and 7. The Connecticut State Union will care for the convention. This union is one of the largest and most progressive in the country. No doubt the convention will be well taken care of and it should be the most successful of all conventions.

"LOVE AND LOYALTY."

(Continued from page 25.)

helpful thoughts—most significant thoughts, with this sentence: "Let us believe in the impracticable and work for what is called impossible, resting secure in our motto, 'No Rock So Hard,' etc."

"Victories" names Sermon XII, with text from Horace Mann: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

Next comes "The Game of Life," with this text from Lowell: "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

Chapter XV, but Sermon XIV, is entitled "Sources of Power," and has for its text, "Not knowledge but purpose is power."

Sermon Fifteen, "The Rhyne of things," takes its motive power from Emerson, "Justice is the rhyne of things," found in his poem, "Merlin."

Sermon XVI, "About Thrones," finds its text in Thomas a Kempis: "It is for service you are here—not for a throne."

"My sermon is preached. The text, I trust, will stay with you and help you to emulate the life of the carpenter's son, the life that made the cross more beautiful than the crown, converted sorrow into something higher than joy, and through pain and opposition found the truth that is light and the life that is grace.

The next sermon, Chapter XVIII, is named "Lincoln's Soldiers," and its text is this great thought from the "great emancipator": "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow." This one sermon, if printed in tract form and scattered broadcast, would cause considerable commotion among flowers and thistles of character.

"The Greatest Gift" is the next contribution to character building as found in this book, and the class found this text from William Ellery Channing: "The sense of duty is the greatest gift of God."

"A Daring Faith" comes next, with another thought from the great, simple Lincoln: "Let us have faith that right makes might."

Chapter XXI is headed, "Secret Springs," with its text from Proverbs: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." In this sermon Mr. Jones opens a regular treasure-house of heart texts found in the Bible—more than any of us, I dare say, ever thought of before at one time, and in this sermon he makes a beautiful application of the story of Parsifal.

How the richness increases as we delve deeper into this mine! The next sermon is "The Rostary of a Holy Life," and its text was chosen from some Persian prophet: "He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought."

The last sermon preached in this collection was on "Character Building," and was built on Shakespeare's lines:

"Above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

I have named the titles, then a slight idea of the character of the book might be seen. Could a more inspiring book be placed in the hands of young people? Each graduate from our schools—grammar grade, high school and college—would be better equipped for his life's commencement if among his "graduating" presents some discerning friend found for him this book, whose wealth of suggestion in poems and illustrative text: I have not been able to reveal.

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THE KEELEY CURE.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

PEOPLE WHO TAKE THE CURE—EFFECT ON THE GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—PRICE OF TREATMENT, ETC.

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition. The Keeley Remedies are absolutely a specific for this disease.

How Long Does It Take?

The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and, hence, there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival a patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness caused by the treatment, and the physical condition improves from the start.

At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved, mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright and complexion clear; morally changed because of his disgust for his former life, and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear a Keeley patient say, "I feel ten years younger."

Opium, Morphine, Etc.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, and other similar or kindred drugs, when used continuously, induce diseases, each of which is characteristic of the substance used. The definite symptom is always the necessity for repeated doses, which is commonly designated as "craving." The use of these drugs is usually begun to induce sleep or to relieve pain, and the victim has the disease firmly fastened on him before he realizes his condition. It is then discovered that the desire for the accustomed "dose" dominates all other desires, and even death itself is scarcely more to be dreaded than the cutting off of the usual supply. These diseases have been considered incurable, but Doctor Keeley has demonstrated otherwise. They yield to scientific treatment, and from four to six weeks only are required to complete a cure. This statement may seem startling, but it is true. We will gladly refer you to people who have been cured and who have standing that will bear investigation. Send for printed matter on opium and other drug using.

No Confinement.

One feature of the Keeley Treatment that commends it to those needing it, is that there is absolutely no confinement. Patients are required to take the remedies with the utmost regularity, and are expected to attend the lectures, but the remainder of each day is disposed of as the patient pleases. It is needless to say that no improper conduct is permitted, and that liberty does not mean license. No one visiting Dwight would suppose, unless informed, that the fine-looking, quiet, well-behaved people observed at the hotels and on the street are there for treatment—yet such is the case. They appear in all respects to be temporary residents of the village, and are so recognized. Lifelong friendships are formed and good comradeship prevails.

Effect on the General Health.

There can be but one truthful answer and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness caused by our treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients or graduates; they know and will tell

you truthfully. Do not ask a saloon-keeper, or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-six years of age—time enough, the most captious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business more than twenty years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients?

What Our Remedies Do.

These remedies are reconstructive nerve tonics which restore the nerve cells to a normal, healthy condition, the same as before being poisoned by alcohol or toxic drugs. When this is done the "craving" disappears because, as has been proved, that is a symptom of a diseased condition of these cells. A parallel case is that of a cough, which indicates a diseased condition of throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs; when the cause is ascertained and removed, the cough disappears.

Owing to lack of space these diseases and addictions, their causes and cure, cannot be fully described, but



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., L.L.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

literature upon any and all of these subjects will be sent free upon application. We will consider it a favor to be permitted to prove our assertions.

Who Takes the Keeley Cure?

We have cured thousands of veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the National Soldiers' Homes of the country, whose ages range from fifty to eighty years.

We have cured several children under five years of age who were addicted to morphine and opium, such addictions having been acquired through the mother's own addiction or direct administration. No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

We have cured hundreds of soldiers in the Regular Army of the United States, and have letters from officers of all ranks, from Major-Generals to Lieutenants, commending the Keeley Cure in the highest terms.

We have cured senators, congressmen, lawyers, clergymen, business men, merchants, laborers, men of all occupations and of no occupation, to the number of more than 300,000. Among them are 17,000 physicians.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

All who have taken our treatment are perfectly satisfied with the results. This is a broad statement and would hardly be made if not true. Nine-tenths of all our patients come to us accompanied by, or through the influence of, our graduates, and this is the best evidence of the efficacy of our cure. In fact, Keeley graduates are so enthusiastic about their condition that some 30,000 of them have formed an organization known as "The Keeley League." This is the only temperance society in the world composed exclusively of men who have been drunkards. Men and women who have taken the cure are the best judges of its effects, and there are more than 300,000 of these. We will refer you to reliable and well-known people in your immediate vicinity if you ask us to. Send for "Evidence and Proof from Reliable Sources."

The Livingston Hotel.

The magnificent new Livingston Hotel is owned by The Leslie E. Keeley Co., and is maintained primarily for the accommodation of patients taking treatment at the Institute. This hotel is three stories in height, and is equipped with every modern convenience. The style of architecture is colonial, insuring broad, cool verandas and spacious rooms. The electric lights, steam heat, and hot water are supplied by our own plant adjacent to the hotel. The hotel itself is absolutely the most thoroughly fireproof hotel in the country, as there is no woodwork in the construction except the doors and window-frames, the floors being tile, mosaic, or monolith. Every precaution is taken to insure cleanliness and a thorough sanitary condition. The plumbing is the most modern and practical system, and absolutely precludes the possibility of any danger from this source. The Livingston is arranged upon such a plan that patients can have, if they so desire, the absolute privacy of a home. There are several entrances, a ladies' parlor, a reception room, an amusement room, besides one for correspondence and reading, private baths and lavatories, a telephone in each room, in fact everything needful to minister to the comfort and convenience of guests. A feature which pleases all, is a well-selected library of standard works for the free use of patients. The dining room is a marvel of beauty and good taste, elegant decorations, beautiful highly polished columns, mosaic floor and fine service, while the kitchen is equipped with every appliance to secure excellent results, as far as is concerned; the construction and arrangement insures absolute cleanliness at all times and under all circumstances. The office is spacious and elegant, with a colonial mantel and open fireplace, mosaic floor and all modern appointments.

Lady patients will find that residence in the Livingston will insure them any degree of privacy which they desire; our attendants and nurses are under the same roof, and thus will be always within call. Each lady receives treatment in her own room and there is no reason why, if she does not mention the fact herself, that she will be regarded otherwise than as a visitor at the hotel. No pains or expense has been spared to add to the comfort of patients and make their brief residence in Dwight pleasant as well as beneficial. Send for pamphlet containing illustrations of Livingston Hotel and attractive features of Dwight.

Send for printed matter pertaining to the Home Treatment of the Tobacco Habit and neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion.

DWIGHT is the home of the Keeley Cure. It is on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, 73 miles from Chicago, 36 miles from Joliet, 81 miles from Peoria, 52 miles from Bloomington, 111 miles from Springfield, Ill., and has direct railroad communication with all these cities. It is accessible, healthy, progressive and "wide awake." All communications confidential and literature free on application. Address

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Dwight, Illinois.

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PRINTED matter on Alcoholic Inebriety, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and other drug addictions, Tobacco using and Neurasthenia, as well as any information regarding the Keeley Cure may be obtained at our Chicago Office.

All arrangements for the treatment of patients at Dwight may be made at the Chicago Office, and patients will be visited and accompanied to Dwight if desired.

Patients en route to Dwight will be directed as to trains, etc.

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Authorized Keeley Institutes

The following is an authentic list of the Institutes established under and by authority of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., and which are known by the uniform name of "THE KEELEY INSTITUTE." In each of these establishments the remedies used are prepared in our laboratory at Dwight, Illinois, and they are administered by physicians who have been specially instructed by us at Dwight in their administration and in the Keeley method of treating Inebriety, Drug and Narcotic addictions. The address of the Institute is given in each case, and this list will be corrected from time to time as may become necessary.

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.

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Dwight, Illinois, September, 1907

ALABAMA

Birmingham, 2000 Twelfth Avenue, North

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs, 702 Park Avenue

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 2930 Sacramento Street

Los Angeles, 1022 South Flower Street

COLORADO

Denver, 18th and Curtis Streets

CONNECTICUT

West Haven

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, 211 North Capitol Street

FLORIDA

Jacksonville, Stockton and Park Streets

GEORGIA

Atlanta, 235 Capitol Avenue

ILLINOIS

Dwight

INDIANA

Marion

Plainfield

IOWA

Des Moines, 706 Fourth Street

KENTUCKY

Crab Orchard

LOUISIANA

New Orleans, 1628 Felicity Street

MAINE

Portland, 151 Congress Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids, 265 South College Avenue

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Minneapolis, 10th Street and Park Avenue

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Kansas City, 716 West Tenth Street

St. Louis, 2803 Locust Street

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Omaha, Twenty-fifth and Cass Streets

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ENGLAND

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THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Neurasthenia.

The Keeley Remedies have now been before the public for more than a quarter of a century and are recognized by the public at large as well as the medical profession as being the most efficacious treatment in existence for the diseases

which they are designed to overcome. Printed matter, consisting of testimonials both from people who have taken the cure and others who have simply observed its effects, will be furnished free upon application; also printed matter descriptive of the diseases we treat and the claims made in behalf of our remedies. All correspondence strictly confidential.



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THE BANNER OF GOLD



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WHEN THE OLD DAYS CALL.

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

WHEN the honeybees buzz through the orchards in bloom
And the breezes drift by with a breath of perfume
And the sky is so blue and the clouds are so white
And the sun makes them blaze with a silvery light—

Then the days that are gone send their happiest call,
For the summers of old were the best of them all.

Through the roar of the street comes a memory-song
That is blent with the hurrying steps of the throng,
And you lift up your hand then to toss back your hair—
But you sigh as you do, for the hair is not there!
Still the song that you knew whisp'ers up through the noise
And your heart takes the rollicking beat of a boy's.

Ho, the road through the wood, and the path by the mill,
And the creek laughing on the foot of the hill
Where the willows bend down with a wavering shade
And the dragon fly hums in your ear as you wade!
And the tang of the mint, and the snap of the cress
That you munched—they are something your spirit to bless!

So you sit in a dream—and you see the wild rose
As it nods by the pathway that lazily goes
Through the meadows; and catch with a rapture divine
The scent of the tender wild grapes where they twine,
And you pucker your lips with the wild sorrel's taste—
For no joy in the world with a boy goes to waste.

When the honeybees buzz through the orchards in bloom
And the world is athrill with a subtle perfume,
Then the gyves of the streets may compel you to stay,
But your swift-beating heart then is up and away
To the orchards and creeks and the meadows and all—
For the days that are gone send their happiest call.

—Chicago Evening Post.

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Written for THE BANNER OF GOLD.

THE LOST TREASURE.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.



AUNT MARY, de sojers am comin'!"

"Now yo' des go 'long 'way f'm yeah wid yo' foolishness, Ephiam, or de fust t'ing yo' knows I gwine crack yo' black haid wid de pokah."
"But de sojers am comin', Aunt Mary, an' I 'lowed yo' wouldn't want them to git yo'."

"Get 'long wid yo' eberlastin' nonsense, now, chile, ca'se I ain' got no patience wid yo' today. Dese fetched rheumatics is des 'bout all I gwine b'ar wid, an' ef yo' comes foolin' roun' me yo' gwine git hu't. How many times yo' gwine come a-squallin' dem same wo'ds at me fo' yo' 'larns I ain' b'leibin' of 'em, I like to know?"

"Ain' yo' feared de sojers gwine cyah yo' off, Aunt Mary?"

"I ain' fear'd o' no sojers whut yo' sees. 'Sides dat, Ephiam, yo' bettah be stirrin' yo' stumps tryin' to do sumpin' to'ads makin' a libin', stid o' foolin' 'roun' yeah bodderin' 'long wid me. Heah master's done daid an' gone up whar de angels am, an' ole mistis left wivout a dollah on yeth, an' de man whut's got a mortgage on de fa'm am gwine sot her clean out-doohs. We all gwine be homeless fo' many days, an' whut's eber gwine come ob us I dunno."

Ephiam, a small, sharp-featured, keen-eyed colored boy of something less than a dozen years of age, stood in the kitchen door and looked at Aunt Mary in wonder. Her statement was news to him, and, young as he was, it interested him. He had always thought his master and mistress rich, and he had never entertained a thought of the future beyond living with them, having an easy time and enjoying the necessities of life in abundance. Now, however, according to Aunt Mary's statement, the current of his existence was to have a change and his future course promised to be less even and smooth than the past had been.

"Aunt Mary," he said, "I t'ought master an' mistis wuz done plumb rich, wid mo' money an' whut yo' could shake a stick at."

"Lawd, chile, I t'ought so too; but now I's done 'arnt dat it ain' so. De night afore old master wuz kilt he done fotch a gre't bag full o' dem silber an' gol' money home wid 'im f'm town. He fotch enough to pay off de mortgage an' hab a heap lef', ca'se I heah him a-tellin' ob mistis 'bout hit. But hits all done gone now, chile, an' de ole home am gwine too."

"Whut done gone wid all dat money, Aunt Mary?" Ephiam asked.

"Why, dat's de worryin' paht of hit, boy. Dest to t'ink dat all dat money's des 'lyin' someowah right close 'bout yeah, an' us a needn't ob hit so pow'ful

bad an' yit kain't hab hit. Yo' see, when master fotch dat money all home yeah dat night he got skeered ca'se hit wuz wah times, fearin' somebody mout come an' git hit f'm him, an' he tuck an' cyahed hit off sum'ers in de dark an' hid hit; an' he neber to! nobody, not eben ole mistis, whar dat money wuz put. Den de berry nex' day he goes out to haul up some wood, ca'se dem triffin', wuffess men niggahs hab done all tuck dar f'oots in der han's an' put out fer town ca'se dey's free, an' de ole master ain' got nobody to do nuffin fer 'im no mo'. Well, he goes out to haul wood an' de nex' t'ing we know his hosses hab done gone an' runned away, and he is killed."

"An' don' nobody know whar all dat gol' an' silber is?" Ephiam exclaimed.

"No, narry libin' soul don' know nuffin' 'bout hit," Aunt Mary replied, "an' I reckon dey hain't gwine know, nudder. I 'lowed at fust I mout dream out whah hit wuz, but I's done my lebel bes' an' I ain' neber dream nuffin' 'bout hit yit."

Ephiam was thoughtfully silent for a long time, then suddenly looking up he said:

"I speeks mebbly I mout fin' dat money if I des' looked an' looked, an' kep' a lookin' ebery day."

"I speeks yo' wouldn't nudder," Aunt Mary replied, "but yo' bettah be trvin' ob hit 'stid o' eomin' poppin' yo' haid in de do' yeah yellin' at me dat de sojers am comin'."

"I's des gwine right now to hunt dat gol' an' silber," Ephiam said, ignoring his companion's remark, "an' I des gwine look fer hit eberywhar on de place; I des b'liebs I gwine fin' hit—sho' I does."

Ephiam went away and Aunt Mary, sitting on the hearth of the big kitchen fireplace, continued to bathe her feet in pokeroot water, a practice she followed for hours every day under the impression that it "helped her rheumatics."

For some unaccountable reason Aunt Mary had an abiding fear of the Federal soldiers. It was in the war times, and that part of Missouri in which she lived was infested to a considerable extent by the soldiers of both the North and the South. She had no fear of the Confederates, but if any one even so much as intimated that Federal soldiers were anywhere in the neighborhood, Aunt Mary was ready to hide.

"I's old an' crippled up, an' no 'count," she said, "but triffin' as I is, ef dem Unions eber git der eyes on me dey's des' gwine up an' cyah me off."

What purpose she could have supposed they might have in wanting to carry her off would be hard to imagine, but that fear had taken possession of her, and it was so firmly imbedded in her mind, that no amount of reasoning would eradicate it.

Ephiam came to understand the old woman's weakness, and it was the greatest pleasure of his life, seemingly, to run around the house a dozen times a day and pop his head into the kitchen an' call out that "de sojers am comin'." At first the announcement had a wonderful effect on Aunt Mary, and she would fairly fly to a hiding place in the rear of the garden, forgetting for the time all about the rheumatism and its pains. But after Ephiam had fooled her a score of times, she quit paying any attention to his announcements, and sometimes when she was out of humor and cross, she threw a stick of wood or the firetongs after him.

Ephiam had been gone an hour or more, and was busy searching for the lost treasure, when happening to look up, and away to the west, he saw something that gave him a feeling of the deepest awe. There, fling over the ridge and down a long slope was a great body of men, numbering several hundred, all carrying guns with glistening bayonets and all dressed in blue uniforms. Ephiam looked at them with a feeling of mingled admiration and fear, his eyes and his mouth opening wider every instant.

"Dem's Union sojers, sho' fack," he mused at last, "an' dey's a-comin' right plumb heah. Time I's gittin' 'way, I speeks, ca'se ef dey cyahs off niggahs, like Aunt Mary 'lows dey do, I ain' wantin' 'em to git der fingahs on me, sho; an' I's des' gwine scattah out."

Running to the house in breathless haste, Ephiam popped his head in at the kitchen door and cried out:

"Aunt Mary, de sojers is comin', an' dar's a millyum ob 'em."

"Git 'long 'way f'm yeah, yo' fool niggah," Aunt Mary replied testily. Ain' yo' neber gwine git tiahed ob dat ole song?"

"But dey is comin' dis time, sho' 'nuff," Ephiam protested earnestly. "Dey's 'most lebbin' millyum ob 'em an' dey's all got guns wid shiny t'ings on 'em. Hit's de hones' truf I's tellin' yo' dis time, Aunt Mary, an' yo' bettah be hidin' quick, fo' dey gits yo'."

The boy's earnest manner caused Aunt Mary to believe him, and hobbling to the door she looked out, up

the road. One glance was enough, and in a twinkling she was all animation.

"Fo' de good gracious," she cried, "lemme git 'way f'm yeah quick! May de good Lawd hab mussy on me! Dar's a hundred millyum ob dem sojers, an' dey's comin' yeah after dis ole niggah, sho."

With all the speed possible Aunt Mary made her way through the garden, and just as the foremost of the soldiers reached the front-yard gate she disappeared among the shrubbery behind the garden fence. There was a deep ravine a few feet from the fence, and it was on the very edge of it that the old woman took shelter. Ephiam had followed her, and now crouched down close to her feet, fully as much scared as she was. A moment passed and then Aunt Mary said, speaking in a low, cautious whisper:

"Ephiam, yo' git up an' see ef dem sojers hab done stopped at de house. Ef dey hab I's gwine git down in dis yeah holler to hide."

Ephiam was reluctant to obey, but finally he was induced to rise and reconnoitre.

"De Laws hab mussy!" he cried, "dey's done stopped, an' now dey's pradin' 'roun' dar wid der guns, an' I speeks ole Mistis hab done been killed."

Aunt Mary had heard enough to decide her taking refuge in the bottom of the ravine, and without waiting for another word she proceeded to do so with expedition. The bank was rather steep and it was good twenty feet to the bottom, and under less exciting circumstances she might have found it difficult to make the descent. But not so then.

When Ephiam made his announcement she simply lay down, and giving herself a start rolled down the hill like a log, stopping for nothing until she reached the bottom.

It happened that in her track was a stump, and her 250 pounds avoirdupois came direct against it. It was cold and decayed, however, and when she struck it, it gave way without impeding, or scarcely checking, her progress.

Ephiam, who was also descending the hill, but in a more deliberate and cautious way, reached the spot where the stump had stood, and with a cry of startled surprise stopped and stood staring at the ground as though he was spellbound. He did not move, nor did he speak one word after that first cry, neither did he for an instant remove his gaze from the spot where he had first fixed it.

Fortunately for Aunt Mary she reached the bottom of the hill safely, and after pausing a moment to get her breath she sat up and looked around her. One of the first objects that met her eyes was Ephiam.

"What yo' standin' dar a-starin' at like yo' done gone daft?" she cried. "What yo' see dar dat's so pow'ful int'restin', I like to know?"

Roused by the old woman's question, the boy removed his eyes from the object that had fascinated them, and clapping his hands together he cried:

"Ah, Aunt Mary, dar's a gre't pile ob money. Dar's silber an' gol', des oodles ob hit."

Aunt Mary forgot all about the soldiers and clambered up the bank again, displaying a wonderful amount of agility for one in her condition.

"Whah am hit?" she exclaimed when she came to where Ephiam had stopped. "Whah am all dat gol' an' silber, boy?"

"Right dar in de ole stump," Eph replied. "Kain't yo' see hit?"

"Fo' de lan' o' Goshen!" she cried, going down on her knees to gather the coins up from the ground. "Dar's des piles an' piles ob hit, honey; an' ain' dey purty?"

"Dey sholy is," Eph said, looking at them yearningly. "an' dey's all ou'n, too, ain' dey?"

"Ou'n? Co'se dey ain' ou'n! Dey's de bery mony ole master fotch home and hid, an' dey 'longs to mistis."

"But we foun' 'em, Aunt Mary, an' I 'lowed det mek 'em ou'n."

"Go 'long wid yo' 'lowin', Ephiam. Yo' des 'lows yo' wants to git some ob dat whut ain' yo'n, dat's whut yo's 'lowin'. But yo' ain' gwine to git hit, so yo' mout des well quit yo' 'lowin' fer all de good it gwine do yo'."

"I don't want tek ole mistis' money," Eph protested, "an' sence I come to think ob hit I wouldn't no way yo' could fix hit. But I do wish I had one ob dem leetlest fellers. I ain' neber hab no money, an' 'peaks laek I would lub to hab some one."

"I ain' neber hab none nudder," said Aunt Mary, "an' I's lots older 'an whut yo' is, but ef I neber do hab none I ain' gwine tek one cent ob dis yeah. Ole mistis am a needin' ob hit, an' she's gwine git hit too. I tells yo' Ephiam, it wuz a pow'ful lucky thing dat I come rollin' an' a tumblin' down dish yeah hill, a tearin' an' smashin' up dat ar ole stump. Ef hit hadn't been fer dat, Ephiam, dar's no tellin' when dat money mout a

been foun' if hit eber wuz; an' yeah ole mistis an' all de res' ob us would a been flung out ob do's."

Ephraim eyed the bright pieces of metal yearningly, and even greedily, but he would not have taken one of them from "ole mistis" if Aunt Mary had permitted him. As much as he longed for them his longing was not strong enough for that.

"Mussy," he exclaimed, "but ain' ole mistis gwine be pow'ful tickled when she see all dem money?"

"Dat she will," Aunt Mary replied with a low, good-humored chuckle. "I's glad now dem sojers done come, ef dey des goes on 'bout deir own business."

"Dey's done gwine," Eph said, after climbing the hill to get a view of the situation at the house, "an' dey ain' boddered 'long wid ole mistis ner nuffin'."

When the coast was quite clear Aunt Mary and Eph returned to the house, bearing their treasure with them, and when Aunt Mary poured the precious pieces into her "ole mistis" lap and told how they were found, it would have been hard to tell which of the three people were happiest.

Aunt Mary and Ephraim were made happier still, however, by being presented with a couple of the pieces. Ephraim's was not one "ob de littlest" ones, either, nor was it silver. It was one of the largest gold pieces, and an exact counterpart of the one received by Aunt Mary.

"I ain' gwine fool yo' 'bout dem sojers no mo', Aunt Mary," Eph announced, "ca'se I 'lows hit ain' right, an' I ain' feelin' like doin' nuffin' wrong, wid all dis yeah money."

"I ain' gwine git mad at yo' honey," Aunt Mary said, "eben ef yo' does fool me wid dem sojers."

ALCOHOL THE CHIEF CAUSE OF INSANITY.

BY LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., LL. D.

[Reprinted from a series of articles written for the BANNER OF GOLD.]

LOGICALLY there is no question that alcohol underlies mental disease because it is of such universal use and is a direct poison to the nervous system. If we analyze the nature of insanity, from the basis of stress and the nervous system, we find that alcohol occupies the whole field, and no other single cause does.

The general cause of insanity is termed a stress—the meaning of which is a force acting upon a tissue or an organ which perverts its natural functions. Thus—a ferment in the alimentary canal exerts a stress upon digestion; a hernia exerts a stress upon the nervous system and abdominal organs. Anything causing pain exerts a stress upon the nervous system and the mind. Any organ subject to disease or a cause which perverts its functions is in distress or under a stress.

Poison is a stress of the direct kind. The causes in general of insanity, estimated from the basis of stress, are (1) the internal direct stress, (2) the internal indirect stress, (3) the external direct stress, and (4) external indirect stress.

It will be seen now that alcohol occupies each of these divisions, and in this respect is alone among all causes of insanity.

The internal direct stress means any drug which, taken into the system, acts directly as a poison upon the higher centers of the brain. When alcohol is taken into the stomach it is quickly absorbed by the portal circulation and, passing through the liver, it enters the blood current. In a few moments it reaches the higher nerve centers, and ill effects begin. Like all poisons, the effect is stimulating. If a quart of liquor is taken at once the first portion which reaches any organ will cause the usual stimulating effects. Under this first impression the nerve centers discharge rapidly, thought and ideas, memories and feelings are increased in activity, the object being to resist the enemy, "so to speak"—at least it is by such action that resistance is exerted. But soon all is changed if the quantity is sufficient. The higher centers are overwhelmed, discharges cease, the centers are paralyzed, the mind is a blank, there is no thought or consciousness, idea or memory. Coma follows, and all there is of life is the reflex and automatic manifestations.

Repeating this action maintains the internal direct stress. If liquor is drunk daily the action is maintained. The balance between direct action and restraint is destroyed. This balance which gives a man his prudent self-balance, his equilibrium of impulse and restraint, is lost. Nerve discharges are excited by alcohol and not by the natural impressions. A man is no longer a man among men. He is a victim of alcohol.

Suppose that a power house, containing many dynamos generating various electric currents distributed to

different wires going to different places for different purposes, as lighting, power, etc., were all under water. In such a case, as the water rose, a current would be taken off the wire and distributed through the water. The complete machinery would be converted to a chaos of force going in all directions, and all natural control would be lost.

This is the direct stress of alcohol upon the brain as it destroys the mental balance, temporarily at first, but finally completely.

The internal indirect stress depends upon the diseases that alcohol may cause upon the other organs of the body.

To understand this question we will say that the self-consciousness is derived from the nerve energy coming from all the bodily organs which reaches the higher centers. Each tissue and organ of the body sends in continually its nerve report of its condition to the higher centers by means of the sensory nerves. These sensations or reports are co-ordinated by the higher centers, and their storage forces and active energies are regulated accordingly. The sum of these conditions constitutes the "Ego," or self-consciousness.

If all is well then the consciousness is pleasant and all things work together for good. But suppose one or more of the larger abdominal organs is diseased. A continual report of this condition is sent to the higher centers and distress up there is the result.

A large railroad is managed from a central office. The trains are "dispatched," the track maintained, the freight and passenger departments managed from this central office, and all this work is done by reports sent in by wire, or by written communications. If all is well the "Ego" is self-sustained and happy. But suppose a bridge goes under, or a train is wrecked, or other disaster occurs. Then there is a change. The wire carries the "news" as a nerve does the "impression," and a change is made in the adjustment to suit the emergency. Suppose there is a permanent trouble in the business of the company exerting a stress of permanent character. Great activity, labor and strain are exerted to meet the emergency or the trouble. But suppose it continues month after month, year after year, until the central office can no longer meet the stress or demands, and the result is that a "receiver" is appointed.

The continued stress of a chronic disease has this effect upon the higher centers, which are the managing offices of the corporation. The stress continues until the centers are no longer able to adjust matters and become unbalanced. A "receiver" is appointed for that corporation—the mind is said to be insane.

No cause is greater than alcohol in producing organic lesions of the great visceral organs. Disease once produced exerts its perpetual stress upon the brain, which may give way. Thus we see how alcohol occupies two of the main fields containing the causes of insanity.

The external stresses are equally under alcohol. The external direct stress I call heredity. It is true that the inebriety caused by alcohol is not hereditary, but it is also true that the more remote lesions may be. It is also true that inebriety in a mother may cause inebriety in the embryo, and the brain lesion caused by the presence of the alcohol in the blood of the embryo, may cause such grave lesion of brain that the child may be born an imbecile, which is only one of the general forms of insanity. In fact, there is no other cause of "degeneracy" so potent as this form of external direct stress. Degeneracy means an arrest of development of the embryo in some stage of its evolution. The arrest may cause the usual deformities or "reversals" in type of facial anatomy as the jaws, palate, ears, or of the brain structure. But the proof is clear that alcohol has the power to cause the arrest of not only development, but growth as well of organisms after birth. It is a common practice to "stunt the growth" of nervous animals by giving the young individuals alcohol.

Various writers have lately created much sensation by studies on the subject of modern degeneracy in the human race, attributing the causes to the modes and practices of civilization, but there is but one cause for this degeneracy or arrested development, and that cause is poison, and the greatest of these is alcohol. The late hours of dissipation in fashionable society can never work this result, but if champagne is added such an end may be expected. Luxurious indoor life could never bring about such a result—though the lack of proper exercise is abominable; but such a life in a house infected with sewer gas and what it may contain will fill the world with degenerates.

The indirect stress of external origin is described as follows: All people use their brains as much as possible to adjust themselves to their surroundings in or-

der to work out their destiny to earn their living by the sweat of their brow. Adjustment to circumstances is the general principle of human work and human endeavor in the struggle for life and a living. A man in this struggle engages with rivals in business, and his endeavors fail by wind, tide, frost, or other direct misfortune. Fortunes are lost, occupations are lost, and many fail in the great struggle. When all goes well the mind remains well balanced and happiness, though a fluctuating condition at best, still remains at a high average mark. But suppose matters go wrong in business. Ventures go astray or are captured by the enemy. Then the stress begins. Sudden loss of fortune occurs, or unexpected loss of the nearest and best beloved may happen. These sudden misfortunes explode the storage cells of the brain as a sharp blow from a hammer does a can of dynamite. The result is insanity.

Will anyone deny that alcohol is not the chief cause of individual failures to properly make adjustments to the circumstances which underlie business and earning a living. Ventures sent to sea like ships, with alcohol in command or at the helm cannot mind the winds, take proper astronomical observation, nor sail the ship to the right port. More men fail in business or lose their employment by reason of drink than from all other causes. Alcohol ruins a man's business, health, his home, his happiness, his brains.

By any showing whatever then there is no cause which equals alcohol in producing insanity. It moves in triumphal procession along every route of stress which leads to the human brain and mind. Like a flood it submerges sense, reason and the will, as the deluge did the valley and the hills. Like a demon it inhabits the man's vitals and blows its breath of oblivion through his senses into that most wonderful of God's mechanism, the higher brain centers. With fiendish suggestion of cure it lies ambushed in the mother's remedy for ailments of her children, and hid in the darkness of nature's most incomprehensible secret, it reaches forth the skeleton hand of Mephistopheles and touches the unfolding tissue that God is weaving into a human brain. That touch is degeneration. Not yet content it sits at the accountant's desk and blots his page with error. It takes the business routes over the traveled ways and writes the word "infamy" on the business man's advertisement. It seeks out his rivals and enemies and whispers to them the awful word, "drunkard." It seeks out his friends and teaches them to bow their heads in shame while murmuring the words of pity. When all business relations are broken and ruined the tyrant of slaves turns about and with an iron hand he grasps the man's brain and crushes reason, thought, love and happiness into the chaos of eternal ruin.

LATIN PRESCRIPTIONS.

WHY THEY ARE USED.

I DON'T see," said the man who was leaning against the drug store counter, "why a doctor can't write his prescription in English instead of Latin."

The druggist said: "You think, I suppose, that the doctor writes his prescription in Latin so it can't be read so easily—so the layman can't steal his trade and learn what he is giving him. But that's all wrong. In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language than English, and, being a dead language, does not change, as all living languages do.

"Then, again, since a very large part of all the drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopœia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English.

"But suppose a doctor did write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it calls for iodide of potassium and he gets it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take ten grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him as dead as a mackerel. That's an exaggerated case, but it will serve for an illustration. Don't you see how the Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin he can't read, and consequently doesn't try to remember.

"Now for the final reason. Latin is a language that is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get Latin prescriptions filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug store. We had a prescription come in here the other day which we had put up originally, and which had since been stamped by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?"

—New York Herald.

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MATE PALMER, Editor.

THE GROWTH OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE SENTIMENT.

THE strong patronage which the temperance crusade has received in Germany and France should put an end to the silly custom of holding those countries up to American citizens as examples of the good effects of moderate drinking. Those who were at the head of affairs and were in a position to know found that the much quoted European practice had become a national peril, and active measures have been taken to stay the tide of intemperance.

In those countries as in this it has been found that drunkenness does not pay. It closes every avenue to success and leaves a man stranded and helpless at the very doorway to his best opportunities.

There is absolutely nothing in it. Is a man ambitious? Does he hope for fame, fortune, or position? Any one, or all of these will flee the approach of the man who drinks.

Everything worth having in this world requires a clear brain and hard work, and those essentials do not result from strong drink.

But, it is argued, moderate drinking is not drunkenness, and many successful men are moderate drinkers.

No one can dispute this argument. But over against it is that other fact: "Every drunkard was once a moderate drinker."

It was to his belief in the possibility and continuance of that very condition that he owed his downfall.

It is difficult for parents properly to train their children when among the very ones whose influence over them is greatest there are successful men who are moderate drinkers. Many a mother has found her argument against the vice of drinking shorn of its force by the quick retort that Mr. So-and-So is a good man, and he takes a drink when he feels like it.

Perhaps it would be a good plan to drop the word "vice" out of such discussions. It is a hard word to use in connection with an upright individual—and some way it never makes the meaning clear. For while strong drink is a prolific cause of all the vices in the calendar, it is difficult to draw the line as to where it is a vice in itself.

It is wiser to confine the argument to the question of Danger. That holds good under all circumstances. Even the rich man over the way, who has grown wealthy in spite of certain bibulous habits is no obstacle to such reasoning. And there are so many ways in which the danger can be emphasized.

Most poisons are only dangerous to life, but alcohol is worse, for it destroys everything that makes life worth living and leaves its victim to desolation and misery. It is responsible for more mistakes, more failures, more poverty, more distress, more crimes, and more heartbreaks than anything or everything that was ever invented.

Few persons are entirely free from its withering influence; if not through any member of their own family then through some cherished friend they are made to feel its awful power.

Who shall say just how much of the poverty and deprivation—or even ill health that have tied their hands and kept them from carrying out their ambitions has been the heritage of some bibulous ancestor. The appetite for liquor may not be hereditary, but the poverty, and the weakened will and broken constitution of many an unfortunate had its cause in the inebriety of some drinking forefather, and many an innocent person is indirectly paying tribute to the addiction of his grandfather.

A young woman whose life had been a round of hardships and whose ambition for an education had been thwarted by adverse circumstances was heard to say, "Yes, life has been a hard grind, but, thank heaven, there has been no trouble from drink. And I know what that means, for my father was crippled by a blow his father gave him when he was drunk. That is what has made it so hard for us. He is never able to work for long at a time."

Poor girl, she saw no connection between the two circumstances. And many others are equally blind to the chief cause of their ill fortune.

There is nothing that can be proven in favor of alcoholic beverages. Taken in small quantities their evil effects may not be especially apparent—at least not for a time. But every one is better off without them.

Even in moderate quantities whisky warps the judgment and blunts the faculties. The real financiers and rulers of the industrial world do not depend on artificial stimulation. They do not drink and they will not countenance it in their employees.

Industrial requirements are doing much to render social drinking unpopular. An employee may not approve of the requirements—he may think it a curtailment of personal liberty, but he realizes that if he keeps his place he must obey the rules.

Never was there a time when sobriety was at such a premium. Never was there a time when drunkenness was in such disrepute.

The rush and competition in every branch of trade, the constant improvement in methods, and the broadening of fields of work all call for superior intelligence and reliability on the part of a workman. He cannot afford to muddle his brain. There are too many good men waiting for his place.

This may seem like coercion, but it is the kind of coercion that pays. It is practical temperance.

* * *

THIS unswerving demand for sobriety on the part of employes has put a new plank in the platform of all up-to-date temperance workers.

The old methods were inadequate. There were always men who could not be reached by them—men who were beyond the reach of moral suasion and failed to respond to religious teachings. These men were once the trial and the despair of the temperance worker. But science has shown that what was considered moral perversion and lack of will power was in reality a diseased condition that required medical treatment. The fact that the disease was caused by excessive drinking didn't remedy the evil. The man was sick and must be cured before he could be benefited by any other influences.

Universal prohibition may be some ways off, but in the meantime the preventive work of temperance organizations, the coercive work of industrial concerns, and the restorative work of the Keeley Cure are creating a mighty sentiment in favor of total abstinence.

DRUNKENNESS AND ALCOHOLISM.

THE view that identifies alcoholism with drunkenness and treats the latter phenomenon as the essential factor in intemperance, is notoriously current in the general mind and finds its expression, says the Lancet, in the common notion that the way to combat the social dangers of alcoholism is to legislate against drunkenness or against the conditions that are supposed to promote drunkenness.

There are two primary modes of drinking, viz.: Drinking for convivial pleasure and drinking as an aid to muscular and nervous effort. The latter of these two modes of drinking is the more common source of chronic alcoholism and, since it is through the chronic intoxication that much of the mischief of alcohol is wrought, it is also this form of drinking which mainly is of grave social significance. Convivial drinking, though it is the ordinary cause of drunkenness, tends usually to be intermittent and is therefore less likely to produce chronic alcoholism than continuous indulgence.

The mechanic who gets drunk on pay day but who, owing to the circumstances in which he works, cannot have access to liquor during the hours of labor runs no great risk of chronic intoxication. On the other hand, the dock laborer who works through the day on repeated doses of "four ale," even though he were never to get drunk, would be likely to develop the disorders of chronic poisoning, with the tendencies to morbid conduct that belong to that condition. Of course, as a matter of fact, the industrial drinker, in addition to being chronically intoxicated, is prone to get drunk as often as he can, but his drunkenness is not then the cause of his alcoholism, it is merely the expression of a secondary tendency to convivial excess.

DANGER TO CHILDREN.

A HISTORY of about 100 cases of liver cirrhosis (hobnail liver) in children has been collected by Doctor Ernest Jones. Of this number seventy-four gave a history of alcoholism, though of course it cannot be asserted that alcohol was the sole factor in them. He concludes, however, that alcohol is in children, as in adults, the most important clinical cause of true liver cirrhosis. The commonest cause of the evil in over half of these cases was administration of alcohol by the parents. They usually did so with the best intention—that of improving the general condition of a child suffering from "debility" or minor ailment. In over a quarter of all the cases alcohol was originally prescribed by the medical attendant with such vague instructions that the parents continued the habit with disastrous results. In three of the cases the medical practitioner specifically ordered an increase of the habitual alcoholic beverage, with the idea of treating the malnutrition due to the unrecognized cirrhosis. Of the negligence displayed in the indiscriminate advocacy of "a little port wine"—no precise dose and duration of treatment being prescribed—we need hardly speak, though unhappily it is today only too frequently to be found. Such negligence cannot be too strongly condemned, for the evil results, both direct and indirect, are sufficiently obvious to any well-informed medical practitioner. Every practitioner today who administers alcohol to a child, except under rare and very temporary circumstances, when it should be prescribed as a drug and if possible in a disguised form, is not only acting in defiance of the conclusions established by scientific medicine and physiology, but is helping to create, or at least to support, that popular belief in the value of alcohol and ill-health which has so many disastrous results. This consideration should ever be present in our minds, for the influence of a united medical profession consistently used against the parental administration of alcohol to children could not be overestimated.—Editorial, British Journal of Children's Diseases, October, 1907.

—Luther Burbank, the wonderful discoverer of plant life, says: "I can prove most conclusively that even the mild use of stimulants is incompatible with work requiring accurate attention and definite concentration. To assist me in my work of budding—work that is as accurate and exacting as watchmaking—I have a force of twenty men. I have to discharge men from this force, if incompetent. Some time ago my foreman asked me if I took pains to inquire into the personal habits of my men. On being answered in the negative, he surprised me by saying that the men I found unable to do the delicate work of budding invariably turned out to be smokers or drinkers. These men, while able to do the rough work of farming, call budding and other delicate work 'pottering,' and have to give it up, owing to an inability to concentrate their nerve force. Even men who smoke one cigar a day cannot be trusted with some of my most delicate work. No boy living would commence the use of cigarettes, if he knew what a useless, soulless, worthless thing they would make of him."

Alcohol is a narcotic poison, of which the pernicious effects are to be seen on every hand. Its use is attended with dangers that attach to the prescription of no other substance in the pharmacopoeia: these dangers are not moral only, but physical, resulting from the action of alcohol on the tissues generally, but especially on those of the nerve centers. The use of alcohol as a medicament or alimentary substance for patients suffering from specific infective fevers will soon be relegated to the limbo that has already received venesection, indiscriminate blistering and other equally barbarous and discredited treatments.—G. Sims Woodhead, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Pathology, University of Cambridge.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE.

THOSE who are interested in practical temperance should give the following letters a careful reading. They were written by men who are well known in their respective communities, and whose word may be accepted with perfect confidence. As will be seen, they are in a position to judge of the necessities of the drinking man from actual knowledge. Their opinions are founded on their own experience. They know how the drinking man deludes himself with the belief that he can give up drink. They know how he struggles and suffers and fails. They know what it means to fight physical craving with weakened will power. But they know that when every effort failed and every hope seemed dead, the Keeley Cure destroyed their craving and restored them to health. They know that what it did for them it will do for every inebriate who will give it a trial, and they tell their experience in the hope that those who are bound by drink will learn how easily they can be cured of their addictions and have a new chance in life:

Cured of Thirty-Five Years' Addiction.

FULTON, Mo., April 30, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—You will see by the heading of this letter that I have moved back to Fulton, Mo., from Brunswick, Ohio. In reply to your welcome letter, I will say that I don't know as I can add anything to what I have written before, only to say that I am still master of the situation, and I don't care how hard a drinker a man may be, if he will take the Keeley Cure he will be able to say the same thing. He will never crave a drink of liquor any more than would a little child.

I am not much of a hand to write for publication, but if I can be the means of saving at least one person from a drunkard's grave I shall be well paid for my trouble.

It has been a little more than six years since I took the Keeley Cure for inebriety, and I am very glad I can say that I have not touched a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor since. I haven't wanted any. And I want to say right here that I haven't much use for a Keeley graduate who will touch a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor—even cider; for he knows full well what effect it will have on him.

I drank more or less for thirty-five years—the best part of my life. Beside spending a fortune, it worried my family terribly until I was cured. I never shall forget how Dr. Chas. Hamilton in one of his lectures at Dwight said that when a person used tobacco it was harder for him to quit the use of liquor, or something to that effect. I had a big chew in my mouth at the time, but I fired it right out, and notwithstanding I had just eaten tobacco for thirty-six years, I have never used any since. But if I wanted to quit the use of tobacco again, I believe I would take the Keeley Cure for that also.

Assuring you that you are at liberty to publish any part of my letters that you think will help the good work along, and wishing the BANNER OF GOLD a successful year, I remain,

Yours very respectfully,
W. H. HURD.

Best Investment for the Drinking Man.

TABLE GROVE, ILL., April 27, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Another year has rolled around, which makes eight years since I went to Dwight—eight years of pleasure and prosperity.

The man who has been a slave to the drink or drug habit is the man who understands the situation. He is the man who can sympathize with the drinking man. We are the men who should try to persuade others to reform. The man who lives for himself alone is a failure in this world. Try to make others happy is my motto. If you have drinking friends who are traveling the same road that you once traveled, go to them and try to induce them to be cured of their addiction.

My friend, whoever you are, who has a good loving wife and nice rosy-checked children, stop and think just a minute. Every drink that you take diminishes the prosperity and happiness of the ones that love you; of the woman that you promised to love and protect. Stop now! If you can't quit drinking without help, go to Dwight or some of the other Keeley Institutes and take the cure. You can't invest your money anywhere else where it will pay as big dividends if you are a drinking man as to take the Keeley Cure.

I think that the Keeley Cure is the greatest institution under the shining sun, and I think that each graduate of a Keeley Institute, after receiving the blessing of a cure, ought to try and influence others to go and be cured. I don't believe that there is any person who has become so degraded through drink but that he is still too good to fill a drunkard's grave.

Wishing the Keeley Institute and the BANNER OF GOLD long life and much success, I remain the friend of both.

Respectfully yours,
WM. H. MARKWELL.

Took the Cure Thirteen Years Ago.

PULASKI, IOWA, May 1, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—The older I grow and the more of the world I see the stronger I get in the belief that the greatest thing on earth is the Keeley Cure. I am doing fine, and have no desire for liquor.

Thirteen years ago the coming August I arrived in Dwight, seemingly a total wreck through drink. I remained there under the care of the Keeley Company for four weeks, and it gives me great pleasure to state

that I have never touched a drop of liquor of any kind since that time. I hold a very responsible position as traveling salesman for Rochester Stamping Company and the Robeson Cutlery Company of Rochester, N. Y., and I feel that I have the confidence of my employers and friends. I am just as enthusiastic about the Keeley Cure as I was when I left the Institute. I have taken three friends to Dwight for treatment and they are all doing well. I took a great deal of interest in Keeley League No. 1 when at Dwight, and I enjoy reading the BANNER OF GOLD. I always have a good word for the great institution at Dwight, and I hope that every man who wishes to get rid of the dreadful disease of inebriety may go there and take a four weeks' course of treatment.

Sincerely yours,
K. P. LAW.

A Southern Postmaster Writes of the Cure.

SHELL BEACH, LA., April 2, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Yours of the 22d at hand, and my wife made me sit down and answer it right away. She reads the BANNER as soon as it comes and thinks it's all right. I am always glad to say or do anything I can for the Keeley Institute, as I am sure it has saved lots of my old friends as well as myself, and I always answer all letters with regard to the Keeley Cure as I would from my best friend.

Drink does not bother me. It has been nine years since I was at Dwight, and I never have tasted whiskey since. The longer a person keeps from drinking the less he thinks about it. I would like to spend a week or two in Dwight if I had the time. I think well of any man who tries to rid himself of the whiskey habit. It is no drawback to a man to take the Keeley Cure. Tell the patients that when they go home they will be glad they took the cure, and their families will be proud of them.

We have the finest climate in the world down here. It is a rice country, the same as Illinois is a corn country. There are great places for investment, and the fishing and hunting are as fine as can be found anywhere.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN BRESNAN.

No Desire for Intoxicants.

CLARENCE, IOWA, May 6, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Dear Sirs:—As it is three years today since I graduated from your Institute, I thought it my duty to write and let you know how I have been conducting myself since I left you. I know your thoughts are with those who have returned to their homes as well as those who are taking treatment at the present.

In answer to your thoughts regarding myself, would say that I am getting along nicely, have a good business, am feeling first-class, and saving a little of my hard-earned money. I have never had the least desire for anything in the line of intoxicants and have never craved for a drink since I left you, and, truth to tell, simply hate and despise the stuff. I have often said if I could get a vacation for a week or so there is no place I would sooner visit than Dwight. I think of you all quite often and enjoy telling my friends of my four weeks' stay with you. I enjoy telling about the Institute, the privileges, club room, the lectures, and the kind treatment of all the officials and doctors, which in itself is a great stimulant to a man that enters your Institute with his brain and nerves shattered, pride and ambition gone, and nothing he cares to live for; but, presto! in a day or two he commences to think there is something brighter and better in this world for him, and as the time advances his mind becomes elevated higher and higher, until before he has left you he is all swelled up with bright prospects for the future.

Assuring you I will do all I can to help the good cause along, and sending my best regards to you all, I am,

Very truly yours,
S. A. DEAN.

Cured of Tobacco, Drug and Liquor Addictions.

RENSELAER, IND., April 26, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I am always willing to contribute my personal testimony on any line when I feel that it may be helpful to those of my fellow men who are in distress, and thinking you would like to hear from me with reference to my experience with the Keeley Treatment, I send you this communication, with permission to publish it in the columns of your paper if you so desire.

I began the use of tobacco in 1850, and first used morphine in 1869, using the latter only occasionally until 1890. I went to Dwight, Ill., for treatment, February 2, 1896. I was then sixty-one years of age, crippled with rheumatism, and had drank whiskey for forty-one years, and used tobacco to drink excess all that time. I did not become a daily user of morphine until 1890; previous to that time I would take a little after the long-continued drinking of a large amount of whiskey, also after the excessive use of tobacco. Morphine seemed to settle my nerves so that I could write and attend to my business. When I used morphine I could curtail the use of tobacco and whiskey. I used it also for pains caused by neuralgia, then for rheumatism, which pains I now believe were caused by the nicotine poison in my system resulting from the excessive use of tobacco. I tried to quit the use of morphine and would go days without it, but in its place used large quantities of whiskey. When in this condition I could not work. I increased the quantity of tobacco until obliged again to resume the use of morphine. I tried to substitute quinine and other drugs, but they did not relieve the desire for either morphine or whiskey. For many years I could not begin the

work of the day without my toddy or some kind of drug. I went to Dwight in 1896, and took the treatment for tobacco, drugs and whiskey, and in less than five days I had no craving for any of them.

The Keeley Treatment for tobacco, alcohol and opium is all that is claimed, and in many cases it cures the diseases that first induced their use. I believe that all who take the full course of treatment are cured; and if they do not retain their cure they alone are responsible for its surrender. I found the associations and moral and social atmosphere at the Institution helpful adjuncts, inspiring the co-operation of all in their own behalf. New patients were taken in hand by the older ones, and received their kind assistance until it became natural for them to fall in line as members of the graduating class under treatment. After a few days they hardly remember that tobacco, whiskey or any other drug was ever a necessity, and give the Keeley Cure confident permission to accomplish its purpose.

It is more than twelve years since I took the Keeley Cure, and I have not felt the least inclination to taste any of those things to which I was addicted, and I do not believe that there longer exists any necessity for an inebriate, whatever his addiction, and who can reach a Keeley Institute, to remain in the toils.

Very truly yours,
R. C. DOWLER.

The Only Remedy for the Drink Curse.

MANISTEE, MICH., May 21, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is now six years since I took the Keeley Cure, and I am still of the same opinion as heretofore concerning its worthiness. I look back upon those years as the happiest years of my life. I had been drinking since I was a boy. To say that I am grateful to the Keeley Institute for what it has done for me would be putting it mildly. I shall forever remember the people who cured me of the drink habit.

The Keeley Cure is the only remedy for a man who wants to rid himself of the drink curse. I always tell people what it has done for me, and will also do for anyone else who is in need of it.

You are at liberty to publish my letters at any time. I never have had occasion to regret having taken the Keeley Cure, and anything I can do to encourage anyone in need to take it I will gladly do.

Yours for success,
129 Cypress street.
H. J. HANSEN.

Never Felt Better Than Since Taking the Cure

LOGANSPORT, IND., May 5, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your letter was forwarded to me in New York, where I was visiting. I am still on the water wagon, and am glad to say that I have had no trouble whatever in protecting my cure—in fact I never felt better in my life. I hope to visit Dwight some time in the near future if the Lord spares my life, as I have a warm feeling for the Leslie E. Keeley Company, and the people connected with their grand institution. I have spoken to several of my friends who are in need of the treatment. I find it hard to convince them that they need it, but will keep working on them just the same. I can't for the life of me see how I did any business at all when I was drinking.

With best wishes for your success, I remain,
Yours truly,
JOHN E. DOWLING.

Took the Cure Four Years Ago.

BEAVER FALLS, PA., September 19, 1907.

Mr. J. N. Burson, Manager The Keeley Institute, 4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.—Dear Sir:—Just four years ago I took the Keeley Cure for the liquor habit at your Institute, and wish to state that I have never had a desire for drink since and enjoy the best of health. Life is worth living when you are not drinking.

I trust you are doing a good business, because the more people you cure, the less misery there will be in the world.

You are at liberty to use this letter in any way it may influence some man who drinks to take the cure.

Very truly yours,
P. W. KUEHNER.

707 Seventh Ave.

Has Stood the Test of Fourteen Years.

PORT HURON, MICH., April 24, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I took the treatment at Dwight in September, 1904, and am glad to do anything I can to help the cause. The Keeley Cure has made men out of about all the wayward boys in our city. I always use my influence whenever an opportunity presents itself, and will continue to do so. It was through my influence that Mr. M., of this place, went to Dwight, and he is now as fine as silk. You are at liberty to publish any letter that I write, as I am only too glad to have my name in print in connection with having taken the cure.

Yours very truly,
E. M. CARRINGTON.

Cured of Morphine Addiction.

WILLIAMSBURG, PA., November 5, 1907.

Mr. J. N. Burson, Manager The Keeley Institute, 4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.—Dear Sir:—It has been eleven years since I took the Keeley Cure for Morphine after having used it twenty years, and often used as much as twenty grains of morphine daily. My health has been good since and I am very grateful for what the cure did for me. You are at liberty to use this letter as reference if you so desire. Wishing you every success, I am,

Very truly yours,
MRS. ANNA BIDDLE.

THE SALOON AN ENEMY TO THE LABORING MAN.

AN ADDRESS BY JOHN F. CUNNEEN, MEMBER OF INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS, CHIEF SIR KNIGHT OF KNIGHTS OF FATHER MATHEW OF CHICAGO.

THE closing argument in the local-option campaign at Decatur, which resulted in an overwhelming majority for prohibition, was made by Mr. John F. Cunneen, editor of the C. T. A. U. Department of the BANNER OF GOLD, who delivered an eloquent address to an audience of five thousand people in a grand rally at the tabernacle, Sunday evening, April 5th. Mr. Cunneen spoke for nearly two hours, taking up the strongest arguments of the opposition, and dealing with the liquor problem in a logical and common-sense manner. Mr. Cunneen is a machinist by trade, a member of the International Association of Machinists, and his heart is in the work of advancing the interests of the laboring man. He has found that strong drink is the workingman's worst enemy, and he is doing his utmost to destroy its power. Although still a young man, he has been identified with some of the most practical temperance movements of the age. He is Chief Sir Knight of the Knights of Father Mathew, of Chicago, and ex-president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois. Mr. Cunneen is a firm believer in the efficacy of the Keeley Cure. He believes that the temperance pledge is good for the total abstainer and the person who has not become diseased through alcohol. But he believes that it would be better for the temperance society, the individual, and humanity in general, if victims of alcohol were first ordered to take the Keeley treatment. Mr. Cunneen is quiet and unassuming in manner and retiring in disposition; but when he discusses the liquor question he speaks like one inspired by a mighty purpose. He has had few of the advantages of education, but he has made the best use of his opportunities. He has mastered his subject. He is a natural orator—a man with a message for humanity. We publish the address, as follows:

Workingmen should be leaders in the movement to abolish saloons, for the liquor traffic stands today the greatest enemy of the workingman. For twenty-five years I have been working in workshops. In peaceful times and in times of strikes, in prosperity and adversity, I have noticed that drink and the saloon have proven the greatest impediments to the workingman's success.

Today the terrible cry in the land is the cry of the unemployed. There are more than four million people who are out of work; men able and willing to work, seeking work, but unable to secure work because there is no work to be had. We are told that there is an over-production in shoes, clothing, furniture, household goods, and the like; but how can there be an over-production in those commodities when there are millions of people in need of the necessities of life?

FACTS SHOWN BY GOVERNMENT STATISTICS.

Many reasons are given for the unfortunate condition of the working man, but the chief reason is one to which too little attention is given. Let us examine the government figures which tell us of the amount of money that goes back directly to labor when money is spent for certain commodities. These figures are not made up by temperance people, but are given to us by the United States Government through the Bureau of Labor and Commerce. It says that for \$100 spent for boots and shoes \$20.71 goes back to labor. (The difference between \$20.71 and \$100 goes for rent, profit, interest, taxes, etc.) Of \$100 spent for furniture, \$23.77 goes back to labor; of \$100 spent for hardware \$24.15 goes back to labor; of \$100 spent for clothing, \$17.42 goes back to labor. But out of \$100 spent for liquor only \$1.23 goes back to labor. Is it any wonder, then, that the workingman will suffer when money is spent for that which gives so little work to the workingman? The United States Government, through its Bureau of Labor and Commerce, also tells us that it takes \$8,837 of capital to keep one person employed in the liquor business, while it only takes \$771 of capital to keep one person employed in the shoe business; \$1,018 of capital to one person in the clothing business, and only \$2,200 of capital to keep one man employed in the iron and steel business. There is a brewery in Chicago capitalized for three hundred thousand dollars, and it employs only sixty-seven men, while near it is a glove factory capitalized for five hundred thousand dollars that gives employment to twelve hundred people. The stock yards and packing industries of Chicago give employment to twenty-five thousand persons. If the same capital used in the conducting of this business were turned into the manufacture of liquor it would give employment to only six thousand persons, which would throw nineteen thousand persons out of work.

There are more than two hundred and fifty thousand persons employed in the various manufacturing industries of Chicago. If the capital used in the manufacture of liquor it would give employment to only about forty-five thousand persons, thereby throwing more than two hundred thousand persons out of work in the city of Chicago alone. The United States Government figures inform us that there was more money spent for liquor in the United States last year

(1907) than ever before in the history of the country, and yet we had a panic. If the spending of money for liquor would give us good times why was it that we had a panic, and the throwing out of work of a vast army of people immediately after the spending of the greatest amount of money for liquor? The people of Great Britain spend more money for liquor per capita than do the people of the United States. Why is it that the workmen of Great Britain do not get half the wages paid to the workmen in the United States? If patronizing the rumshop and giving money to make the liquor traffic flourish helped the workmen, why is it that they are worse off here the most money is spent for liquor? The great John Burns, of England, that magnificent labor leader, has appealed to the working men of Great Britain to shun the public house, and not to support the liquor traffic. He says that the industrial superiority of the workmen in America is due to the reason that they do not spend as much money for liquor as do the workmen of Great Britain. But our liquor bill of \$1,200,000,000 a year shows plainly that we spend too much money for liquor, and that fact accounts for many of the ills we are suffering. The workingman will help himself most when he places himself in opposition to the saloon and the liquor traffic—his worst enemies.

A WORLD QUESTION OF THE DAY.

It is said that the saloon is the poor man's club. But what about the poor man's wife and children—where is their club? The saloon is, in a sense, the poor man's club—it clubs him out of his money, his brains, health, strength and character. It clubs him out of work, when it has clubbed the strength out of him to properly perform his labor. As long as the poor man makes the saloon his club he will never be anything else than a poor man. The rich men will not live where there are saloons. They will have the land deeds fixed up so that no saloons can be established, or they will have laws made to bar out saloons. Some Christian people ease their consciences by having laws made to keep the saloons away from the church doors; but when you drive the saloons away from the rich man's home and the doors of the church, you drive them to the homes of the poor people—the least able of all to withstand their ravages. The poor man cannot drive the saloon away from his door with money, like the rich man, for he has not the money; but he has a vote, and with that vote he can, and should, drive the saloon away from his door.

I have worked in the workshop along with men from the old country, and good men they were; but they had the old-country idea about the saloon and liquor, and could see no harm in them; and they raised their children with the same idea. But I have heard many of the old-country fathers complain about the way their boys had turned out. Many of them when they grew up and began to earn money became frequenters of the saloon. Instead of bringing their pay envelopes home to their parents they would tear them open and spend a large portion of the money with their companions in saloons. It would be then that the old-country father would find fault; but in most instances it was too late then to save the boy from a saloon career. Drink and the saloon are more damaging in this country than in any other place. Here we have a large expanse of prairie, which gives greater play to electrical currents, and develops in the American people a temperament which makes them easier victims of alcohol. Then we have the extremes of heat and cold, which have a like effect; so that everyone here—adopted citizens as well as native Americans—should be against the American saloon. While the liquor question is being agitated here, it is a world question of the day. The great men of France are crying out against alcoholism, saying that it is deteriorating the French nation. The great men of Germany are also warring against liquor. Only a few months ago our papers gave accounts of a delegation of people of Berlin who waited upon the street railway managers and appealed to them to have special cars to take home the drunks so they would not annoy the sober people going home late in the evening. In Great Britain they have a bill before parliament to do away with thirty thousand saloons in Great Britain.

It is not necessary for a man to be a total abstainer in order to vote against the saloon. Many drunkards will vote against the saloon, knowing that with the saloon out of sight there will be a chance of saving themselves from "drunkards' graves." Many moderate drinkers, who have no intention of becoming teetotalers, will vote against the saloon because of the evils that go with the saloon. But there are many men who really believe that drink is good for them, and who intend to vote for the saloon so that it will be easy for them to get drunk. A total abstinence argument is necessary to convince them that intoxicating liquor is neither good nor necessary for them. Samson, the strongest man who ever lived, was a total abstainer. Samuel, the wisest of judges, was a total abstainer. St. John the Baptist, of whom it was said none greater was ever born, was a total abstainer. Great athletes preparing for great feats of strength and skill must let liquor alone when preparing for a contest. No one would give any consideration to them if they were to touch liquor. If liquor increases strength, skill and endurance, why is it not given to those training for contests where perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars are at stake? The facts prove that liquor would injure instead of benefiting them, and would doom them to defeat.

HOW LIQUOR POOLS THE PEOPLE.

Some will say that liquor is good in cold weather; but Arctic explorers going to discover the north pole leave liquor alone, knowing that it is almost sure death to drink it in the cold regions. Those going to the torrid zone are told to leave liquor alone if they want to come back alive. Yet you will find men who will tell you upon a cold day that they took a

drink of whisky and it warmed them up; and the same fellows upon a hot day in July or August will tell you that they took a drink of whisky and it cooled them off. It shows what a deceiver liquor is, and how it fools the people. There was once a man who believed that his bones had turned into chalk, and that if he were to move he would break in pieces. He laid in bed and screamed when any one came near him. Neither his physician nor his relatives could convince him that it was simply a case of imagination. They finally told him that they would take him to a hospital, where he could be cured of his trouble. They lifted him tenderly, placed him in an ambulance, and drove to a railroad track and laid him across the rails just as a train came thundering down the track. The frightened fellow screamed to them to take him off; that his bones had turned to chalk, and that if he were to move he would break to pieces; but they let him lay, and when the engine got close to him he jumped up and ran out of way, convincing himself and everyone else that it was a case of imagination. Now the man who believes drink is good or necessary for him is just as much deluded on this proposition as the man was who believed that his bones had turned to chalk.

Some people tell us that they regard the respectable saloons as all right, but they are against the low-down dive. But the young man starting out in life would not begin a drinking career in a low-down dive. Such a place would repel him, and if that was the only kind of a saloon open to him he would not be apt to begin a saloon career. But when there is the so-called respectable saloon with its fine furnishings, where leading men go in and drink, the young man thinks it is all right for him to drink in such places too. But facts prove that the young man who begins his drinking career in the so-called respectable saloon usually winds up in the low-down dive, the dive merely finishes up the work begun in the so-called respectable saloon—so the respectable saloon is the more dangerous of the two.

We have nothing against the saloon-keeper as a man, but we do object to his business. We might regard him as the poor man regarded the bedbug when he said, "I have no objection to the bedbug as a bug. I only object to the way that he gets his living." The saloon can thrive only by flourishing the lifeblood of the people, and as the saloon flourishes the people go down in degradation.

A PRIEST'S CONDEMNATION.

No words of mine can describe the saloon as it ought to be described, so I will quote the words of a Roman Catholic priest, of an eastern diocese, who said:

We will not trouble ourselves about what the saloon might have been, or try the difficult task of finding an ideal saloon. We will concern ourselves only with the saloon, as it is here and now.

The saloon is a place where men, women, and children, having the necessary money, get drunk—and get drunk. It is a school wherein husbands and fathers learn to be at ease about ill-clad and ill-fed wives and children, and to fling away to the winds notions called honest pride and laudable ambition, for the solid gratification of their palates, and sensible "feeling good" all over. It is a school wherein husbands and fathers learn to forget their husbands' homes and their own, and to steel their hearts against the cries of neglected little ones. It is a school wherein sons learn to despise the quiet pure joys of home, to be out of the word, in act, in aspiration, and to fetter themselves body and soul with the drink demon's chains. It is a school wherein daughters learn the shortest way to break their parents' hearts, to think a blush a weakness, to prize drink more than decency, to become viler than the mud in the city's streets.

The saloon is the friend of the drunkard, the gambler, the prostitute, the blasphemer, the profaner of Sunday, the corrupt politician, the ballot-box stuffer, the "repeaters," the law-breaker of every name. The saloon is, in a word, the friend of all that is evil, of naught that is good. It defiles all that it touches. It makes the good bad, and the bad worse. Like a culture, it corrupts the young; it debases the old; it breeds and fattens on physical and moral dirt, disease and degradation. It breaks hearts, wrecks homes, infects society, betrays the state, and is the foremost ally of the devil against the church and God.

It is the vestibule of hell. Read over its door, "Leave home behind." Farewell, indeed, to hope of honest wealth, of honorable fame, of happy life, of holy death, of heaven. Once he enters the saloon, the man is on a downward slide, and the graduates of the saloon. In the gutters they wallow. In low dens and brothels they lead living deaths. In gloomy prison cells they pine and rot. In madmen's cages they rage and howl. One great cry goes up: Give the price of blood. Only God's omnipotence can snatch them from the one ending of the road they have taken—hell. It could, but will it?

Is there such a thing as a model saloon? Years ago, near where I live in Chicago, there was a man who took compassion upon the poor workmen that he saw going into saloons, leaving their money and going home drunk to their families. He said that he would start a model saloon, so that the poor workmen could get their drink and go home sober to their families. He had property and money to spare, and he started his model saloon. He would not sell liquor to any one who ever got drunk, would not sell low or common in his saloon, and would allow no cursing or obscene language in his place. He would sell only two drinks at a time, and he closed the saloon at 10 o'clock and kept it closed all day Sunday. He kept a model saloon, but lost money until he was forced to give it up. Some time ago the papers gave an account of a man starting a model saloon in Detroit. He was going to elevate the whole saloon business of the United States, but three months later there was an item in the papers telling how the sheriff had taken possession of the model saloon, the model saloonkeeper having become bankrupt. It is a peculiar characteristic of the saloon that those who patronize it prefer the free-and-easy saloon, and the man who tries to conduct a respectable saloon is driven out of business by the man who has no scruples about the way he conducts a saloon. There are few independent saloon-keepers today, as saloons are more and more becoming monopolized by the trusts, and the agent who brings to the trust the greatest profits, no matter how obtained, is the kind of a man they want.

THE SALOON-KEEPER'S LIFE NOT AN EASY ONE.

It is an act of kindness to vote the saloon-keeper out of business. I have worked in the shop along with

men who had been in the saloon business, and they said that they enjoyed life much better working in the workshop than they did when they were in the saloon business. They said one of the most miserable of existences was to sit in the saloon and wait for hours for a customer to come in, and it was too often the case that when they did come and get a few drinks they would become quarrelsome and use profane and indecent language. If the saloon-keeper had any kind of a conscience he knew it was not right to permit such conduct in his saloon. If he tried to stop it he probably would have trouble on his hands. The saloon-keeper's customers nearly all consider themselves privileged to abuse him to their heart's content, and seem to think it is a part of a saloon-keeper's business to take the abuse that his customers may desire to heap upon him. In the late hours of an evening when it is time to be in bed there usually are fellows in a saloon finishing up getting drunk. It is a strong temptation for a saloon-keeper to take a man's money and let him get drunk, but if he refuses to do so he is liable to have a fight on his hands. It is often in the wee hours of the morning when a saloon-keeper gets into bed, and he is hardly dozing upon his pillow when there is a bang at the door, given by the fellow around early in the morning looking for an eye-opener. So the saloon-keeper's life is not such an easy one. Some may say there is money in it, but who ever heard of the money made in the liquor business descending to the third or fourth generation. It is like the money obtained by cities from saloon revenue—nobody knows where it goes to. A curse seems to go with the money got in the liquor business, and it brings no luck to those who get it. No leading fraternal society or insurance company will give insurance to those engaged in the liquor business, because their occupation is an extra hazardous one. Statistics show that the death rate among saloon-keepers is greater than among switchmen on the railroads. When you vote the saloon-keepers out of the saloon business you actually are voting to save their lives. Saloon-keepers will gain more than any one else from the closing of saloons, and they really should head the local option procession. Don't hesitate to vote the saloon-keeper out of business, should he object. Last fall, in another city where they were voting upon the saloon question, there was a man who had at one time a business worth eight thousand dollars. He patronized the saloon and finally lost all that he had. Word went around the city that he was going to vote against the saloon, and one of the saloon-keepers met him and said to him, "Say, Jim, you're not going to vote to put me out of business, are you?" But Jim replied, "You bet I am. You fellows put me out of business." Where is the saloon that will not put you out of business if you patronize it enough? When a no-license vote is about to be taken the saloon gets very good, but let the people remember the old adage: "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be; but when the devil was well, the devil a saint was he." Depend upon it that if the saloon wins it will be the same old saloon.

PROHIBITION GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE.

They tell us that prohibition does not prohibit, and that if you abolish saloons there will be more drinking and more drunkenness than ever. Why, if that were so the liquor people would be the most enthusiastic prohibitionists in the land. They are in the business to sell liquor and make money, and if they could sell more under prohibition, depend upon it they would be out for prohibition. But the way they fight prohibition and local option laws tells plainly that they take away the profit of the liquor traffic. When the state of Oklahoma abolished saloons, the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company, of St. Louis, said they lost a million dollars. If the brewing company lost it the people of Oklahoma must have it. It is good for the people every time that the liquor traffic anywhere loses money.

They tell us that if you drive the saloons out of your city there will be people who will go a long way to get liquor. Well, it's a long way to hell, and there are some people going there, but that is no reason that you should make a hell of your city for their accommodation.

They tell us that there is more excitement in drinking towns than in temperance towns. Yes, and there is more excitement at a slaughter house where cattle are killed than out upon the pasture where they live and grow. Drinking towns are slaughter towns of the human race. The man who wants fun and excitement by the destruction of his fellow beings I place in the same category as those people of old who gathered in an amphitheater and had human beings torn limb from limb by wild animals for their amusement.

But there is a most important reason in the minds of the people for retaining the saloon, and it is the greatest obstacle that the temperance leaders have to contend against. It is because too many people worship the almighty dollar instead of worshipping Almighty God. What shall we do to make up the money we shall lose in license fees when we outlaw the saloons? Well, where does the saloon get the money that it turns over in license fees? The saloon takes the money from the people, and many times over the license fee. The average American saloon takes from the people an average of \$7,500 a year. Here you have sixty-three saloons which will take according to that rate, \$472,500 a year, and out of this vast sum of money they give back in license fees only \$31,500. Oh, what a bargain! If instead of the people spending their money for liquor they would spend it for more eatables, shoes, clothing, books, household goods and building of new homes, it would give more business to the merchants. They could have larger stocks of goods, bigger buildings, more clerks, and attract more trade from the surrounding country. The workmen would have more work, and property would increase in the city. When the tax assessor went around there

would be more property to tax, and in time this would bring into the treasury many times the amount of money lost by abolishing saloons. Where saloons exist merchants must charge more for their goods to make up for the bad debts caused by those who spend their money in the saloon. Merchants hold the trade of their own city and attract trade from the surrounding country by offering the best bargains. No matter how much people may dislike a nationality or an individual, they will not hesitate to trade with them if they offer the best bargains. In saloon cities landlords must charge more rent for their houses in order to make up for the loss of rent caused by those who spend their money in saloons and would sooner move than pay rent. Saloons by increasing crime, pauperism and insanity, greatly increase the expenses of the city, county, state and nation. It has been well said that "for every dollar the government gets from the liquor traffic it must pay back from fifteen to twenty dollars to care for the results of the liquor traffic.

RECRUITS FOR THE SALOON.

The financial prosperity of the thousands of cities throughout our land that have abolished the saloon is proof of their wisdom from a dollar-and-cent standpoint. But even if a city had to make up every cent by taxation of what it would lose in license fees by the abolishment of the saloon, yet there is another reason more important than all why the saloons should be outlawed.—The saloon cannot exist without making drunkards. The drunkard will die, the moderate drinker will take the drunkard's place, and the boys of your city will take the moderate drinker's place and march on to a drunkard's grave. When you license the saloon you sell your boys, and what do you get for them? The saloons pay \$31,500 into your treasury. Divide that money among your 33,000 population and it would amount to only \$1.05 per capita. At the rate of 75,000 deaths a year, three out of every twenty-one persons are going down to a drunkard's grave. One out of twenty is going to the jail, penitentiary, gallows, insane asylum or poorhouse through strong drink. One boy out of every five is doomed to ruin through the open saloon; one out of every seven to a drunkard's death. You have here in your city about eight thousand boys under twenty-one years of age. The open saloon means the ruin of about sixteen hundred of them. It means that about eleven hundred of them are to die drunkards' deaths. If a man came to your city and interviewed the fathers and mothers and told them he was going to take all of the boys of the city, according as they grew up, into a society, a very lively society with plenty of music, fun and excitement, but that one out of every five boys was to go to ruin, and one out of every seven was to die, for the society was to be a death lottery, where would be the father or mother who would say to that man, "You may have my boy"? He might say to them, "Don't be afraid; only one out of every seven will meet death, and it may not be your boy; it may be somebody else's boy; and then, do not forget that we are to pay into the city treasury the munificent sum of \$1.05 per capita." The thought of their boys going into a death lottery, where one out of seven would meet death would drive terror into a father's or mother's heart. They would look upon a man who came to them with a proposition of that kind as the worst lunatic on the face of the earth; and if he got nothing worse than a flat-iron flying after him he would be mighty lucky. But the liquor traffic comes to you with a like proposition: give us your boys to keep our saloons going and we will pay into your treasury \$1.05 per capita; and there are people going around trying to get the city to accept the offer. All the saloons in your city, and, in fact, all the saloons in the world, are not worth one boy. There is in Chicago a magnificent government building which cost eight million dollars and took eleven years to build; but there is not one boy in your city, no matter how poor he may be, who is not worth more than that building, because in the course of time that building will crumble to ruins and there will be nothing left of it; while the boy has a soul and that soul will live forever. Place all the saloons in your city on one side, and one boy on the other side, and you should decide in favor of the boy. Kill the saloon instead of letting the saloon kill your boys. Don't be bribed with license money. People who would sell themselves so cheap should not complain if men elected to office would accept a bribe and sell the people for the money there was in it. The presence of the saloon means corruption in politics, and little wonder, for the presence of the saloon in a community where the people have the power to vote it out means corruption in the hearts of the people. Don't take the blood money of the liquor business. Remember what the Scriptures say: "Wee unto him who buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity."

WHERE PERSONAL LIBERTY SHOULD END.

We hear the liquor element crying out, "We want personal liberty." During the French Revolution one of the victims being led forth to the guillotine cried out, "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name." We might cry out today, "Oh, Personal Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name." What does the liquor traffic want personal liberty for? It kills 75,000 people in our country every year; that means 5,250,000 people in a man's lifetime of seventy years; and they want personal liberty to continue the slaughter. The liquor traffic produces seventy-five per cent of our criminals, eighty per cent of our pauperism, and fifty per cent of our insanity; and it wants personal liberty to continue to do so. It takes \$120,000,000 of the people's money every year, and it wants personal liberty to keep on taking it. Personal liberty should end where it becomes a menace to the com-

munity; and the liquor traffic long ago became a menace to the community, and should have no further personal liberty to destroy the people.

We hear it said, "Don't confiscate our property." We are not going to confiscate their property; they can keep it. But they say, "It won't be worth so much to us if you outlaw the saloon." But when the liquor traffic loses money the people have it, and they should have it. Suppose we should say to the liquor traffic, "Pay for all the damage you have done." It could not pay a fraction of a cent upon the damage it has done.

The United States Government maintains inspectors at places where cattle are killed. All diseased meat is condemned and none is allowed to be sold. The owner of diseased meat must lose the money he had invested in it, and no one says that the government is doing wrong, for the sale of diseased meat would spread disease and death in the community. The sale of intoxicating liquor not only spreads disease and death in the community, but also crime, pauperism, insanity, sin and misery, and it causes a woful waste of money. There is more need of preventing its sale than the sale of diseased meat.

We are told that you cannot make people moral by law. Well, Paris green will not make potatoes grow, but it kills the bugs and lets the potatoes grow. When the law takes hold of the murderer it may not make a moral man of him, but it prevents him from committing more murders, and his punishment deters others from following in his footsteps. The great Burke said, "It is the duty of government to make it easy for the people to do right, and difficult for them to do wrong." When the state licenses saloons it makes it easy for the people to do wrong and difficult for them to do right.

WHAT DRINK HAS DONE FOR NATIONS.

The liquor element makes the plea that the drinking nations are the great nations of the world; that the Jews drank and gave us monotheism; that the Greeks drank and gave us art and literature; that the Romans drank and gave us law; that the Teutons drank and gave us liberty; that the Britons drank and gave us commerce. What have the temperate nations done for the benefit of mankind? We have had to answer this over and over again. The Jews drank; but where is the Jewish nation today? The Greeks drank; but where is the greatness of the Greeks today? The Romans drank; but where is the Roman Empire today? The Teutons drank and "gave us liberty." Is that so? Why, they are flying away from the kind of liberty they have, to enjoy liberty under the prohibition laws of American states. The Britons drank, but they sent nearly three hundred thousand Britons down to South Africa to whip twenty-five thousand temperate Boers, and the Boers whipped them as fast as they sent them. The wise men of England saw that something had to be done. They searched England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales for temperate soldiers. They got the temperance general, Lord Wolsley, to lead them, and another temperance general, General Kichener, to assist him, and with this army they whipped the Boers. Remember the late war between Russia and Japan. There was the great Russian nation of one hundred millions of people; big, hulky Russians, liberally supplied with the Russian whisky called "vodka." Opposed to them was the little Japanese nation of thirty-two million people; little fellows who did not drink at all; but as fast as they sent over the liquor-drinking Russians, either by land or sea, the little temperate Japs whipped them. It is the history of the world that nations rise under a reign of temperateness, and go down when they become drunken. It is not the drinking people of the so-called drinking nations of the earth that make those nations great; but, on the contrary, it is the temperance and temperate people who make them great; and when any nation becomes drunken history will repeat itself and it will go down to destruction.

DRINKING SOLDIERS CAUSE DEFEAT.

There is talk of an American-Japanese war. We hear of generals of our army crying out for the restoration of the canteen. They tell us that if Uncle Sam's soldiers don't have their beer they will not stand by Uncle Sam. In the event of an American-Japanese war, if we have nothing better than drinking soldiers to send over to whip the Japanese, I am afraid that this great country of ours will go down in defeat. We should be aroused with an ambition to be a temperate nation, and have temperate soldiers to fight our battles, whenever our nation must go to war.

I heard it well said, "If our nation ever goes to ruin it will be because our people have forgotten the deeds of their forefathers who suffered, fought, bled and died that this nation might live." Every year we celebrate the Fourth of July with picnics, fireworks, and the like; but few thoughts go back to the first Independence Day, July 4th, 1776, shortly after the beginning of the great Revolutionary struggle. It was but a year and a half after the Declaration of Independence that George Washington and the Revolutionary army encamped at Valley Forge were in dire distress. They were starving for want of food; they were freezing for want of clothing; and as they marched, their ill-clad feet left their bloody marks in the snow, showing what terrible suffering they went through. One day George Washington was found kneeling in the snow, praying to the God of heaven to bring victory to the Revolutionary forces and save the nation. God answered his prayer, but it was years afterward before the last battle was fought. From that day to this our nation has been ready and willing to answer to every call to suffer, bleed and die if necessary, that this nation of ours might live. Foreign foes have been conquered and internal strife suppressed. Every evil has been crushed by the mighty moral uprising of the people. I be-

lieve that Almighty God guides the minds and the hearts of the American people and brings them safely through every crisis. I believe that this great moral revolution now spreading over the land has been instilled into the minds and hearts of the people by Almighty God, that this nation of ours might not be destroyed by the liquor traffic. The liquor traffic today is changing this "land of the free and home of the brave," into "the land of the spree and the home of the knave." I believe that if this nation lives, the saloon must die. We are not called upon today to shoulder a gun and go forth to war to suffer the terrible privations of a soldier's life; to, perhaps, bleed or die that our country may be victorious. No; and we are called upon to do is to go to the polls and cast a ballot that will save our nation. Every voter who loves his country should cast the vote that will crush the American saloon, the worst enemy this country has.

THE SALOON THE DESTROYER OF THE SABBATH.

Another reason why the American people should be against the American saloon is because it is a destroyer of the American Sabbath. The most priceless heritage of the American people is the American Sabbath. Every Christian nation has set apart Sunday as a day of rest and worship, and wherever people fail to observe one day in seven as a day of rest they deteriorate, showing the wisdom of Almighty God in commanding that one day in seven be observed as a day of rest. The saloon is changing Sunday into Sin-day, and making it as any other day of the week. As a workman I hold that workmen above all others should stand for a strict observance of the Sabbath. When we start to work in the workshop on Monday we look upon it as blue Monday because there is a whole week's labor ahead of us; but as each day goes by we become happier and Saturday is the happiest working day of all, because the next day is Sunday when we can rest. When the saloon has destroyed the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship the workman will suffer worst of all; and he will find that when he has to work seven days in a week he will get no more wages for seven days than he got for six days, and his life will be a life of misery.

The saloon-keepers of Chicago are today in rebellion against the sovereign state of Illinois. Those who stand for enforcement of law and the preservation of the American Sabbath are told by the liquor element that they are doomed politically, while those who stand for treason against the sovereign state of Illinois, for nullification of law, and for the destruction of the American Sabbath, are told by the liquor element that they shall be the rulers of our city, county and state. But the manhood of the state of Illinois is being heard from, and there is no doubt but that the whisky rebellion in Chicago will be crushed and American institutions saved.

Where is the man of a northern state who would get up today and say that he voted for slavery? He would be ashamed to own up to it. He would be ashamed to let his children or his grand-children know that he voted for slavery. Slavery was a respectable institution compared with the liquor traffic. The man who votes for the continued existence of the saloon will be ashamed of his vote all the days of his life; he will be ashamed to let his children or his grand-children know that he voted for the saloon. Vote right, and be among the heroes who helped to drive the saloon curse from the fair land of America, and you will be proud of your record all the days of your life.

THE THINGS WE MISS.

SOMETIMES A BLESSING.

"I WANTED it so badly," said the one who had just spoken of a past desire, "and now I am so glad that I did not get it. I can see, looking back, that it would have changed the whole current of my life, and changed it for the worse. I would never have attained to what I have if my desire had been granted."

One of our devotional poets asks:

"When shall I attain to this
To thank Thee for the things I miss."

It is sometimes a hard task to attain to this. We want things—want them so fervently and earnestly—and they do not come to us. It seems hard, and we are tempted to rebel. Yet in the years ahead of us the reason lies clear and plain why it is not good for us to have our way. A better path is marked out for us by a wiser One, and we are led along it gently, patiently, in spite of our murmurs and rebellion. Some day we see the hidden and better plan—some day here or beyond—and we pour out our thanks for the things we have missed.

Suppose we try to look upon our thwarted plans in this light. Let us remember that while it is good and right to make plans as best we can, it is wisest to leave their fulfillment with God, who alone can see whether they are for our good.

If they are successful let us go on with them gladly. If they fail, if the way is blocked, and we are led a way we would not go, let us comfort our hearts with the thought that some day we will see clearly where now we see as in a glass and then we will thank God for the things we miss.—Selected.

Art Department

EDITED BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

THE DIVINE FIRE.

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

HE who hath the sacred fire
Hidden in his heart of hearts
It shall burn him clean and pure,
Make him conquer, make endure.
He to all things may aspire,
King of days, and souls, and arts,
Failure, fright and dumb dismay
Are but wings upon his way.
Imagination and desire
Are his slaves and implements.
Faiths and foul calamities,
And the eternal ironies,
Are but voices in his choir.
Musician of decreed events,
All passions and all elements,
Are but golden instruments
In his glorious symphonies.
Subject to his firm decree
Are the heavens, are the seas;
But in utter humbleness
Reigns he, not to ban but bless—
Cleansed, and conquering, and benign
Bearer of the fire divine.

—Selected.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

MICHAEL ANGIO AS A SCULPTOR.

[Twentieth Paper.]

WHEN a great man seems equally great in any one of several lines, how hard it is to give him his proper niche in history! As an all-around developed man, if the great artists' names were placed in an arch arrangement, Michael Angelo's would form the keystone; but when it comes to each line of his development, we are at some confusion where to place him, as opinions differ so concerning his various attainments. One writer says he was greatest in sculpture, another in painting, while another will claim engineering and architecture as his special field. But all in all, as poet, painter, sculptor, architect and engineer, he was easily the highest mountain peak of the Italian Renaissance. Most of the Florentine painters were sculptors as well, and able to do many things with their hands, but none came up to the great genius who knew what he could do, what he wanted to do, and who compelled even the Pope to recognize his worth and his position, when they differed on a certain question.

Today we shall study Michael Angelo as a sculptor, for as sculptor the preponderance of opinion seems to place him as greatest. One authority says: "He was born a sculptor, and a sculptor he remained even when he wielded the brush. He was never a painter like Raphael. He had none of the power of composition of the Prince of Painters. When you see a picture by the latter the first thing that strikes you is the harmony of the design. It is only after you have looked at it in its entirety for a long time that it occurs to you to examine its details, and probably you will look at it for years charmed with the exquisite rhythm of the balancing lines without going further. But Michael Angelo never pleases you in this way. His composition is rarely satisfactory, sometimes confused. You do not think of looking at his pictures as a whole. It is the individual figures that seize the eye and rivet the attention."

Let us apply this criticism to the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. How differently Raphael would have painted the "Last Judgment." Instead of an avenging God, Christ would have been a benignant and merciful judge. Stress would have been laid upon the happiness of the blest rather than on the agony of the damned. A more rhythmic harmony would have prevailed—a composition easily comprehended at a glance; but there would have been weakness instead of the strength and fire and passion of Angelo's creation. Each figure attracts on its own account. Each is an amazing study in anatomical expression. Strong, passionate, wrathful, despairing, they struggle up or fall backward with superhuman force. "And paradoxical as the statement seems," says one critic, "perhaps the finest of all his statues are those created by his brush; for these prodigious forms of the Sistine vault and of the 'Last Judgment' belong to statuary and not painting. They could be transferred to marble with no loss of effect. They are self-sufficing, they exist for themselves and could be freed from the wall to which they are attached. The sculptor has made them with his brush because he was so commanded, and, because he did not have time to chisel them out of stone; but

they are the works of a sculptor, and to statues they must be compared."

No artist was ever so wrapped up in man. For the beauties of nature Michael Angelo seems to have cared nothing. The background of Raphael's pictures are frequently marvels of charming landscapes, but for all of this Michael Angelo had no eyes. His only interest was in the human form. Man was sufficient for him, and man's nude form sufficed to utter all his message.

Right here comes to my mind a significant paragraph of Berenson's in his chapter on the value of the nude in art: "We are now able to understand why every art whose chief preoccupation is the human figure must have the nude for its most absorbing problem of classic art at all times. Not only is it the best vehicle for all that art which is directly life-conforming and life-enhancing, but it is itself the most significant object in the human world. The first person since the great days of Greek sculpture to comprehend fully the identity of the nude with great figure art was Michael Angelo. Before him, it had been studied for scientific purposes—as an aid in rendering the draped figure. He saw that it was an end in itself, and the final purpose of his art. For him the nude and art were synonymous. Here lies the secret of his successes and failures."

We have compared Angelo and Raphael because they were contemporaries, because of their dissimilarities and the exalted positions of both in the world of art. Without detracting in the least from Raphael we can agree, I think, that Michael Angelo will always be more interesting, just as Browning is more so than Tennyson. To the writer the great art trio would seem to be Angelo, Wagner and Browning. (I am thinking in the present. Of course, if I were to put Angelo in his proper time historically, I should say the great triangle as composed of thought in the art world would be Angelo, Dante and Palestrina.)

At the outset of his career his efforts were directed to the attainment of an absolute mastery over the human body. By diligent study of the living model and continual dissection of the dead he acquired a proficiency in artistic anatomy that has never been paralleled, and which finds its supreme expression in the cartoon of the "Battle of Pisa." Nothing has ever surpassed the power and grace of these hurrying athletes, whose movements are so varied, so rhythmic and so natural.

You remember that up to 1503 Angelo's talents had been devoted to sculpture alone. But at this time, as previously mentioned, he entered into direct competition with Leonardo da Vinci in cartoons for the town hall of Florence. Leonardo's subject was the defeat of the Milanese by the Florentines in 1440. In this he could introduce his great knowledge and study of the horse. Michael Angelo's subject was the one mentioned in the preceding paragraph—"The Battle of Pisa," which was nothing more than a group of Florentines surprised while bathing in front of Pisa, which they were besieging.

Powerful figures in all positions—some naked, some half-clothed, form the picture, and it gave Michael Angelo full chance to display his great knowledge of the human figure. These two cartoons were never executed in fresco on walls, but formed a school for all artists of the time and their influence was felt to a powerful degree in the development of all modern art. Both cartoons perished, but not before many copies had been made, and they are now known to us through these old copies and engravings.

Our sculptor returned to his chisel and mallet only to be called away again in 1506—to Rome. Pope Julius II was the ruling pontiff and he had a magnificent plan for his own tomb. (The highest ambition of many of those old popes and civil rulers seems to have been to see which could build for himself the finest monument.)

Between Julius and Michael Angelo there was a close bond of sympathy. Both aimed at colossal achievements in their respective fields of labor. Both threw their whole souls into their work.

Julius ordered the sculptor to prepare his mausoleum, but the plan was on so gigantic a scale that the basilica of old St. Peter's, where it was to be placed, was too small, so it was decreed that a new St. Peter's should be built to hold it. In this way the two great achievements of Buonorroti's life were mapped out for him in a moment. But by a strange freak of fate, to two other architects fell respectively the planning and the spoiling of St. Peter's—Bramante and San Gallo. The former was a relative of Raphael and an enemy to Buonorroti, and so set about dethroning his rival.

To secure the marble suitable for the gigantic monument he had planned, Michael Angelo betook himself to Carrara where he spent eight weary months of exile

in the quarries. While he was thus engaged Bramante poisoned the mind of Julius against the sculptor, and by telling him it was an ill omen for one to build his tomb while living, caused Julius to abandon that project, and he was about to act on Bramante's suggestion that he put Buonorrotti to painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel—work uncongenial to our sculptor—when, after much provocation from the pope, Buonorrotti hastily sold off his belongings and stole away again to his own Florence.

He had no sooner gone than Julius realized what he had done, and tried to recall him, but Michael Angelo felt that he was as important and powerful as the pope; that he had been mistreated, and he refused to return. Not until the pope went himself for him was a reconciliation between them effected, and 1508 saw him again in Rome and painting the ceiling of the chapel (Sistine).

Much interesting matter has been written about this chapter of his life, but we must here pass it over. Let me refer you to Grimm, Mrs. Oliphant, in her "Makers of Florence," and to Symonds, for a detailed account. The mausoleum that he was to have made for Julius dwindled down to the one statue of "Moses." He accepted the order for the new work put upon him at an enemy's instigation—and painted the Sistine Chapel, the cartoons for which were ready by the summer of 1508. Four years he spent at this difficult and uncongenial task, which was completed in 1512—after many stormy scenes with Pope Julius—now grown old and querulous.

After the death of Julius, which took place a few months after the completion of these frescoes, Angelo hoped to devote his time to the mausoleum for the old pope, with whom he had so frequently quarreled, but whom he nevertheless loved. But Julius' successor, Leo X, a man unsympathetic in temperament to our sculptor, immediately set him at work upon the facade of San Lorenzo in Florence. Again he went to Carrara, where he spent the better part of the years from 1516 to 1520 quarrying marbles there and at Pietra Santa and Seravezza. A wilderness of wasted months—and San Lorenzo still unfinished.

The Cardinal Giulio de Medici (nephew of Pope Julius), had conceived the idea of building a sacristy in San Lorenzo to receive the monuments of Cosimo—the founder of the house—Lorenzo, the magnificent; Giuliano, Duke of Nerwauris; Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino; Leo X, and himself. To Michael Angelo was committed the design and in 1521 he began to apply himself to this work. This undertaking occupied his time (with rare intervals) for thirteen years—until 1534—a time most decisive in the history of Florence. Leo died, and Giulio, after a few years, succeeded him as Clement VII. Rome was sacked by the Imperial troops; then Michael Angelo quitted the statues and helped to defend his native city against the Prince of Orange. After the failure of the Republicans he was recalled to his labors by command of Clement. Again he quarried marble for the sacristy—sullenly and silently. Sullenly and sadly he chiseled year by year, "making the very stones cry that shame and ruin were the doom of his country. At last in 1534 Clement died, and Michael Angelo flung down his mallet and set out once more for Florence, leaving the statues unfinished—and as he left them so we see them to this day.

With a poem on Michael Angelo's Moses, by William Watson, we will close our study today—devoting our next paper to his statues in detail:

MICHAEL ANGELO'S MOSES.

"The Captain's might, and mystery of the seer—
Remoteness of Jehovah's colloquist,
Nearness of man's heaven-advocate are here;
Above mount Nebo's harsh foreshadow miss'd."

No Time.

To the young man or woman whose life is set to some deep purpose oft comes a time of stress and impatience when the days seem far too short to contain the duties measured out to them. "It is the age of specialties," these ambitious ones cry. "We must work and work, and lose no moment else others will snatch the prizes from before our eyes; we have no time for rest or pleasure, no time for small, homely kindnesses and lowly tasks; let unambitious ones care for these. We do not deny that they are good things, and we would gladly share them if we could; but something must be foregone in every choice, and we who have chosen these difficult ways dare not pause for a moment in the steep ascent. By and by, when we have arrived, it will be different; we shall have time to rest then, and enjoy and love our neighbors. But now we must press on; there is no other way to success but this." But is this truly the best way? Is this success at its best? Think.—F. H. Sweet.

JOHNATHAN SWIFT.

BY THE LATE JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

THE reign of Queen Anne has been aptly termed the Augustan age of English literature, and the great writers of that period are usually called "The Queen Anne's Men." They were Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and some half dozen others. Of them all Dean Swift is by far the most conspicuous as well as the grandest figure. This has not always been the opinion, and it is only within the last quarter of a century that a true estimate of Swift has been arrived at. For a hundred years the popular conception was that he was a bitter misanthrope, a modern Timon, who hated his own kind. That he had the tongue of an asp and the disposition of a hyena, and that he revelled in impurity. That he was an apostate, a skeptic and a bully, who rendered hopeless and desolate the lives of the two women that passionately loved him, and paid the penalty of his heartlessness with an old age of misery and madness. Johnson's famous line—

"And Swift expires a driveller and a show,"

has long been a familiar quotation, and has done much to perpetuate the common notion about him. These are the views one gets in reading Doctor Johnson, Macaulay and Thackeray, but it is certain that nothing can be more erroneous. Thanks to the labors of recent biographers, particularly John Forster and Henry Craik, these false ideas concerning the life and character of the great dean have been dispelled. He was, indeed, a misanthrope and despised the humanity he knew so well, but despite this knowledge, his life was a long career of active benevolence. When he was a struggling parish priest with an income of less than £100 he gave a tenth of it in charity, and his generosity increased in proportion with his income. When he achieved political power he remembered his friends, and it was through his influence that Congreve, Gay, Phillips and Rowe were given remunerative offices. Pope has repeated many times how much Swift did for him, and there was scarce one of that famous circle who did not owe something to his kindness and friendship. He never turned a deaf ear to sorrow or poverty, and when at last he took up his residence in Dublin he deprived himself of many comforts that he might relieve the necessities of the poor. Such a man might be utterly wretched and unhappy, but he could not have a bad and corrupt heart. The study of his life and writings are well worth all the time that may be devoted to them.

Jonathan Swift stands in the front rank of the world's satirists, unsurpassed even by Aristophanes or Rabelais. He was the master of a style which, for its purpose, is perfection. He was the foremost, if not the first, of modern English journalists, and his political articles are models of concise and idiomatic English, solid, unadorned, judicial in tone and restrained. Powerful as he is, he always seems to have a reserved force. He made literature the handmaid of party, and under his guidance the newspaper became a power in politics. He does not attempt to stir the passions, and in all his controversial writings he never grows excited, but addresses the reason only. He knows the world of men and women and sees little good in them, and he dissects humanity like a surgeon, robbing it of its lustre and beauty. All that he wrote has been collected and published, his letters, his journals, his essays, his poems, and his more extended works. They form many volumes, and a large part is only interesting to the political and historical student. There is, however, a considerable portion that will never be forgotten.

He was born in poverty and received his education at Dublin University by the charity of an uncle. In some studies, scholastic logic, for instance, he was but an idle student, and finally received his degree by special favor. He entered the church and at twenty-one became secretary to Sir William Temple and took up his residence at Moor Park. There he wrote two of his famous books and formed that pure attachment or friendship for Esther Johnson, the "Stella" of his journal and correspondence, which forms so inexplicable an episode in his career.

Sir William Temple was a graceful essayist who wrote pleasingly on "Gardens," "Poetry," "Heroic Virtue," "The Beautiful," "The Philosophy of History" and kindred topics. About this time the celebrated controversy as to the superiority of the ancients over the moderns sprung up and raged all over Europe. Readers of Macaulay will recall the graphic description of it in the essay on Sir William Temple. Upon this question Temple wrote one of his most graceful essays, in which he espoused the cause of the ancients. He undertook to show how in poetry, philosophy,

magic, music and literature the Greeks excelled all the moderns and by way of illustration declared that the "Epistles of Phalaris" had more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius than any other writings, ancient or modern. Now, the truth is that competent scholars had long pronounced these letters to be impudent forgeries by some late Greek writer, but Temple with the most amusing assurance pronounced them genuine, though as Macaulay says, he was no more able to construe one of them than he was to decipher the inscription on an Egyptian obelisk. On the strength of Temple's essay a new edition of "The Letters of Phalaris" was published by Christ's Church College, Oxford. This led to a controversy with Richard Bentley, the most eminent Greek scholar of his time, who proved beyond all question that the "Letters" were forgeries and without literary merit.

Swift's first work, "The Battle of the Books," was founded upon this dispute, and it is the most original and pleasing of all his works. The scene is laid in a library where the ancient and modern books engage in Homeric warfare. One of the most admired passages is the apologue of the Bee and the Spider. The spider represents the moderns who spin their scholastic pedantry from their bowels, while the bee, like the ancients, goes direct to nature. Pallas is the patron deity of the ancients and Minerva of the moderns. The latter appeals for help to the malignant goddess, Criticism, who lies in a den on the top of a mountain surrounded by the spoils of numberless half-devoured volumes. A satirical portrait of Bentley is drawn, while the battle that follows is described with great spirit.

"The Tale of a Tub" is a much more bitter satire and attacks abuses in religion. Its object is to trace the corruption of primitive Christianity, to ridicule alike the tenets of Roman Catholicism and Calvinism, and exalt the Anglican Church. It purports to describe the adventures of three brothers, Peter, Martin and Jack, who stand, respectively, for the Roman, Anglican and Calvinist Churches. Their father leaves each of them a new coat, and provides in his will how they should wear them. After some years of faithful observance of the will they meet with three ladies, Wealth, Ambition and Pride, fall into excesses and violate the will. Peter sets up for sole heir and claims allegiance from his two brothers. He invites them to dinner, sets before them a brown loaf, swears that it is "excellent good mutton," and makes them admit it is. Jack and Martin also fall out, and a storm of ridicule is poured out on Jack. It is a scathing satire on formal religion and it proved to be a bar to Swift's advancement to a bishopric. When the latter was within his grasp Queen Anne's attention was called to certain passages in "The Tale of a Tub" and she refused to appoint him.

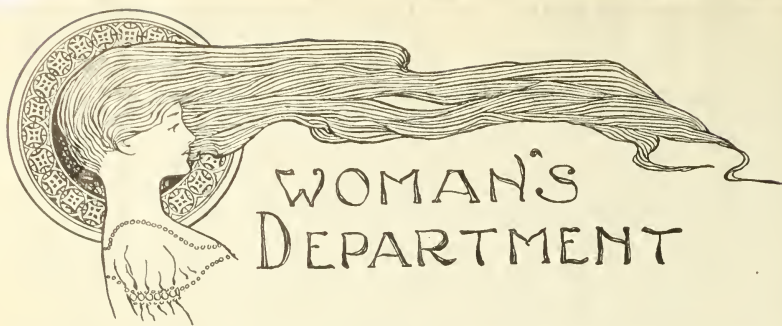
The best known and widest read of all Swift's works is "Gulliver's Travels." It is a wild fiction of giants, pigmies, flying islands and strange people, told with all the deliberation and gravity of authentic history. Lemuel Gulliver is as real a man as Robinson Crusoe, and for that reason children enjoy his stories quite as much as grown people, who can appreciate the satire. The Lilliputians exhibit the ridiculousness and littleness of human life, the Brobdingnagians its coarseness and grossness, and the Yahoos its meanness and vileness. Rarely has such an indictment been presented against humanity as may be found in these vehement satires.

Swift's poems are of a piece with his prose works and have little poetry in them save the rhyme. They are witty, incisive and compact verses, but they are artificial, and generally prosaic, and are only readable in connection with his personal life.

By nature, Swift was a misanthrope, and saw as through a microscope the shams and follies around him. He declared there was so such passion as love. When a youth at the university, he had formed an attachment for the sister of one of his classmates, a Miss Waring, to whom, as "Varina," he addressed some of his earlier letters and poems. Swift proposed marriage, but she refused him. Later, when he became more prosperous, she was inclined to encourage him, but he grew cold. His relations with Esther Johnson and Hester Van Homrigh, the "Stella" and "Vanessa" of his poems, are world renowned, but to neither of these women did he ever speak of love. It is asserted by some of his biographers, and denied by others, that he secretly married "Stella," but it is certain they never lived together, and she retained her maiden name through life.

Swift's career was strange and unhappy, made so by his turbulent pride and lofty spirit. He enjoyed great power, endured many disappointments, and died at last in a madhouse.

"If you are out of tune, everything that strikes you will create a discord."



IN PERSPECTIVE.

BY DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

THE little griefs, the petty wounds,
The stabs of daily care—
"Crackling of thorns beneath the pot,"—
As life's fire burns—now cold, now hot—
How hard they are to bear!

But on the fire burns, clear and still;
The cankering sorrow dies;
The small wounds heal; the clouds are rent,
And through this shattered mortal tent
Shine down the eternal skies.

—Selected.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

IT is claimed that good women—loyal wives and devoted mothers, sometimes unwittingly and unwillingly cause relapses among Keeley-cured men. The accusation would seem unjust as well as heartless, for they are the ones who suffer the greatest agony. The same liquor that brings a man to the lowest depths of degradation also stupefies him to such an extent that he does not fully realize either the suffering or the disgrace which he causes.

He may endure tortures, both physical and mental after each debauch, as some glimmer of his real condition appeals to his partially benumbed senses, but his suffering is mild compared with the anguish of the wife or mother, who has had every perceptive faculty quickened by bitter experience.

Surely the true-hearted, loving woman has the greater cause to dread a recurrence of the awful trouble, and she will make the greater effort to keep him from temptation.

But there are other dangers to be dreaded, other pitfalls to be avoided beside the criminal carelessness of offering intoxicants to a rescued man. There are other ways of undoing the good work than by openly urging a return to the old habits.

Constantly bewailing the sad fate that has left you a financial wreck, and building imaginary castles with the money that has been squandered for drink, is a sharp lash in the hands of a complaining woman.

Deploping the neglected and backward condition of the poor little children, who undoubtedly have been defrauded of their sweet birthright of support and protection, is another easy method of accomplishing dire results.

The man who really has been guilty of all this wrongdoing, and then has reached the place where he honestly desires to forsake his old way of life, has a sufficient burden of regrets after the Keeley Cure has cleared his beclouded intellect.

He doesn't need anyone to tell him of his lost opportunities or squandered resources. He knows all about them. He would give years of his life to undo the past and make restitution to his loved ones, and he needs the earnest co-operation and sympathy of everyone connected with him in his brave and determined effort to regain the victory over adverse circumstances.

* * *

THERE is still another cause of downfall among cured men, and while equally injurious, it perhaps lacks the element of selfishness so pronounced in other cases.

It is fear, or a lack of confidence, which says to the scared man as plainly as if the words were spoken: "I have no faith in you! I know you will drink again—perhaps not at the first opportunity, but sooner or later you are bound to go back to the old evil ways."

It is many centuries since Job said, "The thing I greatly feared has come upon me," but the principle is equally true today. What you fear you attract.

It is better to adopt as your motto, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Thousands of cases attest the fact that inebriety can be cured—the craving destroyed; you have no reason to suppose that your loved one is to be an exception to the general rule. Trust him, and let him feel that you do.

Give him the powerful help of your own untempted strength. Believe in him! Help him to justify that faith in him which will make you a happy woman.

FROM THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. WATSON.

OUR women on the Pacific coast never did better work than they have done this last year. Miss Chadwick, of Pasadena, who will go out to China as a missionary, is a granddaughter of one of the best men of my early days, Mr. Samuel Chadwick, of East Liberty. Lovely surprises have been poured in during the last few months, but the greatest of all was the Sacramento Presbyterian, held on the ninth and tenth of April in Chico. Chico is the home of Mrs. John Bidwell. Her husband, General John Bidwell, who died in 1900, was one of the best known temperance men in the land, and was the first Prohibition candidate for President of the United States. His work among the Indians was the wonder of the Pacific coast. It is faithfully carried on by his wife, who said her husband had never been cheated by either an Indian or a Chinese. Not in the last ten years has there been any singing at our general assemblies as sweet as that of Mrs. Bidwell's Indians at the Chico meeting. Think of the pleasure of hearing Indians, Chinese and Greeks repeat the Lord's Prayer in their own language. There are also Koreans in that Presbyterian Sabbath School. I never before attended such a meeting. Mrs. David H. McCullough, of Sacramento, is both Presbyterian and Synodical temperance secretary, and made her first report at Chico.

It is utterly impossible for me to give a true idea of the beauty and size of "Rancho Arroyo Chico." Eastern people know very little about the wonderful Sacramento valley, and the majority of those who come out to live in California generally invest their money in the expensive orange groves of Southern California, without ever waiting to look further, and know little of the splendid farms, fine cattle, immense wheat fields, miles and miles of first-class orchards, and thousands of magnificent oaks to be found in the northern part of this state. Round Mrs. Bidwell's home, that everyone calls "The Mansion," are to be found large, fine specimens of every tree that grows in California. The home has room downstairs for five long tables, where the ladies of Chico served lunch to the delegates. Some friends from a distance had to go home Friday morning, and then Mrs. Bidwell persuaded the ladies to fill up the tables with delegates from a conference of Southern Methodists that had been in session for two days. It was easy to understand what made a number of our ladies say: "We are sorry for a Presbyterian society that does not have a Mrs. John Bidwell."

Mrs. R. B. Goddard cheered the ladies with reports of well-done work in other parts of this state. It was a great pleasure to meet one so well fitted to preside over the missionary societies of California, as Mrs. Goddard, who is Synodical president. We were happy to meet Mrs. H. H. McCreery, of Carson City, Nevada, whose husband did so much work for the Anti-Polygamy amendment in Pennsylvania a few years ago, and also Mrs. Thomas Tracy, who was Miss Nan Dickey of Pittsburg in her early days, and who has been a foreign missionary for over thirty years.

It is utterly impossible to do justice to the work of Mrs. H. H. Harding, Presbyterian president; of Mrs.

W. C. Sherman, who conducted a model mission study class; of Mrs. L. T. Hatfield, who is so well and favorably known in foreign missionary work; and of Miss Emma Crew, the successful teacher of a large class of Chinese.

It meant a great deal to a temperance woman to see a large billboard that stands by the immense gateway of Mrs. Bidwell's home, and says in letters that can be seen a square away: "Saloons must have boys. Have you one to spare?" All along this coast, from Seattle to San Diego, a great improvement in temperance sentiment has taken place, and many thousands of men and women, in every class, creed and party, now believe that "No question is ever settled until it is settled right."

THE COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED.

BY MARY A. CORNELIUS.
Author of "Little Wolf," "The White Flame," etc.

THIS is a committee of the Association for the Advancement of Science on National Health. The writer is one of those who, at its request, is calling the attention of the public, through the press, to the importance of more effective legislation on the subject. The country at large is constantly threatened with diseases which might, with proper sanitation, be warded off. It has been discovered that tuberculosis and kindred diseases are on the increase. The committee has sent out a circular on the subject which many of your readers may not have seen. It contains an extract from a letter received from President Roosevelt, who has proved himself interested in all that relates to the country's welfare. He writes as follows: "Our national health is physically our greatest national asset. To prevent any possible deterioration of the American stock should be a national ambition. We cannot too strongly insist on the necessity of proper ideals for the family for simple living and for those habits and tastes which produce vigor and make men capable of strenuous service for their country. I can most cordially commend the endeavors of your committee to bring these matters prominently before the public."

The President also in his speech at Provincetown said: "I hope there will be legislation increasing the power of the national government to deal with certain matters concerning the health of our people everywhere. To accomplish this the federal authorities, for instance, should join with the state authorities in warring against the deadly scourge, tuberculosis. I hope to see the national government stand abreast of the foremost state governments."

To carry out the President's hope is the object of the committee. It would have the federal authorities join with the state authorities in warring against disease. Suggestions of how this is to be accomplished have found a place in various periodicals, notably the Popular Science Monthly and the Yale Medical Journal.

The people's law-makers should hear from their constituents on this important subject. Every state is vitally interested.

A DAY ON HISTORIC GROUND.

BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

SATURDAY, May 16th, the writer, in company with a few Chicago physicians, their wives and "layman" friends, left on an early morning train for that greatest of all treats to a nature-lover, a day in the country. And such a perfect day as it proved, and such a joy after our long rainy season cannot be imagined by one who was not "in it." Ottawa, with its many attractive environs, was our goal.

The country was at its best—the fresh greens of the foliage and the blossoms of the fruit trees making a picture not easily reproduced.

Debaring at Ottawa, we went first to perhaps the most beautiful point on the old Illinois River, Buffalo Rock, where our object of interest was the new Tent Villa. Buffalo Rock rises in a sheer perpendicular line from the river, but on its plateau-like top is a rich carpet of grass, moss and dainty and varied wild flowers, and many fine old forest trees. On the river side the hill is ninety feet high, but gradually slopes off to the valley on the other side.

Of course, there is an Indian tradition concerning this hill, as there is also of Starved Rock and Lovers' Leap. The story goes that the Indians used to drive the buffalo up to the top of this great hill and to the river side, where, rather than jump off, the buffalo amicably stood to be slaughtered.

Now, anyone who knows anything about the way a buffalo works his mind knows he did nothing of the kind; but it is a good story as to how the rocky upland received its name, and of course there had to be a reason. My own is that the Indians named it from its shape, as it strongly resembles the hump of the buffalo's shoulder.

After a delicious luncheon on Buffalo Rock, we became the guests of Ottawa on a trolley ride, "down the valley," following the trail of the Illini through Peru, Utica, La Salle, to the mining town of Spring Valley, which was so clean and thrifty-looking we should never have suspected it to be a mining town. Judging from the appearance of the neat and comfortable cottages of the miners, they are a well-paid, thrifty lot of men.

Of course, we saw Starved Rock and Lovers' Leap, of justly famed beauty and interest.

The writer is happy at the movement set in motion by the Geographical Society to have the state buy these points for a State Park. It should be done, by all means.

But our particular interest this day centered around this Tent Villa, which is an open air sanitarium for tired, nervous people, or those with incipient tuberculosis. While the writer is not qualified under either of these heads to become a patient, she yearns for the joy of living just about one week in one of those dainty, comfortable tents "and let the airs and outdoor sights sweep gradual gospels in" to her soul. Think of forty-eight acres of beautiful trees ninety feet above a most beautiful and fertile valley on one side and a rushing river on the other, with no sound but of the trees and the many singing birds—doesn't it sound alluring to the tired ears of the Chicagoan whose nerves are almost worn to a frazzle by the unspeakable clanging of the cash registers in our new cars? Every time the conductor rings up a fare with these instruments of Satan he shatters a nerve cell in some part of my anatomy. He rings with such diabolical energy and so suddenly that I fear I shall become a "driveling idiot" if I'm not placed in a tent on Buffalo Rock to recuperate. To lie there with an electric bulb over my head, when needed, a telephone to the main house at my elbow, and a volume of Stevenson or Sidney Lanier under my pillow—oh, Buffalo Rock, were Paradise enow!

The day that we "went Maying" down to Ottawa will always be a pleasant memory.

A NEW CLUB CREED.

THE club creed formulated by Mrs. Robert Burdette has made a wide impression, and many printed copies have been distributed. It reads as follows:

I believe in afternoon club life for women.

I believe in evening club life for men and women together, when it does not rob the home of father and mother.

I believe that woman has no right to undertake any work whatsoever outside of the home, along the lines of philanthropy, church, temperance or club life, that does not emanate from the home and in its final and best results return to the home. Home must always be the center, but not the limit, of woman's life.

I believe in equal rights in the family for father and mother in intelligence, affection and filial respect. These the club should foster.

I believe in nine-tenths of the club members doing the work and one-tenth the criticising, instead of the reverse.

I believe in individual responsibility for every interest of the club, mutual sympathy and appreciation of results.

I believe no woman has a right to accept a place on any committee unless she serve faithfully, promptly, intelligently, and is willing to stand by the results of her individual action.

I believe that women should have a moral responsibility regarding financial matters in the prompt payment of dues and pledges, and a comprehension that as no other phase of life can be carried on without money neither can the enlarged club life.

I believe in the value of a minute, and that thievery of time on the part of one late member from those in waiting is reprehensible.

I believe, out of consideration for others, in removing the hat in all public assemblies.

I believe in occupying the seat furthest from the aisle when there are others to come, and for the same reason, occupying the front seats first.

I believe that club members should restrain themselves from whispering or the rustling of skirts or papers during club sessions.

I believe no woman should seek or use official position for self-aggrandizement, or club affiliations for stepping-stones only, but that she should utilize her opportunities for the altruisms of life.

I believe the character and good name of each individual member of the club should be as sacredly guarded by all other members as are those of the family, and that the use of dishonorable political methods in club life for women will be the death knell of pure, womanly organization.

I believe the golden rule for club women should be: Do right unto others, regardless of what others do unto you.—Selected.

CURE FOR CARE.

WITHIN a garden by the cottage door
Sits an old mother, knitting busily—
Hair snowy white beneath a snow-white cap;
Eyes blue as the blue skies that arch the place;
A face all full of peace and sunny hopes.
A cheery song she sings, a moment stayed;
To count the stitches and to set them right;
Then click the needles' music to her song.
From her I learned this counsel upon care:

Don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.
Don't you look for trouble;
Let trouble look for you.

Don't you borrow sorrow;
You'll surely have your share.
He who dreams of sorrow
Will find that sorrow's there.

Don't you hurry worry
By worrying lest it come.
To flurry is to worry;
'Twill miss you if you're mum.

If care you've got to carry,
Wait till it's at the door;
For he who runs to meet it
Takes up the load before.

If minding will not mend it,
Then better not to mind;
The best thing is to end it—
Just leave it all behind.

Who feareth hath forsaken
The Heavenly Father's side;
What he hath undertaken
He surely will provide.

Then don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you;
You'll only double trouble
And trouble others too.

—Selected.

THE BLOOD SACRIFICE.

BY DOROTHY DIX.

"WHY is it," asked a man the other day, "that a woman who is good, virtuous, religious and conscientious, will not hesitate to sacrifice an innocent and ignorant young girl's happiness and life to a drunken libertine, if the drunken libertine happens to be the good woman's son or brother?"

"It is the cruellest thing on earth. It is the offering up of a helpless, living human sacrifice as a scapegoat for the man's sins. And the victim is not mercifully slain with one quick blow, as the priest did the animal before the altar; she is doomed to make her expiation for another's wrongdoing through years and years of torture, while her heart bleeds to death drop by drop.

"Women know this. They know better than any man does all that a woman must suffer who is married to a drunkard, or to a libertine whose very kiss is pollution, and who has to endure the double agony of knowing her husband faithless to her and of seeing her children with their father's curse upon them when they are born.

"All women, I say, know this. Many women have experienced it, yet it does not keep the woman, who is so tender-hearted that she stops and rescues a stray dog from the street, from trying to make a match between a pure young girl and such a man if the woman even imagines that it will help the man and the man is any one of whom she is fond.

"Let me tell you of a case that I know. A handsome, well educated, well bred young fellow met a girl in my city and fell in love with her and she with him. He lived in another city, at some distance away from the girl's home, but the girl's father made inquiries of business acquaintances concerning the young man, and got back the usual uncandid replies—that is, the good things that people like to say under such circumstances, and the withholding of the bad things that they ought to tell.

"In short, the letters said that the young man belonged to a prominent family, was well off, etc., etc., and they did not say that he was a drunkard and a rascal, and had a past that the father would not have let his lovely young daughter come in telephoning distance of if he had known it.

"Well, as soon as the engagement was announced the young man's mother invited the girl to visit her. The older woman received the younger one with open arms. She did everything on earth to help the match along.

"She covered up everything that could possibly have awakened the girl's suspicion. She never breathed one word of the things that in common honesty, in common fairness, in common decency and humanity she should have told that poor child.

"She even hustled her son out of sight, and spoke of his 'poor nerves' one time when, as the girl knew after-

ward, he had come home drunk.

"The girl married the man, and he treated her like a brute, as his mother must have known he would. He broke his wife's heart, as he had broken his mother's before; and when the wife asked the mother with tears why she had not warned her, the mother's only reply was: 'Jack was wild, and I thought that perhaps marriage would steady him.'

"That," continued the man, "is merely a sample of what happens every day, and of the cold-blooded way in which a woman will sacrifice another woman for the fancied good of her son or brother. How can she do it? How can any woman with a heart in place of a piece of ice in her bosom be so fiendishly cruel?"

"When it comes to love," I answered, "the average woman is a tigress. She cares for nothing on earth but her own, and she would sacrifice anybody or anything to her beloved. She is absolutely selfish. She can not see that any one else has any rights where her own are concerned.

"If her drunken lout of a son wants the purest and fairest girl in the community she would give her to him if she could, just as she would give him the reddest apple or the softest seat.

"If she has tried everything else to reform him without avail, she has no qualms in sacrificing a young maiden before him, because to her the end justifies the means.

"To her it seems more important that Jack should be kept straight, even for six months, than that poor little Fanny Smith should have her happiness saved from ruin.

"There is also this other excuse for the mother, that she invariably thinks her son, no matter how worthless and dissolute he is, is too good for the best woman alive.

"Suppose Jack does come home raving drunk now and then; suppose he does chase after other women; suppose there is that black episode in his past; suppose his wife does have to support him?

"Good heavens! What does the woman want? Doesn't she have him all the balance of the time? Hasn't she the privilege of gazing upon him even if he won't work? One who marries a godling ought to be willing to pay the price.

"That is the mother's attitude, for it must not be forgotten that, with all his faults thick upon him, she sees her son superior to all the balance of the world.

"Then, too—and this I think is one of the main reasons that mothers and sisters so seldom speak out and tell the girl the truth about the dissipated man she is about to marry—ninety-nine times out of a hundred the girl will not listen.

"It's no use to tell her that Jack drinks, because she fancies herself a Keeley Cure, and Jack has told her that if she marries him he will never even care to look at a highball again.

"It's no use to tell her that Jack has a wandering fancy, and that he has loved a hundred women, and kissed and ridden away; because the girl is so enamored of her own charms that she believes that she could hold any man.

"It's no good to raise the curtain on a man's dark past, because—poor, pitiful simpleton that she is—she says that she has nothing to do with that, and she is too ignorant to know that a man's past lays a mortgage on his future that he never finishes paying in this world—a mortgage that his wife must help him pay, and his children and his children's children continue to pay after he is dead. That's one reason the woman who knows doesn't speak."

"Perhaps so," sighed the man, "but if man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, woman's silence to woman breaks the hearts of half the women in the world."—Chicago Evening American.

Work Is the Tonic We Want.

The simple life is all very well and beautiful, but it often develops into the monotonous life. It is the active body and the active brain that retain youth. Keep good books on your reading table and if possible go to see good plays and attend educational lectures. There is a tremendous fascination in study, and it is a great pity that so many idle women never realize the fact that most delightful hours may be found in company with the old classics. Women who have no housekeeping duties and who spend their time gossiping with their neighbors are wasting precious time. Take up the study of languages if you are not interested in books. Or offer your services at some charity bureau. It is delightful to live a useful existence—for just about a day; after that it is extremely tiresome. Work is the great tonic. It keeps one strong and splendid and in touch with the whole world.—The New World.

DOINGS AT DWIGHT.

Mr. J. R. Oughton, the president of the Leslie E. Keeley Company, is expected to arrive in New York from Europe on Saturday, June 6th. Mrs. Oughton and John R. Oughton, Jr., will be in New York to meet Mr. Oughton and all will return together after a few days' sojourn in the metropolis.

Mr. L. P. Pritchard, of Pasadena, Cal., is spending a few days in Dwight visiting friends and renewing old acquaintances. Mr. Pritchard is a Keeley graduate of long standing and at one time was in the Keeley work. He was owner and manager at different times of several Institutes. Mr. Pritchard has retired from active business, merely making a venture in real estate in a while in California. He has been very successful. Mr. Pritchard thinks that there is no part of the world like Pasadena and that nothing would induce him to take up his residence elsewhere. He goes East from Dwight to his old home in New York State, and after a few days' visit there will return to Chicago, taking in the Republican National Convention (as a spectator) and thence home to Pasadena.

W. G. Dustin, editor of the Star and Herald, and postmaster of Dwight, has been ill for some time, but is now convalescing. Mr. Dustin is a well known Keeley graduate and will be remembered by all who used to attend the Keeley League Conventions. It is a source of regret that these conventions are no longer held. These annual gatherings were very fruitful as far as the formation of lasting friendships was concerned, and no doubt were of great benefit to those participating in them in other ways.

Major C. J. Judd, secretary-treasurer of the Leslie E. Keeley Company, is making active preparations for his annual pilgrimage to Hartland, Wis., where his arrival creates consternation amongst the finny tribes. Major Judd is an enthusiastic fisherman and as time goes on his interest in the sport is not abated a particle.

No doubt many persons were considerably interested in watching one of the visitors at a White Sox game a few days since, not merely on account of his presence, which was commanding, but because of the manifest excitement under which he was laboring. Those who did not know him supposed of course that he was merely a devotee of the game and that he attended regularly. Closer inspection, however, revealed the fact that it was Dr. Hamilton, of the medical staff at Dwight, who was off on a two days' outing in Chicago. It is too bad that at all seasons of the year they do not have morning and afternoon games, in which case Dr. Hamilton could have seen four games instead of two.

The patients at Dwight at this time seem to be enjoying themselves in various ways. The resourcefulness of patients has been proverbial for a good many years. They are fond of fun and find a good many ways of indulging this propensity, but to their credit it should be said, never to the annoyance of either their fellow patients or the citizens of Dwight. A few days since quite a party of them were seen to start off together, marching with military precision. After a short time they returned and disbanded. They had not been on any foraging expedition, but had merely been over to a vacant lot where they were all photographed upon the sprinkling cart, the best substitute of course in a village of this kind for the water wagon. They are firmly convinced that they are on the water wagon for good, and the mails are carrying copies of this photograph to the friends of the different patients as evidence of good faith.

Dr. Griggs, of the Keeley Institute staff, has returned from Florida. His advent was awaited with a good deal of interest because it was expected, and no one was disappointed, that he would bring with him from the South a fresh lot of fish stories. The doctor is an enthusiastic fisherman, or claims to be, and while no one has had any ocular demonstration of the fact, he has landed some very large fish. Of course, owing to the distance it is impossible to bring anything but the story from Florida, and Dr. Griggs has certainly brought that. Among his interested listeners are usually found Major Judd and Mr. Koehler, both of whom have the fullest confidence in Dr. Griggs as a story teller. Jew fish and pompano are frequently mentioned. There are people who say that the Jew fish is only found on the Pacific coast, but Dr. Griggs is convinced that this is a mistake, as he has frequently caught them off the coast of Florida.

Dr. Milton R. Keeley recently went to the Keeley Institute at Toronto as a relief physician. He reports Mr. Griffith as being well and doing a good business. The Keeley Institute at Toronto is established in its own building erected expressly for the purpose and equipped with every modern convenience. Toronto is a beautiful city and it is a delightful place in which

to spend a four weeks' vacation. Dr. T. B. Morrissey has relieved Dr. Keeley until a physician can be specially instructed for that Institute.

People who have never visited Dwight have no idea how attractive the village is at this season of the year. Copious rains have made the lawns beautiful, the trees and shrubs are now at their best and there is a profusion of roses upon the grounds of nearly every home. The rains have been rather more copious than the farmers would like, but they have helped the lawns and gardens. The patients seem to be enjoying the season and groups of them may be found at all hours of the day in different parts of the village, where they are constantly seeing something to excite their admiration.

Among the recent visitors at Dwight were Mr. Gottlieb Gleichmann and Mr. Rudolph Nichols. Both gentlemen are Keeley graduates and each reports himself well, happy and prosperous and as enthusiastic as ever in relation to the Keeley Cure. Each of these gentlemen was accompanied by a friend who remained to take treatment.

DOORS OF DARING.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE mountains that enfold the vale
With walls of granite steep and high,
Invite the fearless foot to scale
Their stairway toward the sky.

The restless, deep, dividing sea
That flows and foams from shore to shore,
Calls to its sunburned chivalry,
"Push out, set sail, explore!"

And all the bars at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring, set
Ajar before the soul.—Selected.

THE WRECK.

BY FRANK E. CHANNON.

[A true story.]

I MET him first in a boarding-house. He was a fine looking fellow, standing six feet two inches in his stocking-feet, straight as a lance, with a lion's head and high, brainy forehead. When I was introduced to him I thought to myself: "Ah, you are the man I would like to be." He was a typical Southern gentleman, courteous and entertaining, a well-read man with whom it was a pleasure to converse. He had served as a consul for the Government at an important foreign city.

We soon became quite intimate. Often he would drop in to see me in my little study, and I was always ready to stop my work and listen to him, for I felt my time was not wasted. I admired the man, and his spirited reminiscences of his travels in three continents furnished me with the plot for many a story. Only one thing I could not understand—Why he did not do something? Here he was, a man in his prime physically as well as intellectually, and yet he apparently had nothing to occupy his time.

My acquaintance with him did not permit me to inquire too closely, but I could not prevent myself from marveling that so brilliant a man did not occupy his time with some useful work. Our intimacy increased, and my admiration for him became greater, when suddenly one morning I received a terrible shock, and my idol fell.

I was at work at my typewriter when there came a knock at the door and he entered. I saw at a glance something was wrong, and a second look told me the trouble. He was under the influence of liquor. The shaky, nervous gesture of his hands, the bloodshot eyes, the twitching of his features—all told the story only too plainly.

I suppose my startled face made him understand just what my feelings were, for it was a terrible shock to me; I had not the slightest suspicion of his failing until then. He seated himself and buried his face in his hands. Presently he looked up, and—good God! what a fearful change was there to what I had seen only a day or so before! All the human, all the noble seemed to have suddenly left it, and in its place was the passionate, the animal, the bestial. I almost recoiled with horror at the terrible transformation. He stretched out his shaking hand toward me.

"Old man," he sighed, "now you know."

That was all, but it told the whole of the tragic story. Yes, now I knew. I sat there looking at him for a full minute, and I'll swear I never felt more like crying since I was a child. Presently I leaned toward him and spoke just one word.

"Why?" I questioned.

He flung himself back in his chair as if I had struck him.

"Don't ask me!" he almost shouted. Then followed quick the helpless confession. "God help me, I can't help it!"

Bit by bit his pitiful story filtered out. He was one of those unfortunate fellows of whom the drink fiend had got hold. For weeks, sometimes for months, he would go along without touching a drop of the poison, and then he would "break out," as he expressed it, and for days he would allow his animal passion to drag him down to the lowest depths of degradation. All reason, all sense left him; only one thing could he do—drink, drink, drink!

"But, man!" I cried, almost angrily, "can't you stop?" He shook his head—and oh, the utter helplessness of that gesture! The power, the might of this terrible drink curse was rammed home to me with a force I had never understood before. Here was this man, a giant mentally and physically, with an intelligence and a body far and away above mine, yet a slave, helpless in the fetters of the drink curse. And worse than all, he acknowledged that the fight was hopeless.

"I can never break away," he whispered hoarsely, with a convulsive shake of his head, as I suggested it to him. "Man," he burst out again, "man, you can't understand. It's got me, I tell you—got me!"

"But what started you this time?" I questioned.

"It was the smell of your beer the other night at dinner!" he hissed savagely, and at the words I almost leaped from my seat.

"The smell of my beer!" I echoed.

"Yes, the smell of your beer!" came back the hoarse, accusing whisper.

I sank back in my chair. I—I—yes, I did drink a glass of dark beer every night with my dinner. My doctor had told me it was a good thing for me. I have never been an abstainer, and, to be perfectly frank, I had enjoyed that glass of beer; I had thought, too, that it had benefited me, and now, this—this wretch had been started off on one of his periodical sprees by the very odor of my dinner beer.

"It wasn't your fault," he mumbled. "You have a right to drink your beer if you want to; it's fools like me, who can't get a whiff of it without breaking loose, who have no license to! Fools like me who must go on drinking, drinking until they die! I'm going; I'm stopping you from working, and I must, I must—I must get another drink—"

"Stop!" I cried, as I sprang to my feet, and stood between him and the door. "If I'll cut my beer out at dinner will you stop your drinking?"

He smiled—a sickly, weak smile.

"You don't—you can't understand," he replied. "Do you think I can pull up short and throw it over like a man throws away the butt of his cigar? I tell you this thing's got me, man!—got me hard and fast! Go on, enjoy your beer; you're a safe man; you have a right to drink, but I can't stop, never, never, never! I'm a blot on the earth!"

"But you shall stop!" I cried, as I caught his arm. "You shan't get any more drink today; you shall stay in this room with me—sit down there and read!" and I pointed to a comfortable, reclining chair.

"Let me go!" he growled, almost roughly. "I've got to have it, I tell you! It's calling for it now."

He pushed me aside, shook off my detaining grasp, and stalked from the room.

I met him on his return that evening—a staggering, evil-smelling drunkard, slinking up to his room, sneaking in with drunken cunning, endeavoring to avoid people he knew. And I went down to my dinner—but there was no bottle of dark beer on the table, nor has there been any since. And strange to say, I don't detect any serious physical trouble: my health is as good as usual.—The National Advocate.

Queer Things Shalt Thou Say.

A young man of fine family, of splendid gifts, was going down fast through strong drink. His friends had pleaded with him, but he had taken their warnings as an insult. One day one of them, who was a court stenographer, was sitting in a restaurant when the young man came in with a companion and took the table next to him, sitting down with his back to him without seeing him. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment the stenographer pulled out his notebook and took a shorthand report of every word he said. The next morning the stenographer copied it all out and sent it around to the young man's office. In less than ten minutes the latter came tearing in with the exclamation, "What is this, anyhow?" "It's a stenographic report of your monologue at the restaurant last evening," his friend replied, and gave him a brief explanation. "Did I really talk like that?" he asked faintly. "I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report," was the reply. He turned pale and walked out. He never drank another drop.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Written for the BANNER OF GOLD.

THE TIME WE OWN.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

THERE'S a time to wake and a time to sleep.
A time to labor, a time to rest;
There's a time to give and a time to keep;
But the hands at last clasp over the breast,
The form lies still on the still, white bed,
And the dull orbs under the lids no more
May kindly lead where the weary tread.
The good we would do must be done before
The stars are out—and the night is nigh
Wherein we never may still a sigh.

Some day the hands so quick to caress
Will clasp each other—no more; some night
This brow that the brown locks love to press
Will lift no more in the war for hope;
These lips that offer sweet words of right
To the heart o'erburdened will move for none—
No aid from them where the weaker grope
Through the fog of sin—for their day is done.
We may wound or heal, we may scold or pray,
But the thing we would do must be done today.

BOB-WHITE FARMER'S FRIEND.

BY ELIZABETH A. REED, A. M.

MRS. ELIZABETH A. REED, A. M., who is widely known through her remarkable books on Persian and Hindu Literature, has found time during a recent visit to Florida to collect scientific data for a special leaflet for the Audubon society, which contains valuable information on an important subject. We reproduce it as follows:

Of the several species of quail found in the United States the most faithful friend of the farmer is our own *Colinus virginianus*—a name which includes not only the typical bird of the Eastern states, but also the two sub-species of Florida and Texas. Although slightly changed by climate and environment, it is practically the same bird that ranges over the hills of New England, through Virginia and the Carolinas, southward to the sunny shores of Florida and also westward to South Dakota, Kansas and Texas.

This quail has long been popular as an article of diet, and also for the beauty of its modest coat, and the music of its voice, whether it is the cheery whistle ringing over the sunlit fields or the softer cooey-call which summons the flock to a common resting place in the shades of evening.

But it has taken science a long time to find out its greatest value—it is to the facts and figures of the Biological Survey that we are indebted for the knowledge that, while Bob-White is very seldom guilty of trespass, he is of constant value as a destroyer of weeds and injurious insects. From a careful examination of many hundreds of stomachs, it has been found that from early autumn until spring his food consists principally of vegetable matter, a portion of it being found by gleaning the fallen grain in fields where the harvest has been gathered; but aside from this the main food of the quail during the autumn and winter consists of the seeds of noxious and troublesome weeds—these seeds, indeed, making up an average of one-half of his diet for the whole year.

Weeds—Eighty-five different weeds have been found to contribute largely to the bird's menu, and his marvelous appetite is his most valuable asset. Crops and stomachs have been found which were crowded with rag weed seeds to the number of 1,000, while another had eaten as many seeds of crab grass. A bird shot in October of 1902, at Pine Brook, in New Jersey, had eaten 5,000 seeds of green fox-tail grass, and one killed on Christmas Day of 1901, at Kinsdale, Va., had taken about 10,000 pig-weed seeds.

In relation to Bob-White's valuable services as a weed destroyer in only two states, the government report says: "It is reasonable to suppose that in the states of Virginia and North Carolina from September 1 to April 30, there are four Bob-Whites to each square mile of land, or 354,890 in the two states. The crop of each bird holds half an ounce of seed and is filled twice a day. Since at each of the two daily meals, weed seeds constitute at least half the contents of the crop, or one-fourth of an ounce, a half-ounce daily is consumed by each bird. On this basis, the total consumption of weed seeds by Bob-Whites from September 1 to April 30, in Virginia and North Carolina amounts to 1,341 tons." (P. 14, Bul. 21, Bureau of Biological Survey.)

When we consider that a single one of these might produce a plant bearing thousands of seeds in a single season, and this process, if unchecked, would in three years produce not millions, but billions of weeds, we may get some idea of the value of the quail as a weed destroyer—a work in which he is ably assisted by the mourning dove, the meadow lark and other allies.

Besides weed seeds and grain, he also eats more or less of the seeds of pine and maple, acorns and beech nuts, as well as of various wild fruits in their season, including the berries of poison ivy.

A DESTROYER OF INSECT PESTS.

The *Chinch Bug*.—After a winter in which a vegetation diet has largely predominated, Bob-White has no desire for the sprouting grain, but in the early spring he is out on the war path hunting for animal food. Although in most climates he can find more or less insect food during every month in the year, his bright eyes are always on the lookout for the earliest

comers among the insect pests, and during the spring, summer and autumn, his services in this direction are invaluable. The chinch bug leads the list of expensive insects with a tribute levied upon the American farmers which is estimated at \$100,000,000 per year. This destructive little pest invades the wheat fields in armies, but Bob-White leads his covey to the fray, and if he had warriors enough he could eradicate the foe, for the bugs winter in just such situations as are frequented by the quail, and the birds feast upon them whenever they are available.

In a letter to the Department of Agriculture, Mr. M. A. Page, Garnett, Kansas, says of the quail: "On opening the crop we found about two tablespoonsful of chinch bugs."

The *Grasshopper* stands next in the amount of damage done, and \$90,000,000 per year is a conservative estimate of his tax upon this country, for he sometimes devastates whole states. But here, too, Bob-White is on duty with the meadow larks, all of them feeding voraciously upon the invader.

The *Potato Bug* is another enemy which has cost the American farmer a vast amount of trouble and expense. In spite of large expenditures for poisons, this beetle still costs us about \$8,000,000 per year. Very few birds will touch the disgusting creatures, but the rose-breasted grosbeak and faithful Bob-White are always ready for them. The potato bug is not an occasional article of food, but when available is made a constant article of diet; one crop of a quail has been found to contain 100 of them; neither is this useful habit of protecting the potato vines confined to any one locality. Reports to the same effect have come to the Biological Survey from Ontario, New Jersey, Virginia, Maryland, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas. In some cases of badly infested potato vines, Bob-Whites have been seen patrolling the rows and carefully picking off the bugs.

The *Mexican Cotton Boll Weevil* came over the border in 1894 and less than ten years later it was costing America \$15,000,000 per year, and these figures soon rose to \$20,000,000. As yet it is mostly confined to Texas, but threatens to sweep over the entire cotton belt. Hence all the cotton states would do well to prohibit the shooting of a single quail until this foe is exterminated, for Bob-White is looking for him and feeding upon him. F. M. Howard, of Beeville, Texas, writes to the Bureau of Entomology that the Bob-Whites shot in his vicinity had their crops filled with the weevils. Another farmer reports his cotton fields full of quail and the entire absence of weevils.

Bob-White also destroys the striped cucumber beetle, which makes such havoc with cucumbers, squashes, etc. In fact, he has to his credit a list of fifty-seven different beetles, twenty-seven varieties of bugs, nine species of grasshoppers, locusts and their kindred, and thirteen sorts of caterpillars, besides ants, flies, wasps, spiders, etc. The crops and gizzards examined in the government laboratories to ascertain the character and proportions of the quail's food, were collected from twenty-one states, besides Canada, District of Columbia and Mexico.

These birds are especially valuable during the nesting season, as the young feed almost entirely upon insects, twelve or more different species having been identified as the food of the downy chicks.

PROTECTION FOR VALUABLE BIRDS.

It is freely admitted that when abundant the quail is a legitimate game bird, but he is worth so much more in the farmer's field than in the stomach that, until they become superfluous, it behooves him to protect them in every possible way, especially in the cotton states, where the killing of a quail should be absolutely forbidden for a term of years, or until the Mexican cotton boll weevil becomes a thing of the past.

What with lawless slaughter in many cases, severe winters in the North and the numerous enemies with which they have to contend, it is a lamentable fact that the number of quail is decreasing almost everywhere. But it is both hardy and prolific, and with

proper protection will not only hold its own but gain in numbers.

Man is Bob-White's worst enemy, but by shorter open seasons, with rigid game laws carefully enforced, it may be possible to enable the bird to gain ground even in localities where he is threatened with extinction. Some wise farmers, especially in Maryland and Virginia, are feeding their quail in cold weather. Wheat, buckwheat, corn, millet and other grains may be used for this purpose and should be scattered, if possible, under briars where they may have some protection from hawks. Bob-Whites have been known to feed with the chickens on Sarasota Key, off the western coast of Florida, as well as at other points farther north.

In cold climates a sheaf or two of grain might be placed on a platform slightly raised above the snow, and thus afford them both food and shelter. Sumac trees and berries should be left for their benefit, and also the edges of grain in the wheat fields, for the farmer can well afford to feed this most valuable ally in his fight against weeds and insects.

THE PELICAN'S MISTAKE.

In a personal letter Mrs. Reed gives a glowing description of the delights of Florida, and tells some interesting experiences. Here is something new in fish stories:

While a gentleman was fishing off the western coast of Florida the other day he threw out a large minnow, for he was looking for king fish. It had no sooner touched the water than a big gray pelican came down and seized it. Then, apparently thinking that so small a fish was unworthy of his usual method of sitting upon the water to swallow it, he rose and flew away. The reel sang as the line played rapidly out, but away the bird went until two hundred feet of line was in the air. Then he seemed to feel like one of Shakespeare's characters:

"By the pricking of my thumbs
Something evil this way comes."

He did not like the pricking and after contending with the difficulty for some time he abruptly returned the minnow to the bay, saying, in effect: "Any king who wanted such a prickly fish could have it."

Then the big bird soared away to find a breakfast that carried no steel to the department of the interior.

CHINA'S GREAT AWAKENING.

GOVERNMENT TO ROOT OUT THE OPIUM HABIT.

BY imperial edict all the opium dens of Canton were closed on August 9th. The city welcomed the reform as joyously as Georgia welcomed the departure of the saloon. Processions with bands of music paraded through gaily decorated streets. There was every indication that the great work of national regeneration undertaken by the imperial authorities—the greatest ever attempted by any nation—was backed to the fullest possible extent by popular sentiment.

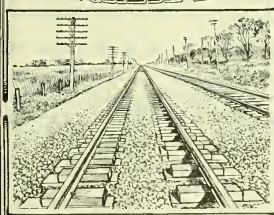
It is estimated that thirty per cent of the population of China use opium. This enormous deduction from the vital force of the nation has been believed by Chinese patriots to be one of the causes of the lethargy that in recent years has brought the empire so near to ruin. The wonderful awakening that has transformed the nation's moral and intellectual life could not leave the festering opium vice untouched. The government, with the hearty good-will of the people, has undertaken to root out the opium habit throughout all China within the next ten years. Consideration will be shown for opium-users over sixty years old, but those who are younger must diminish their consumption of the drug by twenty per cent a year, and nobody who has not already acquired the habit is to begin hereafter.

This reform would have been carried through over sixty years ago, when the work would have been much easier, if England had not forced opium upon China for the benefit of her Indian revenues. That crime will not be repeated, for the British conscience is more sensitive now than it used to be. But the Chinese opium trade is still such an important factor in the financial system of India that its suppression will be a serious addition to the list of troubles with which the Indian Government is struggling. As lately as 1880 an Anglo-Indian statesman said in the House of Commons: "If the Chinese must be poisoned by opium, I would rather they were poisoned for the benefit of our Indian subjects than for the benefit of any other exchequer." The production of opium is a government monopoly in India. The cultivators of the poppy receive government advances; they are obliged to sell their crops to the government agents, and the opium is prepared in government factories for export to China. This financial battenning of one nation on the moral ruin of another will soon have to stop.—Collier's Weekly.

Worry and Alcohol.

Alcohol has no place, use or purpose in the relief of worry, and its so-called use in this connection, at any rate, is never anything but abuse or misuse, always dangerous, always productive of more evil than it relieves and only too frequently suicidal.—Dr. Saleeby in Canadian Magazine.

THE CHICAGO & ALTON
USES
CONCRETE TIES



They can't rot or get out of line. They are another illustration that

"THE ONLY WAY"
is ever mindful of the safety and comfort of its patrons.
Perfect passenger service between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
KANSAS CITY and points beyond.

GEORGE J. CHARLTON,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE KEELEY CURE.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

PEOPLE WHO TAKE THE CURE—EFFECT ON THE GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—PRICE OF TREATMENT, ETC.

IT makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition. The Keeley Remedies are absolutely a specific for this disease.

How Long Does It Take?

The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and, hence, there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival a patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness caused by the treatment, and the physical condition improves from the start.

At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved, mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright and complexion clear; morally changed because of his disgust for his former life, and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear a Keeley patient say, "I feel ten years younger."

Opium, Morphine, Etc.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, and other similar or kindred drugs, when used continuously, induce diseases, each of which is characteristic of the substance used. The definite symptom is always the necessity for repeated doses, which is commonly designated as "craving." The use of these drugs is usually begun to induce sleep or to relieve pain, and the victim has the disease firmly fastened on him before he realizes his condition. It is then discovered that the desire for the accustomed "dose" dominates all other desires, and even death itself is scarcely more to be dreaded than the cutting off of the usual supply. These diseases have been considered incurable, but Doctor Keeley has demonstrated otherwise. They yield to scientific treatment, and from four to six weeks only are required to complete a cure. This statement may seem startling, but it is true. We will gladly refer you to people who have been cured and who have standing that will bear investigation. *Send for printed matter on opium and other drug using.*

No Confinement.

One feature of the Keeley Treatment that commends it to those needing it, is that there is absolutely no confinement. Patients are required to take the remedies with the utmost regularity, and are expected to attend the lectures, but the remainder of each day is disposed of as the patient pleases. It is needless to say that no improper conduct is permitted, and that liberty does not mean license. No one visiting Dwight would suppose, unless informed, that the fine-looking, quiet, well-behaved people observed at the hotels and on the street are there for treatment—yet such is the case. They appear in all respects to be temporary residents of the village, and are so recognized. Lifelong friendships are formed and good comradeship prevails.

Effect on the General Health.

There can be but one truthful answer and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness caused by our treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients or graduates; they know and will tell

you truthfully. Do not ask a saloon-keeper, or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-six years of age—time enough, the most captious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business more than twenty years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients?

What Our Remedies Do.

These remedies are reconstructive nerve tonics which restore the nerve cells to a normal, healthy condition, the same as before being poisoned by alcohol or toxic drugs. When this is done the "craving" disappears because, as has been proved, that is a symptom of a diseased condition of these cells. A parallel case is that of a cough, which indicates a diseased condition of throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs; when the cause is ascertained and removed, the cough disappears.

Owing to lack of space these diseases and addictions, their causes and cure, cannot be fully described, but



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

literature upon any and all of these subjects will be sent free upon application. We will consider it a favor to be permitted to prove our assertions.

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We have cured thousands of veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the National Soldiers' Homes of the country, whose ages range from fifty to eighty years.

We have cured several children under five years of age who were addicted to morphine and opium, such addictions having been acquired through the mother's own addiction or direct administration. No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

We have cured hundreds of soldiers in the Regular Army of the United States, and have letters from officers of all ranks, from Major-Generals to Lieutenants, commending the Keeley Cure in the highest terms.

We have cured senators, congressmen, lawyers, clergymen, business men, merchants, laborers, men of all occupations and of no occupation, to the number of more than 300,000. Among them are 17,000 physicians.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

All who have taken our treatment are perfectly satisfied with the results. This is a broad statement and would hardly be made if not true. Nine-tenths of all our patients come to us accompanied by, or through the influence of, our graduates, and this is the best evidence of the efficacy of our cure. In fact, Keeley graduates are so enthusiastic about their condition that some 30,000 of them have formed an organization known as "The Keeley League." This is the only temperance society in the world composed exclusively of men who have been drunkards. Men and women who have taken the cure are the best judges of its effects, and there are more than 300,000 of these. We will refer you to reliable and well-known people in your immediate vicinity if you ask us to. *Send for "Evidence and Proof from Reliable Sources."*

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The magnificent new Livingston Hotel is owned by The Leslie E. Keeley Co., and is maintained primarily for the accommodation of patients taking treatment at the Institute. This hotel is three stories in height, and is equipped with every modern convenience. The style of architecture is colonial, insuring broad, cool verandas and spacious rooms. The electric lights, steam heat, and hot water are supplied by our own plant adjacent to the hotel. The hotel itself is absolutely the most thoroughly fireproof hotel in the country, as there is no woodwork in the construction except the doors and window-frames, the floors being tile, mosaic, or monolith. Every precaution is taken to insure cleanliness and a thorough sanitary condition. The plumbing is the most modern and practical system, and absolutely precludes the possibility of any danger from this source. The Livingston is arranged upon such a plan that patients can have, if they so desire, the absolute privacy of a home. There are several entrances, a ladies' parlor, a reception room, an amusement room, besides one for correspondence and reading, private baths and lavatories, a telephone in each room, in fact everything needful to minister to the comfort and convenience of guests. A feature which pleases all, is a well-selected library of standard works for the free use of patients. The dining room is a marvel of beauty and good taste, elegant decorations, beautiful highly polished columns, mosaic floor and fine service, while the kitchen is equipped with every appliance to secure excellent results, as far as fare is concerned; the construction and arrangement insures absolute cleanliness at all times and under all circumstances. The office is spacious and elegant, with a colonial mantel and open fireplace, mosaic floor and all modern appointments.

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Send for printed matter pertaining to the Home Treatment of the Tobacco Habit and neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion.

DWIGHT is the home of the Keeley Cure. It is on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, 73 miles from Chicago, 36 miles from Joliet, 81 miles from Peoria, 52 miles from Bloomington, 111 miles from Springfield, Ill., and has direct railroad communication with all these cities. It is accessible, healthy, progressive and "wide awake." All communications confidential and literature free on application. Address

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.,
Dwight, Illinois.

Chicago Office

Suite 906 Rector Building
122 Monroe Street

Long Distance and Local Telephone, Central 3255

PRINTED matter on Alcoholic Inebriety, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and other drug addictions, Tobacco using and Neurasthenia, as well as any information regarding the Keeley Cure may be obtained at our Chicago Office.

All arrangements for the treatment of patients at Dwight may be made at the Chicago Office, and patients will be visited and accompanied to Dwight if desired.

Patients en route to Dwight will be directed as to trains, etc.

The Leslie E. Keeley Company



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The following is an authentic list of the Institutes established under and by authority of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., and which are known by the uniform name of "THE KEELEY INSTITUTE." In each of these establishments the remedies used are prepared in our laboratory at Dwight, Illinois, and they are administered by physicians who have been specially instructed by us at Dwight in their administration and in the Keeley method of treating Inebriety, Drug and Narcotic addictions. The address of the Institute is given in each case, and this list will be corrected from time to time as may become necessary.

Dwight, Illinois, September, 1907

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.
THE PARENT INSTITUTE

ALABAMA

Birmingham, 2000 Twelfth Avenue, North

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs, 702 Park Avenue

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 2930 Sacramento Street

Los Angeles, 1022 South Flower Street

COLORADO

Denver, 18th and Curtis Streets

CONNECTICUT

West Haven

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, 211 North Capitol Street

FLORIDA

Jacksonville, Stockton and Park Streets

GEORGIA

Atlanta, 235 Capitol Avenue

ILLINOIS

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INDIANA

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Plainfield

IOWA

Des Moines, 706 Fourth Street

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Crab Orchard

LOUISIANA

New Orleans, 1628 Felicity Street

MAINE

Portland, 151 Congress Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids, 265 South College Avenue

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, 10th Street and Park Avenue

MISSOURI

Kansas City, 716 West Tenth Street

St. Louis, 2803 Locust Street

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Sioux Falls, Spring Avenue and 5th Street

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ENGLAND

London, 9 West Bolton Gardens, S. W.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Neurasthenia.

The Keeley Remedies have now been before the public for more than a quarter of a century and are recognized by the public at large as well as the medical profession as being the most efficacious treatment in existence for the diseases



THE LIVINGSTON HOTEL



LABORATORY AND OFFICES OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY

which they are designed to overcome. Printed matter, consisting of testimonials both from people who have taken the cure and others who have simply observed its effects, will be furnished free upon application; also printed matter descriptive of the diseases we treat and the claims made in behalf of our remedies. All correspondence strictly confidential.

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

1805
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THE BANNER^{OF} GOLD



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BY TWO AND TWO.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.



OUNT, comrade! stirrup to stirrup; firm seat
and a deep-drawn breath;
It is you and I and the misty trail through
the low-hung hills of death,
It is you and I and the soft white light that
is born of the soul's embrace;
Together we'll ride, whatever betide, till we see Gpd face to face.

Let the loveless pray for a self-sure way, and the coward cringe
and fawn,
By the stars that light the brow of night together we'll come
to the dawn,
By the true and fair and the love we share, by the hilts of our
sabres keen,
Close side by side to the end we'll ride, and nothing shall
come between.
From the low, sad moan of the woods wind-blown, o'er the
sand-gray, bone-starred plain,
With an answering shout to the thunder's rout, and a face to
the pelting rain;
With a bugle-blast for the pleasures past, and a sort for the
joy that's here;
With a naked blade for the creeds man-made, and a glove for
the cheek of Fear;
To the uttermost end of things we send our challenge free
and bold,
And side by side together we'll ride, whatever the tale is told.
Taut rein, spur deep. In the tangled steep the panther's eye-
balls glare,
But the carbine rings and the dull lead sings at the roots of
the tawny hair,
Through the languorous breeze where the cypress knees in the
dank lagoons show grim,
Where the 'possum clings and the mock-bird sings in the poplar
white and slim;
Down snow-clad slopes where the gray wolf lopes in the van of
his snarling pack;
We two alone as the winds are blown ride on o'er the unknown
track.
By two and two, if the creeds be true, shall never the race
be run,
Or be it to dwell in Heaven or Hell, but always by one and
one;
Yet on, to the beat of the steel-shod feet, bare-browed to the
heat or cold,
Still side by side together we'll ride, whatever the tale is told.
By one and one must the race be run? Ride on by my side,
true heart,
Till we find the King that the sagas sing—for never we two
will part
Till face to face in the innermost place of creation's heart we
stand,
With the King of Kings in the Heart of Things, where the
birth of the world was planned.
By the well-tried worth of saddle and girth, by stirrup and spur
and rein,
By the loyal pride of the steeds we ride, by the heart of the
panther slain,
By the eye of Mars and the mated stars we knew ere the race
began;
By the blind bat's flight through the inky night, by the measure-
less height of Man;
By the vital spark that defies the dark, and the waves of the
river cold,
On, side by side to the end we'll ride, whatever the tale is told.
By the life we bear, and the love we share, and the breath of
the Great Soul's breath,
It is you and I and the misty trail through the low-hung hills
of death,
It is you and I and the soft white light that is born of the
soul's embrace;
Together we'll ride, whatever betide, till we see God face to
face.

—Saturday Evening Post.

Written for THE BANNER OF GOLD.

"BLOSSOM."

BY NIXON WATERMAN.



OR years I have been an invalid. The
nature of my malady makes it impos-
sible for me to leave my room, but I can
sit at the window and watch the move-
ments of the so much of the great, busy
world as passes along the not very prepossessing street
in which I dwell. Men and women, boys and girls, go
and come day after day. Dozens of them carry dinner
pails and lunch boxes. In the morning they go by with
bright faces and sprightly step, many of them wearing
a fresh flower on their breast. In the evening they
return, not a few of them weary and worn, and I wonder
who, beside the Great Pitier of us all, waits for
their coming with a welcome of love.

All day long they have been busy at office, store, fac-
tory and mill, and the thousand and one places where
duty has called them. Work, work, work, hour after
hour, day in and day out. And while hands are delv-
ing, minds are busy with the thoughts of fading yester-
days, earnest todays and brighter tomorrows.

How many of them will ever realize the hope that
is sustaining muscle and mind? How many of them
are performing a labor of love for those who are
worthy of the offering and the sacrifice? Day after
day the lunch boxes go and come while the hands that
are carrying them are building a city, copying the
books and documents, and are mingling all the check-

ered thoughts and deeds from which the mighty weaver,
Time, is making the world's history.

What insignificant, and yet what all important, parts
these humble toilers play! Down in dingy basements,
up in towering office buildings, everywhere amid the
busy marts of trade they perform the work that fate
or fortune has brought to them.

As I watch them go and come I try to imagine
what hopes inspire their hearts, what love sustains
their hands. I wonder if the aged laborer, homeward
bound, still loves the old wife as he did long years
ago when they together dreamed sweet dreams. He
was to be a prince of men and she his loving princess.

I am sure the gorgeous palace in which they were
to dwell has faded away, and in its place is an humble
cottage or a rented flat. And the coach and four has
never, never stood before their door. Neither has
any other conveyance designed for pleasure. Only
the wagons belonging to the grocer, the baker and
the milkman have ever stopped there. Or it may be
yet one other vehicle—the symbol of death—the
hearse.

But if tonight they can greet each other at the door
and call back the old love-light to fading eyes—if he
can hold her worn palm in his, or press against his
cheek the one whose touch once brought such exquisite
pleasure—if the fire in the heart still burns, fate has
been kind to them, and their paths have not yet led
them out of Paradise.

Sometimes there passes my window a face that
awakens in my mind more than usual interest and I
watch its goings and comings with a deeper thought
than that born of curiosity. I remember very distinctly
the first time I saw "Blossom" pass my window. She
wore a pink dress and a hat trimmed with ribbons of
the same color; she looked like a fresh spring flower.

Her real name I have never known; to me she will
always be "Blossom." Her face was as bright and
pretty as a dew-washed clover mead on a June morn-
ing and her neatly-fitting dress and very becoming hat
added to the winsomeness of her appearance.

The street in which I dwell is by no means the most
aristocratic in the city. It is what some would call a
plebeian neighborhood. There are saloons on the
business corners and all about is an air of arrested
growth that for some shadowy reason seems to be sadly
satisfied with the present state of things. All the peo-
ple who go by my window do not possess bright,
happy and intelligent faces.

I always watched for "Blossom's" coming. Her
presence was refreshing and reminded me of a sweet
rose growing among the plainer grasses. Her step
was elastic, her manner sprightly. I fancied she
had recently come from a home in the country,
where the odor of apple blooms and the songs of
birds filled the air.

One morning I saw her going toward the sub-
urban station, carrying a lunch box; then I knew
she was a member of the great company of toilers.
Thereafter she went and came regularly.

By-and-by a sturdy young mechanic, whom I had
often seen pass my window alone, walked beside
"Blossom" one evening on her way home. He had a
frank, manly face, but his working clothes were soiled
and worn and his hands were rough.

After that I saw them pass by together quite often.
He seemed to be very happy in her society, but
"Blossom," with her pretty pink dresses and pink
ribbons, often looked far away as though she were
trying to discover some one whose appearance was
more in harmony with her ideal.

Near the walk at the side of the saloon that stood at
the corner was a large maple tree. Men used to bring
chairs from the saloon and sit in the shade of the tree
during the long June afternoons and smoke, and chat,
and laugh boisterously. Some of the men who used
to meet there became familiar figures to my eye.

Among the number was a young man who dressed
splendidly, though somewhat flashily. From my win-
dow across the street I could see the sparkle of his dia-
monds set in his rings and pins. He wore a heavy gold
chain and an elaborate charm, and carried a massive
gold headed cane and umbrella. I should have guessed
that he had plenty of money, but I would not have
dared to commend his method of getting it. Some-
thing in his appearance led me to believe he could
dell himself an extra card, or turn a trump from the bot-
tom of the deck.

After all, had I seen him in different surroundings
and in different company I might have been as favor-
ably impressed with him when I was young and
thoughtless as the "Blossom" for whom he used to
wait at the drug store on the opposite corner to the
saloon.

I do not know how they became acquainted, but I
have always doubted if they were formally introduced

to one another. Be it as it may, there came a time
when the manly young mechanic walked alone once
more. There were many other girls going and coming,
but he did not seem to notice them. His eyes were
usually wandering toward the girl with the pink
cheeks and pink dress and ribbons, whom he often saw
strolling homeward with the young man who wore the
diamonds and fine clothes.

By and by there was a wedding up the street some-
where; at the home of a widow lady I suspected,
for "Blossom" had never been accompanied by any
one whom I thought was father, or brother, or sister;
but I had on several occasions seen her with a
lady who appeared to be almost an invalid, and whom
I guessed might be her mother. One morning a fine
carriage drove by, and "Blossom," wearing a strikingly
large hat covered with white plumes, occupied a seat
beside the young man whom I had seen sitting in the
shade of the maple tree at the side of the saloon. Later
an express wagon passed in which were trunks I
thought might have belonged to "Blossom."

In the same old humdrum work-a-day manner men
went and came, but "Blossom's" pink cheeks and bright
eyes were not to be seen. The street for a time
seemed cheerless without her, and I wondered if the
world missed her as I did, and as I felt sure the pale
woman did whom I had seen walking with her. The
leaves on the maple tree, through which the summer
sunshine and harvest moonbeams had splintered and
sifted, lost their bright green hue.

By and by the blighting kiss of the frost fell upon
them and in a cream and scarlet blush of mingled
death and glory they fell to the earth and were swept
into the gutter by the first breath of winter. The snow-
shrouded season stalked slowly past. The bare limbs
of the maple seemed like uplifted hands pleading for
the coming of the sun and the south wind.

One morning a robin perched in the branches of the
maple, sounded the first note of the coming spring, and
before I scarcely realized it, nature had thrown a
blanket of glossiest green over the lawns and fastened
it down with a thousand golden dandelions. And the
summer with her voluptuous attendants came again,
and joy ran riot through the hearts of men. But
"Blossom" tripped along the street no more; neither did
the young mechanic pass that way as he once did.
Under my window I heard some one say he had
studied out an invention for simplifying some process
of manufacturing and that he had become rich.

In the afternoon men sat in the shade of the maple
tree, but the young man with the diamonds was not
among them. Only the pale woman remained, and I
saw her pass but once in a long time, and then she
was always alone and appeared to be in a melancholy
study. But one day, however, she did not come alone.
She carried a child in her arms and beside her walked
a woman dressed in black. It was "Blossom." The
pink dress, the pink ribbons and the pink cheeks were
gone. After the two women had passed beneath the
branches of the maple tree and were well down the
street I heard one of the men sitting in the shade say:
"He was shot. I always expected he would get it
some time."

A year had elapsed, during which time "Blossom," a
sober matron dressed in mourning, had passed my win-
dow but three times, when the cloud that I had watched
her through lifted a little and the golden sunshine of
hope was sprinkled across her pathway, and brought
me joy as well.

Grateful am I that I one day saw another carriage
dash past my window, in which were "Blossom's"
mother, "Blossom's" baby and "Blossom's" own fair
self—pink dress, pink ribbons, and better still, pink
cheeks—and beside her was the young mechanic.

I have never seen any of them since that day, but I
am sure they are all happier, though I do not know
where in this wide, strange world they may be. And
I who from my invalid's chair see the spring sunshine
once more sifting through the maple leaves, and hear
the tramp of hundreds of toilers going to and from
their work, have a kindlier thought for the fates that
gave my "Blossom" "one more chance" to procure the
happiness that might have been forever denied to her.

And I would that we all might be as graciously
favored.

Every one has some work to do. Every one has
inducements to forsake that work for things which,
whether pleasant to others or not, are pleasant to him.
Only there is something in him which says, "I ought
not." The agreeable thing will hinder me from doing
the thing which I am occupied with. The agreeable
thing accepted today will make me weaker tomorrow,
less capable of determining my course, more the vic-
tim of the impulses and impressions that come to me
from without.—Frederick D. Maurice.

INEBRIETY IS A DISEASE.

IT HAS BUT ONE CAUSE—THE CRAVING FOR ALCOHOL IS A SYMPTOM OF THE DISEASE—IT YIELDS READILY TO SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT.

A GENTLEMAN boarding a train at Dwight, a short time since, overheard a conversation in the smoking car, which had been provoked by the observation of the Keeley Institute from the train window. One remarked that he understood that the Keeley Cure had cured a great many men, and the other said: "Yes, they proceed on the theory that drunkenness is a disease; but no one can make me believe that. I have seen too many men stop of their own accord who were hard drinkers to believe that it is impossible to quit without medicine."

This remark is a very fair exemplification of the ideas that pervade the minds of many people in relation to this subject. In addition to this, many are heard to point out the fact that sometimes a man will stop drinking for three or six months and then resume again, and will argue from this, in all seriousness, that if he could stop for that length of time he might just as well stop forever. Both of these people indulge in fallacious reasoning, and if they took the pains to investigate the subject, even devoting thereto the space of one brief hour, they would become convinced.

The readers of the BANNER OF GOLD have read various articles on this subject from the pen of Doctor Leslie E. Keeley, as well as of other eminent physicians who have followed in his footsteps and are engaged in administering his remedies to thousands of unfortunates. The writer of this article may perhaps be pardoned if he attempts to go over some of the ground again, taking pains, however, to avoid scientific terms and expressions, and placing the matter before the readers of the BANNER in such shape that anyone who will take the pains to read may understand.

In the first place, we will begin with a statement which must go unchallenged, that alcohol is a poison, and when taken into the system does not undergo the process of digestion. It is absorbed through the tissues into the circulation and with the circulation visits every part of the body. It is this circumstance which gives alcohol what little value it has as a medicine in cases of collapse, or where a person becomes insensible from an injury, as all of the vital forces are in a state of inaction, being temporarily, as it were, paralyzed. Any remedy, therefore, applied which requires digestion in order to be effective is wasted, because the digestive apparatus is in the same condition as the other vital forces—in a state of temporary suspension. When, however, brandy, or other stimulant, is applied, which does not have to be digested, but is absorbed immediately, the patient soon begins to revive, because, being absorbed into the blood, it soon produces the natural effect of such substances. It is exactly the same when alcoholic stimulant is taken into the stomach as a beverage. It does not aid digestion, but, on the other hand, retards it; for the digestive process does not begin until the alcohol has been absorbed from the stomach.

We all know that the blood is what nourishes all parts of the body, and in the case of a man in whose circulation there is alcohol, whether taken as a beverage or as a medicine, the minute cells of which the body is composed are fed upon alcoholized protoplasm, and, of course, the more delicate and sensitive the cell the more effect is produced upon it. This is especially true, and plain to be seen by anyone, in relation to the nervous system and the brain.

Alcohol, being a poison, seems to be recognized as such by the system, and nature has furnished a somewhat complicated but none the less effective apparatus for getting rid of it. Every breath that goes from the lungs of a drinking man is loaded with alcohol; the pores of the skin are also eliminating their share, and this process is continued until all is gone from the system; that is, provided no additional supply is taken in. It is probable, if a man became intoxicated only once, that nature's process of elimination, aided by the wonderful recuperative power of every healthy man, would soon repair what injury is accomplished, and no permanent impression would be made. This happens, however, in very few cases; as soon as one supply is exhausted, or even before, the drinking man proceeds to take more. Under these circumstances the cells become accustomed to this new kind of food, and the brain and nerve cells become accustomed to performing their work under the influence of alcohol; this abnormal and poisonous condition, in other words, becomes a

regular thing, and the cells, in self-defence, have accustomed themselves to it. It does not take any argument to say that in order to so accustom themselves, they have to undergo a certain change in type. This change is described in a scientific manner in the writings of Doctor Keeley, but it is not necessary to quote that here; it is enough that they undergo a change, and anyone who has observed drinking men cannot fail to notice it. Do we not see that a man or boy who begins to drink begins with a small quantity, and, that if his drinking career is continued long enough, there is scarcely any limit to the quantity that he may drink with apparent impunity? The reason for this is on account of that change or variation in type of cell which enables such cell to tolerate a larger amount, because, as we say in common parlance, it has become used to it. Thus we see that the young man who is visibly affected by one or two glasses of beer, if he continues to drink long enough, will be able to drink from one to two quarts of whiskey a day—a quantity which at the beginning of his career would undoubtedly have sent him to the undertaker. This is the point at which a man becomes a drunkard and has the disease of inebriety.

Doctor Keeley's definition of inebriety is, "A condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it, and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly except when under its influence." All of us who have had an opportunity to observe will recall the fact that a man, who has become intoxicated over night is in a condition of suffering the next morning and cannot concentrate his thoughts upon any subject; he cannot eat, his stomach is in revolt, and his nervousness is indicated by a tremor, which nothing but alcohol will relieve. Notice the change in his condition after he has succeeded in obtaining one or two drinks; the cells have already begun to have their accustomed supply of what they have been educated to require, and the man is enabled to go about his ordinary occupation, not as well as the man who never drinks, but in marked contrast to his condition before he took the alcohol into his stomach.

Some people think because a man cannot be induced to refrain from drink that he is fond of it; and in some way they imagine that he either likes the sensation that it produces, or that he likes the taste of it in the same manner as a child might like the taste of confectionery or ice cream. Nothing is farther from the truth, and every drinking man, or person who has had an opportunity to observe one, will testify to this. When a man becomes a drunkard he does not drink for pleasure, nor because he likes the beverage, but absolutely for the purpose of relieving pain. It is a common thing for a man who has been intoxicated over night to be unable to take stimulants in the morning without nausea; indeed the very sight of the bottle out of which it is poured and the odor of the drink produces this effect. He knows, however, that his comfort depends upon taking it, and so persists, in spite of the fact that he may have to take three or four drinks before he is able to keep one down. It cannot be said that a man likes anything which he has so much trouble to take, and Doctor Keeley never said a truer thing than when he stated that inebriety is a condition wherein is established the cell necessity for alcohol.

It is seen, therefore, that the disease of inebriety consists in a changed condition of nerve and brain cell, wherein alcohol becomes a necessity. The appetite for drink is an incident to this, and is nothing but a symptom of the disease itself. People who believe in the disease theory of drunkenness sometimes make the mistake of saying that the appetite for drink is a disease; but the appetite is only the symptom. A cough is not a disease, although it is the thing that makes a disease troublesome; it is a symptom, and, like the appetite for drink, merely nature's struggle for relief. The cough will disappear just as soon as the cause is removed; and the appetite for drink will disappear as soon as the cell necessity is removed and the man's nervous system restored to its original unpoisoned condition.

Doctor Keeley's discoveries were the result of close observation of drinking men, and finding the cause for the existing conditions with drinking men it was but a step to the disease theory, which has now become a certainty and is accepted by the whole medical world. When a man finds the cause of anything he can work more intelligently in discovering relief, and it was thus with Doctor Keeley. It

is not the writer's intention to go into details as to matters which have been published in this paper many, many times; but it is sufficient to say that this learned man found that the first step was to eliminate the alcohol from the system; and that the second and most important step, because upon it depended the permanence of the relief, was to restore the nervous system to its original, unpoisoned, sound condition. To use again the simile heretofore used, it is like the cough; when the cause is removed the appetite for drink disappears, because the necessity for it in the system has been done away with. It is, therefore, seen that inebriety is a disease of the nervous system, and Doctor Keeley said many times that his remedies were reconstructive nerve tonics. How successful his system of treatment has proven the readers of the BANNER OF GOLD do not need to be told; it is sufficient to make the broad statement, which has been made thousands of times, and which every Keeley graduate knows to be true, whether or not he has protected his cure, that never for a single moment after taking a cure of the Keeley Treatment does the appetite for drink return; and in the cases of those who have not protected their treatment it is always outside temptation or something beside the return of the appetite that causes their fall.

Doctor Keeley never claimed, nor do his successors, that a drunkard can be changed into a moderate drinker. The mere fact of a man becoming an inebriate is evidence that he cannot indulge in the moderate use of intoxicants. If he tries the experiment and fails, he should draw the proper lesson therefrom and consider that matter settled for all time.

The business world today has no place whatever for the drunkard, whether he be a steady or periodical drinker. This is no new position, but those who can remember back a quarter of a century will see that a very marked change has taken place in the attitude of the business world toward the moderate drinker. Business men, corporations, and all classes of people have come to learn that a man who indulges even moderately in intoxicants cannot always be depended upon, and modern business conditions require that employes, as well as employers, in order to compete under existing conditions, must keep their wits about them all the time. No first-class mercantile house in the country today will even give a young man a trial as an employee who admits that he drinks at all. It takes no argument to prove that drinking because of trouble is rank foolishness. There is no kind of trouble that drinking does not make worse. The man who drinks even moderately cannot do as good work, or as much of it as the total abstainer, their conditions being equal. As far as financial standing is concerned, there is nothing that causes a man to lose more time and waste more money than drinking habits. What shall we say in relation to the peace and comfort of the home? It is so fruitful a topic, and the contrast between the drinking man's home and the sober man's is so marked that it requires no discussion.

This article was begun because of the conversation overheard in the train, and to correct what seems to be a popular impression. Times have changed very materially in the last few years, and the average American has learned a good deal in that time. If there is one lesson that needs to be learned more than another, it is that alcoholic drinks should be tabooed; they should have no place in social functions. When that condition of things is reached, not only will the United States be, as it is, the richest, the greatest, and the most prosperous nation, but it will be in addition, the most virtuous, and will practically eliminate from its midst all poverty and crime.

The London Lancet has published a number of very interesting letters from correspondents pointing out the injury which comes from alcohol in the air. It is found that the cellars of the London docks, where large quantities of spirits are stored, have a poison from evaporated spirits. The mere passing through them causes a very stimulating effect, followed by depression and nausea, the same as if persons had drunk. Visitors to the great wine cellars of Spain have complained of the quickening pulse, with a decided sense of exhilaration, followed by languor, headache, and narcotism. In many of these cases the air is loaded with volatile ethers, and according to one authority an ounce of proof spirits or half an ounce of absolute alcohol is present in five or six cubic feet of air. Persons who work in these cellars are said to be practically intoxicated, and at all events show marked signs of alcoholism.

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MATE PALMER, Editor.

TWO CLASSES OF INEBRIATES.

There are many kinds of inebriates. But for the purpose of this article we will consider only two classes,—the men who, but for drink, would have been reputable and useful citizens, and the ones who would have found some other road to ruin even if they had let drink alone.

To the first class belong men of all positions in life and all degrees of mentality. Men who might have reached the highest places in the business and professional world, and men who would have been plodders in the treadmill of industry. To the second class belong men whose tendencies were naturally evil; moral perverts, degenerates, to whom drink was an accompaniment rather than a cause of downfall.

It is a common error to attribute all evil doing, all failure among drinking men to their drinking habits; and while it is true that the frenzy of alcohol renders good men irresponsible, and leads to dishonor among those who are reliable when sober, it cannot be too strongly emphasized, that drink is not the only cause of dishonor; it is not the only cause of failure.

There are men who would have amounted to nothing even if they had never touched liquor. There are men who would have neglected or abused their families, men who would have broken every law of respectability, every requirement of honor, even though alcohol had never been manufactured. They were naturally depraved; and while strong drink undoubtedly made them worse, it was not the only thing to be reckoned with.

It is natural to seek for excuses for the shortcomings of those who are bound to us by ties of blood or affection. When they forget their obligations and ignore their responsibilities we like to have something to blame for it, and so we lay it to strong drink.

Whiskey is the greatest cause of poverty, wretchedness and crime, but it is not their only cause. There are paupers and tramps who never drank liquor; there are men who have broken women's hearts, but who were models of total abstinence; there are criminals who owe the success of their worst enterprises to the fact that they never lost their wits through drink.

Nothing is gained by false estimates. A just discrimination between the men who drink is necessary to a correct solution of the liquor problem.

Probably no physician could be found so far behind the times that he would not admit that the continued use of alcohol causes a diseased condition. In other words, inebriety is a disease, and whether a man is sick with typhoid, pneumonia, or inebriety, he requires physical remedies. But the kind of a man who suffers from typhoid or pneumonia determines what he will be after he is cured; and in the same way the character of the man who is cured of inebriety decides what he will afterward become. There is no Keeley Cure for crime or immorality,—only so far as they were caused by drink.

A lack of distinction between disease and vice leads to impractical ideas about the care of inebriates. Well-

meaning people would build homes, establish farms, or charter boats where they would isolate inebriates for a term of years, leaving their families to care for themselves, while they tried to wear out the craving for alcohol.

One has only to call to mind some of the distinguished and prosperous men who are living examples of the efficacy of the Keeley Cure to understand the cruelty as well as the injustice of wasting from one to three years in fighting a malady that could easily be cured in four weeks. These men had followed the customs of society in beginning to drink, and they had continued until they had become poisoned by alcohol. All that they needed was to have the craving for drink destroyed and to be restored to physical health.

But curing disease does not change a patient's character or temperament, and unfortunately there are some who take the cure who desire neither a sober nor a moral life, and who go back to their old habits for the fancied pleasure they give. Such men need something more than medicine. They need reformation as well as cure.

JOHN DILLON, COMEDIAN.

THE name of John Dillon recalls happy memories to theater lovers of earlier times throughout the northwest, for in those days there was no greater favorite behind the footlights than John Dillon, the comedian. When he stepped upon the stage the audience roared its welcome. There was a gusto, an enthusiasm on the part of the actor which captivated his audience. His makeup, his voice, his attitudes, were a climax of art in the grotesque, an achievement in the absurd that was irresistibly funny. To see him play Green Jones in "The Ticket of Leave Man" was to see the ideal "Green Jones." And so with every part he played. He was "Aminadab Slick" or "Major Wellington de Boots" or "John Dubb" or the immortal "party by the name of Johnson;"—whatever he played, so real were his characters that for the time you forgot everything else.

But with all of Mr. Dillon's splendid ability his ambition was hampered by an addiction to drink, which periodically incapacitated him for work.

Mr. Dillon's prominence in theatrical circles led to many exaggerations, and his escapades were greatly magnified, but there is no doubt that at times the uncontrollable craving for liquor rendered him totally unreliable unless carefully watched. Seventeen years ago he went to Dwight and took the Keeley Cure, and the craving for drink, which had been his rock ahead for so many years was forever destroyed.

Mr. Dillon retired from the stage some years ago, and lives with his daughter and her husband in their pretty home in Hyde Park, with the grandchildren who are the joy of his heart. He is literally seventy-six years young, for the numerous milestones have left him active and alert, with a loving interest in the welfare of humanity.

Doctor Keeley and John Dillon were close personal friends, and it was the source of as much happiness to the good doctor to cure his old friend of the infirmity that had caused him so much trouble as it was to the great comedian himself. Mr. Dillon never allows the anniversary of his graduation to pass without a letter to the Leslie E. Keeley Company telling of his continued gratitude for the blessing that came to him through the Keeley remedies. June 25, 1908, he wrote as follows:

The Keeley Institute.—My Dear Friends:—This day, June 25, 1908, is the seventeenth anniversary of my emancipation from the agony caused by the Demon Rum. I only wish I could express my sincere and heartfelt gratitude for the great good the Keeley Cure has done for me.

In fond remembrance of the great, the brilliant, the lovable Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, I am,

Yours truly and gratefully,

JOHN DILLON, Comedian.

In a former letter Mr. Dillon wrote: "I left Dwight a new man, free, and my own sober self forevermore. After twenty-seven years of slavery to that vile periodic inebriety habit, I was completely cured by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley. The appetite was absolutely destroyed, and I have never had the least desire to indulge in the curse that caused me and mine so much misery."

To the front, ye who dare to rank your own sublime manhood against the phalanxes of Fate! Not ye who can stand in the crowd, but ye who can stand alone. Fall in! You and I shall not live to see the triumph; but an age unborn shall achieve the victory. Forward against strenuous Ignorance! See that your honesty keep pace with your Intelligence, that you dare to do the unprofitable Right, that you dare to eschew the profitable Wrong. Beside this daring all other daring is cowardice.—W. Stewart Ross.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.

NO argument is as convincing as actual experience.

It is because of this necessity for positive proof—for evidence that can not be disputed, that in every issue of the BANNER OF GOLD we publish testimonials from men who have been cured of liquor and drug addictions. There are thousands who are in need of such help, but who either do not know that there is a cure for such habits, or do not believe in its efficacy. These testimonials are written for the sole purpose of helping such people. The men who write them are in a position to judge of their needs. They have passed through the same suffering. They know all about the struggles, the discouragements and the hopelessness of the drinking man and the drug user. They know what it means to fight physical craving with weakened will power. But they know that when every other means fails, the Keeley Cure will destroy the diseased craving for alcoholic stimulants or narcotics, and give a man a new chance in life. They have proved it by a test of many years, and they tell their experience for the benefit of those who are still afflicted. Many who read these letters will not be interested in them from a personal standpoint, but there are few who cannot think of some one to whom such information might prove a blessing:

Experience of a Prosecuting Attorney.

MEMONINEE, MICH., June 18, 1908.

*Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Dear Sir:—*The approaching Fourth of July, when I celebrate the fifth anniversary of my independence from alcoholic influence (I left Dwight July 4, 1903) will find me on the train for Denver, where I go as one of Michigan's twenty-eight delegates to the Democratic National Convention.

Anticipating the inconvenience of writing you my annual greeting at that time I instead send it now. To what I have periodically said in the past I have little to add.

Those who have taken the cure know and value its efficacy. In the silent chamber of their own thoughts, rings a hymn of grateful joy.

A word or two to others concerned may be in order: Hysteria need not be drawn upon. Plain common sense abundantly meets every demand. The "Keeley Cure" is no occult mysterious force. It has a secure place in the domain of psychology and physiology. It does not change the physical nor the mental constitution of the man. While toning up, adding strength, rounding out, so to speak, the body and the mind, it leaves him the self same free agent that Almighty God ordained him to be. The injurious habit broken, the abnormal crave removed it is "up to" the new man himself to go forward with erect poise or to turn backward without purpose or hope. These who notwithstanding the action of your course will to return to the gloom of their old life may do so. There is nothing in the "Keeley Cure" that will prevent them, with however, this one qualification (and I talk from actual personal experience) viz., that just as it takes an effort on the part of the habitual drinker to abstain, so likewise does it take an effort to resume drink after your treatment.

Nothing in life is truer than this. How well I recall at this moment Doctor Hamilton's words to our class: "You gentlemen will return to your ordinary work with its attendant worry and nervous strain. You may, when worried and nervous, or when despondent, feel the suggestion of a stimulant—a mind crave born of long habit; but at that moment the slightest resistance on your part and the battle is won." To this I would add that the "Keeley" course so fashions our human nature that this resistance comes automatically.

No one knows this better than I do. Such has been my own experience.

My work is as exacting, as worrisome, as arduous, in fact, more so than at any period in my life, and yet with what ease I get relief by a momentary thought of Keeley. I could now no more take a drink of liquor without an effort on my part to do so, even when under pressure of overwork, nervousness or depression, than five years ago I could resist indulgence when so affected. What man, then, with the slightest modicum of common sense will deliberately go back from a life of strength, happiness, hope and freedom to a career of weakness, discontent, despair and slavery?

Ten thousand resolves, all broken in a few hours. I made against liquor before I went to Dwight; the one resolve I made there remains inviolate to this instant. I have no fear for the future.

Such is my "unvarnished tale." With kind regards, I remain,

Truly yours,
MICHAEL J. DOYLE.

Proud to Be a Keeley Graduate.

CHICAGO, July 20, 1908.

*The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—*I wish to say that my regard for the Keeley Cure increases every day. When I think of the nervous wreck that I was when I went to Dwight and compare myself as I was then with what I am today, my heart is filled with gratitude to God and the Keeley Cure. I have never missed an opportunity to tell of my experience at Dwight. I am proud of the fact that I am a graduate of that great institution. The Keeley button has never left the lapel of my coat, and I never try to hide it. When curious people ask me what it means I tell

them, and feel no disgrace in doing so. I am naturally of a social disposition, which brings me in contact with temptation, but I have never had a desire to take a drink, and as far as any desire to see what effect it would have on me, I know, from twenty-five years' experience, and, like a burned child, I avoid the fire.

When I came home I was badly in debt, but I was a new man, and I put my shoulder to the wheel and came out O. K. I am happy to say that my debts are all paid and I am in prosperous circumstances, with a good situation and a fair salary. I look and feel like a man once more. No more of that feeling that I was one of the smallest of God's creatures, and that I would be better off dead than alive. All that is changed. I take an interest in everything and feel that I have been made over.

Anything that I can do to help the Keeley work I will do cheerfully. Thanking all my kind friends in Dwight for their kind treatment of me, I remain,

Yours, under deep obligation,

W. L. HASKIN.

90 Diamond street, corner May street.

Hope and Business Success in Place of Failure.

INDIANA HARBOR, IND., June 30, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—Your appreciated favor of the 24th inst., was duly received. I fully appreciate the time, the freedom and the absence of the drink crave referred to in the first part of your letter and I have compared the fruits of the drinking life with those of sobriety and usefulness, as you put it. It was unnecessary to "stop" to make the comparison, as the comparison was forced upon me by the more successful and satisfactory business results, in addition to improved health.

Rest assured that I feel and shall continue to feel a "deep interest in your work" and shall ever be a "walking advertisement" of the benefits I received from your treatment, which gave me hope and business success in the place of failure and despair and wrote into my life something worth living for, that which makes me welcome the arrival of coming days.

My transformation has been most radical and complete.

Yours truly,

M. G. STERNBERG.

A Man Loses No Friends by Taking the Cure.

CHESTERTON, IND., May 20, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—I received your welcome letter today and will answer it at once. I am glad to say that I have protected my cure, and I intend to protect it as long as I live.

The day that my good wife and I started for Dwight was the beginning of a happy life for us and for our children. I had often heard that a man's friends would go back on him, and that he would be looked down upon if he took the Cure. But that is not the fact. I believe that I have more friends today than ever before. The former drinking associates look upon the Keeley-cured man as a man who knows what is best for himself, and treat him with respect, and other friendships grow stronger. But that is not all. The happiness at home, with your wife and family is increased.

I was never considered a very heavy drinker; but it was not hard for me to see where drink was leading me, as it grew on me more and more, and I was frequently intoxicated, and in such a state as to be unreliable and neglect my business. But, thanks to the Keeley Cure, such is not the case now. I can direct my farm work to better advantage; I never have any trouble with the farm hands, and we get more work done, simply because my time is spent on the farm where it should be, and not in the saloon. I also notice that I have more money to do business with, as the saloon-keeper does not get the lion's share.

Some people think that money spent at Dwight is wasted. But such is not the case. I consider it was the best investment I ever made. Just to show that we gain friends and respect by having the courage to protect ourselves against the awful liquor habit, I will mention that I was county commissioner when at the Institute. This spring I had to make the race again. And, notwithstanding my opponent was a very strong man, and sober and industrious, I was elected by a large majority. This shows that a man loses no friends by taking the Keeley Cure. May God bless every one connected with it.

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. A. ANDERSON.

Grows Stronger and Stronger in His Faith in the Cure.

SHELBYVILLE, MO., July 9, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your letter is at hand. I was out of the city or it would have been answered before. I grow stronger and stronger in my faith in the Keeley Cure, and cannot find words to express my appreciation of all it has done for me—and what it has done for me it will do for others.

I am one of those fellows who contracted the drink habit and was unable to overcome it. I had kept a close watch on a gentleman of this county who had been to Dwight and taken the treatment, and made up my mind to do likewise. I entered my name on the books of the secretary-treasurer's office of the Keeley Institute of the City of Dwight, Ill., on May 2, 1895, at 4 o'clock p. m., with no confidence in myself, and not knowing what the treatment would do for me. I was in doubt and dread all the time I was there, for I was so anxious, and had been for years, to overcome the habit; but I thank God, Doctor Keeley, and all connected with the Institute, and the influence that caused me to take the step, that my cure is absolute. I will not try to make any explanation of how it was done; the whole thing was done at the Institute and well done. Through all the long thirteen years that have passed, I have had all kinds of opportunities to go back to my cups, but have never felt any inclination or desire to do so; and, more, I

have not had a cigar or pipe in my mouth since I left Dwight, and I never did chew, so while I was cured of the drink habit, and well cured. I was cured of the tobacco habit, and I do not think they charged me up with that.

I remember a great many persons who were in the class with me in May, 1895, and kept in touch with some of them for several years. I would be delighted to hear from any of the boys, whether in my class or not.

Truly and sincerely your friend,

MAJ. L. A. HAYWARD.

A Well-Known Southern Lawyer Writes of the Cure.

BLOOMFIELD, MO., June 23, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—During the months of January and February, 1898, I took the treatment at Dwight, for the liquor habit, which had for some time been a considerable handicap in my struggle with fate.

I remember with what extreme reluctance I was cajoled, browbeaten and railroaded to that institution, and with what timidity and fear I left it to resume my place in the busy haunts of men. But now, after nearly ten years of absolute sobriety, I can candidly say that the Keeley Cure, so far as my individual case is concerned, has been an absolute and unqualified success. There has not been one instant of time since I left the Keeley Institute that I have been even remotely tempted to take a drink of whisky. I have gone forth into the world about my various duties with that absolute feeling of assurance upon my part that I would return to my home as I had left it—an absolutely sober man. Before I took the cure I had no such feeling, but when I went away on business I was not so very certain that I would get home at the appointed time, or



MR. JOHN DILLON.

that I would not get drunk and further disgrace myself and family. All this has now vanished and I have a feeling of certainty about some things which I did not formerly have.

I was not a very serious or very desperate drunkard, but I had reached that point where, if I had not called a halt, it would have become serious, and I probably would have been in the grave long ere this day.

I have not been in a Keeley Institute since I quit the institution in 1898, but I have a kindly feeling for it and am always glad to give it a good word whenever opportunity presents.

My observation, since taking the cure, has taught me the forceful truths of the lectures given to us at Dwight.

The Keeley Cure can sober a man up, eradicate the alcohol from his system and give him the power to resist the temptation to drink, but it cannot make a man out of a mouse, or turn wooden pulp into good gray matter. It has been my observation that the man who takes the Keeley Cure with the sincere desire to get away from the liquor habit, and the sincere desire to fill his place in the world, will be thereafter a sober man. If there are failures in effecting a cure, it cannot be laid at the door of the institution; but the failure is directly traceable to, and results from, the moral fibre of the man himself.

The Keeley Cure ranks with the greatest discoveries of any time and the good it has accomplished to humanity is immeasurable. I have had good health and energy to pursue my allotted tasks with the vigor necessary to their accomplishment since I took the Keeley Cure, and if the cure causes softening of the brain, as so many old toppers learnedly a gue, I am ready to deny it and to say emphatically that I have never met a cured man in whom such symptoms were manifest.

Some day I hope to visit Dwight again, but in the steady employment which I have always found ready

to my hand I may never have the opportunity of viewing the old and familiar scenes, but my sympathies and good will may ever be commanded in the interest of the Keeley Cure.

Very truly yours,

RALPH WAMMACK.

From an Illinois Merchant.

VERA, ILL., June 22, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—The "Keeley Institute" has proven by its works that alcoholism is a disease and can be cured—then why any man desires to drag out the remainder of his life and suffer from this disease, and be a nuisance to himself, family and friends, when he could go to Dwight and be cured, and not cost him any more than he will expend each year for "booze." I can't now understand. I am sure if any of our family had some other disease that was destroying their lives, both physical and mental, and we knew where they could be cured, we would soon have them there. I say then if you have relation, friends or neighbors that are regular "drum drinkers," "spreesers" and moderate drinkers, urge them to go to "Dwight" and get the "accursed stuff," clear out their system, so that they may hold up their heads, and be men and enjoy the remainder of their lives, and bless you for advising them to take the step. I say go at once and be cured, they cured me and they can cure you.

N. B. JINNETT.

From a Railroad Conductor.

MONMOUTH, ILL., July 17, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—As I have a little spare time today I will try and let you know how I am prospering. In my last letter I told you what I had been doing until I began work for the Iowa Central. I am still at work for them, and have been promoted to a conductor, having run a train for the past two months. But that is not the best of it. I do not use liquor in any way, form or manner, and have no desire for it. I have my family with me in Monmouth and it seems good all around. My wife and daughter are well and like their new home very much. We have a good house and Monmouth is a pleasant city.

I hope other graduates of the Institute are as faithful to their vows as I try to be, and with a good word to all and thanking you for the benefit I have received, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

H. S. LATHAM.

512 South A street.

Never Forgets What the Cure Has Done for Him.

CHICAGO, October 31, 1907.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—I am really ashamed of myself for not writing sooner, but I was very busy, hence the delay. After I returned from Dwight I remained at home for about six weeks, and then went to work, and have been working ever since. I have a good appetite, and am enjoying excellent health.

I never miss an opportunity to recommend your institution to all of my friends, as I never can forget what it has done for me, and I am sure it will do the same for others.

Wishing your institution success, and again thanking you for what you have done for me, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

FRANK A. NOWAK

707 South May street.

Would Have Every Drinking Man Take the Cure.

MORRIS, ILL., November 29, 1907.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—I am glad to say that I have protected my cure as instructed by you. I feel better than I have felt for years and have no desire whatever for drink, and fully appreciate the difference between the old life and the new. Before going to Dwight I could neither work, eat, nor sleep. But since taking the Cure I eat and sleep well, and work is a pleasure.

I speak a good word for the Keeley Cure at every opportunity, and if it lay in my power, would have every drinking man take the treatment. I confess that, like many others, before going to Dwight, I had not much faith in the Cure, but I found, to my great satisfaction, that it does all that is claimed for it, and if the instructions received there are followed, a man need have no fear that he will descend again to the life of a drunkard.

I have nothing but praise for the Keeley Cure, and sincerely hope that all who need it will go to Dwight and receive its benefits.

Yours respectfully,

MARTIN E. HARRINGTON.

809 East Jackson street.

Would Like to Herald His Cure to the World.

LETTIS, IOWA, June 11, 1908.

The Keeley Institute, Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—I am free from the appetite for strong drink. I have never for one instant wanted a taste of liquor since I was given my last drink at Dwight by my attendant. I am completely cured of the habit, and never shall take into my system again, not even as medicine, anything which has a tendency to create an appetite for narcotics or strong drink. I would like to herald to the world, so that every poor drunkard could know what the Keeley Cure has done for me. No person can habitually use the damnable stuff and be a man. This I could not fully realize until I had taken the Cure. I studied over the matter for two years before I made up my mind to get rid of the disease, and the main reason for not doing it sooner was that I thought my friends would look

down on me, and that my family would be subjected to insults by some of our neighbors. Instead of this, every one in the community gave me the glad hand-shake when I returned home, and I am sure that I have the respect of all my acquaintances. In December I was elected W. M. of the Masonic lodge here, an office that I had had the honor to hold seven times in years gone by.

I receive THE BANNER OF GOLD regularly, and delight to read the letters from those who have had the same experience that I have had.

In conclusion, I want to thank the whole faculty of the Dwight Institute for the kindness shown me while taking the treatment, and if you think that this testimony would be of any service to some poor fellow who is bound by the chains of strong drink, you are at perfect liberty to use it.

Truly yours,
J. H. COLLINS.

Never Spent Money to Better Advantage.

WATERLOO, IOWA, June 7, 1908.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—It has now been more than nine years since I left Dwight a new man, thanks to my dear old father who furnished the wherewith to take the cure and to Doctor Keeley and the good people of the Keeley Company for making such a cure possible. I commenced to drink when I was a boy, and continued to do so for twenty years, going from bad to worse until I became a confirmed drunkard. I went into business while yet a moderate drinker, and succeeded very well as far as making money was concerned for a few years, but all the time I was being drawn more rapidly into the whirlpool of drunkenness.

I lost nearly all I had made before I realized that it was time to break the awful habit. Then I sold what little I had left and moved to another part of the state, foolishly thinking that if I got away from the old environments I could easily break my chains and lead a different life. But, alas, this only revealed to me the wretched bondage I was in. Try as I would, the awful longing for drink would grow stronger and stronger, until at the end of three months at the most I would break over and begin to drink again. This would mean a week of drunkenness and debauch that it makes me shudder to think of; and then a week of sickness in bed for my poor wife to take care of me and nurse me back to health—only to repeat the same thing over and over again at intervals until I finally became so discouraged that I began to consider the advisability of committing suicide. Then, and not till then, my thoughts turned toward the Keeley Treatment as the last and only hope. I was on one of my periodical drinking spells when this thought struck me so forcibly that I took the train home to my brother's and asked him to go to my father and beg of him to let me have the money to take the treatment, which he did. The next morning I started for Dwight, one of the most dejected and miserable men on the face of the earth. My poor wife knew nothing of where I was until I wrote her from Dwight, from the Keeley Institute—the best place on earth for the man who has reached the depths through drunkenness. No man can sink so low through drink but that he can be cured by the Keeley Treatment.

Since leaving Dwight nine years ago I have never had any desire to drink any kind of liquor, and my brother younger than I took the cure about four years ago and is today one of the staunchest temperance men, and can not say enough in favor of the Keeley Cure.

Since I wrote you last I have lost my companion. She had been an invalid for more than four years, and the 11th of October she passed away. I thank the Keeley Company for making it possible for her to die in peace and happiness, for but for them God knows how we would ever have got through those years of suffering and trouble. Many times in her last days she spoke of my kindness to her, and of the care which I tried to give her, which would never have been possible but for the Keeley Cure.

I want to say to all men who are in need of a cure, don't be afraid to take the chances on going to Dwight. They can surely cure you, and no man ever spent money to better advantage.

Again I say, God bless the Keeley Company. May they live to bring happiness to many other families, as they did to me and mine.

Yours for the good of the poor inebriate,
A. J. BANFIELD.

315 Vinton street.

Seventeen Years Has Dispelled All Doubt.

BROWNSTOWN, ILL., June 20, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—About a year ago I wrote you my experience and as I am one of the old ones who got on the water wagon September 24, perhaps some of the old timers would like to know that I got such a strong grip that I have not fallen off, but am still riding. Even the grip did not shake me off. There was a time, long ago, when I would have considered it highly necessary to take some booze when I had the grip, and would almost have been thankful that I had the grip for an excuse. You fellows all know how you had to study for excuse or complaints to take your medicine (whisky) when your loved ones tried to persuade you that it was hurtful instead of beneficial to the system. Do you remember the hellish horrors that followed a few days debauch and how you wept and declared you would never be caught again? You could not look a good, temperate Christian in the face, when you needed his prayers so much in addition to your own. How many times in your repentant hours have you said, "Oh, God, for the sake of my wife and children, for the sake of all that is dear to me, take away this curse!" or, if not religiously inclined, you would say, "What a d— fool I am!" Well, aren't you? Now,

after you have made all these resolutions, you go along joyfully for a few weeks, then you feel a little badly, and the devil says, "Paul says take a little wine for your stomach's sake," and you go down, down, into the depths of hell and repentance once more.

If any one sees this who has not graduated through religion or the Keeley Cure, and is really repentant and desirous of becoming a man or woman in their true sense, and has used all other means without availing, I would advise you to take the Keeley Cure, with a firm and steadfast resolution to become an honor to yourself, your God and country. You surely will receive the joy that fills every repentant soul.

I am now sixty-six years old. I have had the experience, and before my deliverance was ashamed to own my weakness; but when, through my pride, I had nearly forfeited this miserable life on earth, I finally, in humble submission, allowed myself to be led away as a last means of escape, and after these years, thinking over the past, I can not help but thank God that He has made provision for poor mortals that have violated His laws to escape hell on earth and hell hereafter.

Respectfully yours,

SAMUEL W. RODE.

The letter written by Mr. Rode one year ago, to which he refers, tells of the causes which led to his beginning to drink, and gives so much of his early experience that it should be read in connection with his recent letter. We republish it as follows:

To Men Who Doubt the Keeley Cure:—In my younger days I can remember when the minister came to our

time. I have dreamed of the old time, and in horror would awake and thank God that it was only a dream.

With the assistance received at Dwight and from God, with a firm and steadfast resolution not to take the first drink, I am what I am—sixty-five years old, with a happy, loving family and many friends; and I feel confident that any man with the assistance of the Keeley Cure can become sober and better.

I was somewhat in doubt when I went to Dwight, but sixteen years' evidence has dispelled my doubt. My fellow sufferers, I have written you part of my experience to buoy you up, and to give you confidence in your cure.

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL W. RODE.

Has Stood the Test of Fifteen Years.

SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO, June 22, 1908.

TO THE BANNER OF GOLD:—The fifteenth of August will be the fifteenth anniversary of my graduation from the Keeley Institute of Dwight, Ill., and I can cheerfully say that from that time until the present date I have been blessed with good health, prosperity and happiness. I owe everything to the Keeley Cure. It gave me the nerve at any and all times to say no when asked to drink or offered intoxicants. Before taking the cure I would occasionally swear off; but it was only a question of time until something out of the ordinary would turn up and I would be drinking worse than ever. Now, no matter what may arise, I never think of whisky. Before taking the cure the one thing that worried me the most was, "What will the people say? and what a disgrace!" To the good brothers now in line let me say,



GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICE OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY, DWIGHT, ILL.

house, a bottle of whisky and a tumbler were set on the table and the minister would take a drink; of course this seemed to make him forget his tired feeling. We in our younger days thought it was necessary to take a drink occasionally. I was in the Seventh Illinois Cavalry four years and three months, from 1861 to 1865, and frequently when whisky was captured I was detailed to issue it to the boys, because I had the reputation of knowing how to govern myself, and I do not remember taking enough to cause drunkenness for several years.

After the war I continued to take my drink when I thought I needed it, and did not realize that the needs came oftener until it was too late and I became a periodical drunkard. Many times when I began drinking I did not stop until I was placed under a physician's care. It is not necessary to tell you my experience in sobering up. You know the horrible feeling, the good resolutions made at such a time never to indulge again. But how can a weak mortal resist with the poison in his system? Again and again I fell. I did not want people to know of the mental shame and suffering I endured, and my secret desire to become once more a sober man. Of course I had not much use for churches during that time. I went to a minister once when drinking to seek prayer and consolation, and he, I suppose in contempt, asked me if I could not stay sober a day. "Yes," I replied. "A week?" "Yes." "A month?" "Hold on," I said, "did you ever have the third ague?" "Yes," he answered. "Could you keep from shaking a day?" "Yes." "Two days?" "Yes." "And how about the third?" His answer was, "I shook." It was disease, but from a different cause. He ceased to argue with me. In September, 1891, I saw that I was getting on one of the worst benders I ever had, and I had been thinking of Dwight for some time, so I told my friends to send me there. My experience you are now receiving. I graduated in four weeks, and no one has seen me drink since that

on my return my friends were more loyal than ever, and I was in shape to protect myself against my enemies better than ever, having a steady nerve and clear brain. So as to those several imaginary ideas that originate in a brain loaded with rotten whisky, I say to you, boys in line, cut them out. And remember, any disparaging remarks you may hear on your return will be few and far between. You will be in shape to protect yourself in any man's country. There is just one place to strive for and that is on top.

It would surprise you to know how many men have called on me for particulars regarding the Cure. I always have time to explain everything in detail and am proud to say that those who have gone to the Institute found everything as represented. Some of our best men in the territory are Keeley graduates. A very light percentage has fallen back into the old rut. Of course, we are aware that the Keeley Cure can't make brains and if some one slipped back occasionally, we must stand for it. It is food for bums to comment on, and others, who are too ignorant to give any credit to scientific methods of the day. But when one learns that there are more than 350,000 Keeley graduates in America, which directly affects more than three million people, it sets thinking people guessing whether the Cure is reliable or not. The Keeley Cure is all right if the patient tries to be anywhere near right.

Yours respectfully,

P. J. SAVAGE.

Carnegie Hits Drink.

The curse of drink is the cause of more failures in life than anything else. You can surmount every other faulty habit, but the man who is a confirmed drinker has not one chance in a million of success in life.—Andrew Carnegie in Address at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, March 28, 1908.

KEELEY WORK IN ENGLAND.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INSTITUTE IN LONDON—REV.
CANON FLEMING, CHAIRMAN—REUNION OF
GRADUATES—REMARKABLE RECORD
OF INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCES.

[The following is copied from reports which appeared in the London Christian Commonwealth of June 24th and The Sunday School Chronicle and Christian Outlook of June 25th.]

SPECIAL interest was lent to the annual meeting of the Keeley Institute, 8 and 9 West Bolton Gardens, South Kensington, last Thursday afternoon, by the presence of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M. A., who has recently joined the Committee of Investigation, which has met every year for the last fifteen years to receive the evidence of patients who have passed through the Institute. The Rev. Canon Fleming (chairman of the Committee since it was formed), presided, and among those present were Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Mr. H. W. Forster, M. P., Mr. W. Hind Smith, and Mr. Johnson Brooks. In the following report, for obvious reasons, the names of the ladies and gentlemen who appeared before the Committee are not given; they are indicated by a number.

No. 1 said: When I came to the Institute I thought I was a hopeless case. I was treated a year ago last April, and was completely cured. For over ten years I had been a victim of alcohol, and was gradually getting worse. At last I became quite unfitted, mentally and physically, for ordinary life. Now the desire for alcohol has quite left me; I have no craving whatever. I have the same temptations to contend with as before, but neither pleasure nor worry can make me drink. I have never tasted alcohol since I left the Institute. If you put whisky before me it has no more effect upon me than if it were water.

Mr. H. W. Forster, M. P.: If before you came to the Institute people had invited you to drink you could not have resisted?

The Patient: No. The Keeley Treatment builds up the will power, and, to my mind, that is its best feature.

Canon Fleming: This patient testifies that at the end of the treatment he was absolutely cured. The crave is completely gone. He goes out into the world again, returns to his old haunts, meets his friends again; and we deeply mourn to say that under such circumstances a certain number of patients relapse. They are cured, but like the burnt child they put their hand into the fire again. The Keeley treatment does not make it impossible for a man to drink intoxicants again, but it does give him the power to say no. If he abuses that power, he has nobody to thank but himself for the consequences.

The Patient: My will power was so weak before I entered the Institute that when anybody said, "Come and have a drink," although I did not want to go, I had not the strength to resist. I feel that my will power is now stronger than it ever was.

No. 2: I underwent the Keeley Cure seven years ago. For years the drink habit had impaired my health and powers of working. Now I am a new man; I feel like a boy again, as though I could do anything. During these seven years I have never had the slightest desire for drink, and have never touched it. I am at work every day, and can do it better than ever I could. I should like to speak of the kindness we patients received here; in fact, it was quite a home. I have traveled all over England, and never had the slightest difficulty or trouble in keeping away from the drink.

No. 3: I was treated three years ago last November. This is my first appearance before the Committee. I thought the longer I stayed away the better the test. Before I came to the Institute I was in a chronic state of alcoholism. My condition had been getting worse for years. When I agreed to come here I knew nothing about the place, and had no faith in the treatment; in fact, my chief idea in coming to town was to have a night in London. After I had been here four days I was able to give up drinking altogether. There is no doubt about the Keeley treatment being a complete cure if a man has the slightest desire to give up drinking. Since I was here I have sent up from Devonshire several apparently hopeless cases, and every-one of them has turned out satisfactorily. I can almost go as far as to say that I am glad I have been a drunkard, because no one can tackle the drunkard so well as a man who has been one.

Rev. R. J. Campbell: What is your experience with women? How many of them are recovered?

Mr. Aspinwall (manager of the Institute): Just the same as with men. We have completely disproved the old painful idea that a woman who gave way to drink was a hopeless case. Accommodation is provided for women near at hand. If they wish to be treated in

their own homes, our physicians will attend them; but that greatly increases the expense.

Canon Fleming (referring to a point raised by Mr. Campbell): I can only say that during the fifteen years I have been connected with the Keeley Institute, as honorary chairman of this committee, we have been most careful to avoid publicity. Of course, we know the names and addresses and the record of all the people who come before this committee, but their names are not mentioned here, nor are they printed in our reports.

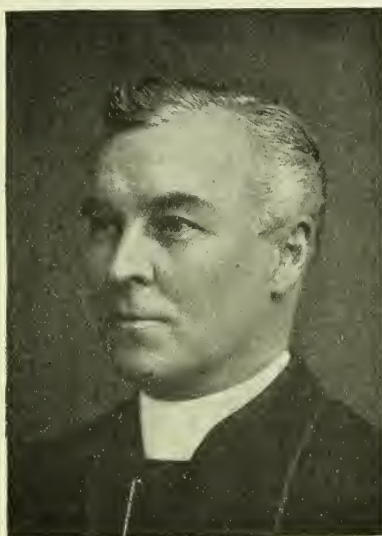
The Patient: In four days the sinking feeling disappears, and patients who have never taken a solid meal for six or seven months are able to eat a hearty breakfast. My difficulty has been to induce people to come here. Some say the expense is too great.

Canon Fleming: When people say that, I ask: What is £40 compared, first, with the money spent on drink; second, the loss of health; third, the loss of home and happiness; and, lastly, the danger to the soul?

Mr. W. Hind Smith: I heard of a gentleman who stayed away on account of the expense, and in four days spent £70! During the past fifteen years I have known some wonderful cases—modern miracles I call them.

Mr. Campbell: How long does the cure take?

Canon Fleming: Four weeks. As early as the fourth



THE REV. CANON FLEMING, B. D.

day a revulsion sets in, but the patient must go on with the treatment patiently and loyally for four weeks if the cure is to be completed.

EXPERIENCE OF A WEST-END TRADESMAN.

No. 4: This is the fifth time I have appeared before this Committee, and I am very glad to come, if only to encourage you, sir, and others who take an interest in this Institute to continue the work of benefiting your fellow creatures. It is five years ago last October since I underwent the treatment, and I have never touched alcohol since. I am fifty-two years of age, and as energetic as a man of five-and-twenty. When I came here I was a complete wreck. Since my cure I have brought twenty-six patients here—one is my brother, eleven years younger than myself—and everyone of them has been cured—with perhaps the exception of one whose tendency to drink seems to be the result of epilepsy. I am still taking great care of him. Two years ago I carried a young man of twenty-seven up the steps of this Institute; he was too nervous to go into the City, and was altogether in a shocking state. He is now a changed man. There is no question as to the Keeley treatment being a cure. If men and women who have been cured choose to go back to the drink again, there is nothing to prevent them—they are their own masters; but I cannot understand their doing it—it is like a horse returning to a fire from which it has been rescued.

Canon Fleming: I have heard it accounted for in this way: When a man has been cured here he feels so well, so absolutely strong, that he thinks he can take a drink without any risk. But he runs a tremendous danger.

Mr. Campbell: Do you go where drink is? If other people drink in your presence, what is the effect upon you?

The Patient: It has no effect upon me at all, except

that the smell is obnoxious. The cure seems to do everything but put a gag on one's lips to prevent one drinking again. I would like to take this opportunity, if I may, of paying a tribute to the doctors; they show the greatest human sympathy and profound skill. For ten years the drinking habit had been growing upon me, and I had been drinking two bottles of whisky a day for the last six months before I came here. Now it all seems like a dreadful dream.

Lord Montagu: What made you come here?

The Patient: My father and mother both went under with drink. A younger sister was cured about the same time that I was.

Lord Montagu: Heredity?

The Patient: I am afraid so. But in my case environment had a good deal to do with my downfall.

Mr. Campbell: Supposing a person who has passed through the Institute relapses, could he be taken back and cured again?

Mr. Aspinwall: Of those who come back for second treatment, not 5 per cent take to drink again. After their first cure they thought they could be moderate drinkers, but they found by bitter experience that their only safety was total abstinence.

The Patient: I cannot tell you how thankful I am that I ever came here. Up to that time I had not been of any particular use to my fellow creatures, but I have certainly been of some use since, and I am a very happy man. It has been a great joy to me to bring twenty-six poor creatures here, every one of whom is now very different from what he was before.

Mr. Campbell: That is a splendid case.

No. 5: I came to the Institute last March. I had been addicted to drugs for eight or ten years. After the first three weeks the crave for morphia had absolutely left me.

Lord Montagu: What led you to take to drugs?

The Patient: I suffered from sciatica, and my doctor gave me morphia. I thought I could give it up, but I found I could not. I have had very bad health; I have suffered from abscesses and other troubles.

Canon Fleming: How is your health now?

The Patient: Grand! I have a good appetite; in fact, I am a changed man.

WOMEN WHO DRINK NEED NOT DESPAIR

No. 6 (a lady, who was afterwards stated to be seventy-one years old): I have not been to one of these meetings before, but I have written. I was treated six years ago. My cure was perfect, and I am now quite well. I have absolutely no desire for drink. I came here quite worn out. I had been a victim to drink for some years. I took alcohol under medical advice, and then I found I could not do without it. I became unable to attend to my duties, and could not see anybody who called. My husband was sick of me, and my children despised me. I felt quite a lost creature. My son in New York wrote asking if the doctors could do nothing for me. They were very grieved, and they gave me a tonic occasionally, but they could do no more. I was struggling against my foe, and the misery of it was driving me out of my mind. My conscience accused me every day; I was deprived of the love of my husband and children. I was despairing. At length I received a letter from my son in America, "Go at once to the Keeley Institute." I came, and you know how I came. I could not walk up the steps. On the fourth day the doctor said to me, "How are you?" I replied, "I am the proudest woman in this city; I have won, I have got my foe under me; I am a free woman." The crave had left me entirely, and from that time up to the present moment I have not had the slightest desire for drink. When I came here I was as feeble as a baby."

Canon Fleming: How is your health now?

The Patient: Good, for an old woman. I am able to take my food. I now live quite a new life; restored to husband and children. I call the good friends here my deliverers, and I call this house my temple. I am delighted to give this testimony. I never lose an opportunity of telling what the Keeley Institute has done for me, and I have sent several patients here.

Canon Fleming: What did the doctors say about your cure?

The Patient: They were very pleased and very much interested.

No. 7: It is four years since I was treated. For ten years I was very much under the alcohol habit. The nature of my calling put me always in the midst of drink; one could not do a deal without a few whiskys. I am still in the same calling, but I am able to get through without taking any intoxicants at all.

Mr. H. W. Forster, M. P.: After the cure, when you were in the same surroundings as before, did you find it difficult to refrain from drinking?

The Patient: No. My mind was made up. Drink had destroyed my will power, but the total eradication

of the effects of whisky out of the system restored my will. Before I came here I often intended to make up my mind to say "No," but I never could do it. Now I do not feel conscious of any temptation whatever. I am very grateful to you gentlemen for taking an interest in the matter; you are doing a great and useful work.

FROM AN EX-NAVY MAN.

No. 8: I was cured here five years ago. Since then I have never touched alcohol, and never wanted it. I had been giving way to drink for four or five years, the last year or two very badly. Now my health is quite restored, my appetite is good, and everything is all right. It required a good deal of pressure to get me to come here. I regarded it as a confession of complete loss of self-restraint. I felt that if I once resorted to artificial aids to recovery, my self-respect would be absolutely gone. I was in hopes that I could cure myself; I put obstacles in the way of my getting the drink, and thought I had succeeded in mastering myself, but I became worse than ever. There is a great difference between the Keeley Institute and an inebriate home. In the latter a man is locked up, and he cannot get the drink; here he goes in and out, and is at perfect liberty to go and come as he pleases.

No. 9: I was treated a little over two years ago. I had been drinking for ten or twelve years, and was gradually getting worse. I was very bad before I came here. I tried two other "cures" without success. Four days after I entered the Institute I left off drinking, and since then I have never touched alcohol—never thought of it—never wished for it. My health is quite restored, and I am back in my previous surroundings and doing my old work. I can say "No" now where I could not do so before. I honestly believe that nothing else but Keeley will do any permanent good.

No. 10: I underwent the cure two years ago; since then I have never touched anything stronger than tea, and have had no inclination to do so. I know two men who have come to the Institute since I was here, and they have been most satisfactory cases. Both these men are now quite a comfort where previously they were quite a curse. When I came here I was quite paralyzed. My mind was clear, but I could not get up and down stairs or even move out of a chair without assistance. I endured much physical pain and mental worry. I am happy to say that I have quite got rid of all that. It took me some months before I fully regained the use of my limbs. I am now over sixty years of age, and I do not think you can find a healthier or stronger man than I am.

No. 11: I was cured five years ago. Since then I have been practically all over the world, but I have never touched stimulants. I used to be in the army, then I went to sea, and was a heavy drinker. Now I have not the slightest desire for alcohol.

No. 12: It is four years last March since I underwent the treatment. I am now quite well. It is no difficulty to me to go without liquor, for I have no desire for it—the appetite has completely gone. I have recommended patients here, and their treatment has been as successful as mine was. If I can do anything for the Institute I shall be only too glad.

Canon Fleming: Every case that comes before us year after year strengthens our conviction that the Keeley treatment is a sure cure if loyally and fairly followed.

The proceedings closed with the reading by Canon Fleming of a number of very striking letters from cured patients unable to be present. The gist of two of these is well worth giving:

FROM AN OPERATING SURGEON.

The first is from an operating surgeon, now in daily practice in a large hospital in the north of England. For more than twenty years he had been under the influence of morphia, and when he entered the Keeley Institute, fourteen years ago, his nerves were completely shattered, and he could not keep a limb still. Now he was completely recovered, he was able to follow his profession, and owed a great debt of gratitude to the Keeley Treatment for his rescue from slavery.

FROM A LADY PHYSICIAN.

The next letter is even more remarkable, and is from a London lady physician, who in vain had tried to cure herself, and also had undergone eight other treatments for morphia and cocaine.

She had no hesitation in attributing her freedom to the Keeley Treatment, and wrote that she would always do whatever lay within her power to make its merits and virtues known.

I have seen many embittered by criticism and others enfeebled for the lack of kind encouragement, but I do not come across any who have been spoilt by deserved praise.—Jan MacLaren.

Art Department

EDITED BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

EASY TO DRIFT.

BY OLIVER HUCKLE.

EASY to drift to the open sea,
The tides are eager and swift and strong,
And whistling and free are the rushing winds—
But, oh, to get back is hard and long.

Easy as told in Arabian tale,
To free from his jar the evil sprite,
Till he rises like smoke to stupendous size—
But, oh, nevermore, can we prison him tight.

Easy as told in an English tale,
To fashion a Frankenstein body and soul,
And breathe in his bosom a breath of life—
But, oh, we create what we cannot control.

Easy to drift to the sea of doubt,
Easy to hurt what we cannot heal,
Easy to rouse what we cannot soothe,
Easy to speak what we do not feel,
Easy to show what we ought to conceal,
Easy to think that fancy is fate,
And, oh, the wisdom that comes too late!

—Selected.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

MICHAEL ANGELO—SOME OF HIS MOST FAMOUS STATUES.

(Twenty-first Paper.)

If we seem to dwell too long with Michael Angelo's work as a sculptor, remember that in that domain of art he seemed most adequately to express himself. His preference for sculpture was so marked that he always turned to it when not forced by some of his taskmasters ("patrons," they styled themselves) to build or paint. In one of his letters he says, "It is only well with me when I have a chisel in my hand," and in one of his most beautiful sonnets he tells us:

"The best of artists hath no thought to show
What the rough stone in its superfluous shell
Doth not include."

To him the virgin block seemed teeming with possibilities—a prison house of captive ideas that only his hand could set free; and so he dealt blow after blow with feverish impetuosity until the captive thought became a tangible form, and lived—and still lives.

One of the finest analyses of Michael Angelo's work as sculptor is given by a French critic. He says: "It has been said that the sublime is distinguished from the beautiful in that, while the latter expresses the idea of something exalted yet serene, like the fair azure of the sky, the former always connotes the sense of struggle,—a struggle against superior forces, the travail of sentiment and thought in the iron bonds of art. If we accept these definitions, Michael Angelo's works are sublime rather than beautiful. Traces of a fierce struggle with the material is evident in all of them. Power is more strongly expressed than order, and one is commingled with our admiration. The 'Il Penseroso' and the 'Moses' represent the art of the sculptor carried to its highest pitch of grandeur, of energy, and of passion."

From the German we have this estimate: "Supremely powerful and supremely individual, Michael Angelo completely transformed the sphere of plastic art, and assigned new limits to it. During his long life he had comprised all its phases, from the naturalistic beginnings of the fifteenth century, through the gradual stages of its development, up to the first symptoms of decline and mannerism. He has been called, and not untruly, the 'Fate' of Modern Art; but it should not be forgotten that he was, after all, but the agent of an impelling historical movement, and that so much of this movement seems to have been accomplished through him only because he was so supremely great."

Now let us study a few of the most famous and most familiar statues of "The Master Carver of Florence." We will take first his "David," that beautiful figure of the hero of the Bible story so dear to the heart of childhood. He was commissioned in 1501, by Soderini, then gonfaloniere of Florence, to carve a statue from a huge block of marble that had been lying idle forty years, having been spoiled by the sculptor Bartolommeo di Pietro, called Baccellino, who in 1461 had begun to work on this huge block, intending to hew from it a statue to be known as "The Giant." He was unsuccessful, spoiled the block, and there it had remained until

the order was given as above related. Buonarroti immediately saw the possibilities within the huge mass of unshapely marble, and undertook the ambitious task, and the "David" is the result. When it was finished, a meeting of all of the principal artists in Florence was called to decide upon the best site for it. Various positions were suggested, but the final decision was left to Michael Angelo himself, who chose a spot in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, where the statue remained till 1873, when for protection it was removed to a hall in the Florentine Academy.

"In the David," says Symonds, "Michael Angelo first displayed that quality of *terribilita*, of spirit-quailing, awe-inspiring force for which he afterward became so famous. The statue imposes, not merely by its size and majesty and might, but by a something vehement in the conception. Wishing perhaps to adhere strictly to the Biblical story, Michael Angelo studied a lad whose frame was not developed. The 'David,' to state the matter frankly, is a colossal hobbledchoy. His body, in breadth of the thorax, depth of the abdomen and general stoutness, has not grown up to the scale of the enormous hands and feet and heavy head. We feel that he wants at least two years to become a fully developed man, passing from adolescence to the maturity of strength and beauty. The attitude selected is one of great dignity and vigor. The heroic boy, quite certain of victory, is excited by the coming contest. His brows are violently contracted, the nostrils tense and quivering, the eyes fixed keenly on the distant Philistine. In his right hand, kept at a just middle between the hip and the knee, he holds the piece of wood on which his sling is hung. The sling runs round his neck, and the centre of it, where the stone bulges, is held with the left hand, poised upon the left shoulder, ready to be loosed. Michael Angelo invariably chose some decisive moment in the action he had to represent, and though he was working here under difficulties, owing to the limitations of the damaged block, he contrived to suggest the imminence of swift and sudden energy which shall disturb the equilibrium of his young giant's pose."

(I hope all my readers have provided themselves with illustrations of Michael Angelo's works. They are so easily procured nowadays by writing either to the Browns or Perrys of Boston for the penny reproductions.)

Let us now, in imagination, step into the Medici chapel of the old church of San Lorenzo. "The original church was founded in 930 and is one of the most ancient in Italy. It was burned in 1423, but one hundred years later, by the order of Leo X., Michael Angelo designed and began to execute the new sacristy, which was intended to serve as a mausoleum for Giuliano de Medici, Duke of Nemours, brother of Leo X., and younger son of Lorenzo, the magnificent; and to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, and grandson of the great Lorenzo. Within this mausoleum were placed the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo. They are both seated on lofty pedestals, on opposite sides of the chapel, and face each other. At the base of Giuliano's tomb, reclining on a huge sarcophagus, are the colossal figures of 'Day' and 'Night,' and at the base of Lorenzo's the figures of 'Dawn' and 'Twilight.'"

"The chapel is quite separated from the church itself. It is solemn, cold, bare, white, and lighted from above by a lantern open to the sky. A chill comes over you as you enter it; and the whole place is awed into silence by these majestic and solemn figures. You at once feel yourself to be in the presence of an influence serious, grand, impressive and powerful, and of a character wholly different from anything that sculpture has hitherto produced, either in the ancient or modern world. Whatever may be the defects of these great works, and they are many and evident, one feels that here a lofty intellect and power has struggled, and fought its way, so to speak, into the marble, and brought forth from the insensate stone a giant brood of almost supernatural shapes. It is not nature that he has striven to render, but rather to embody thoughts and to clothe in form conceptions which surpass the limits of ordinary nature. It is idle to apply here the rigid rules of realism. The attitudes are distorted and almost impossible. No figure could ever retain the position of 'Night' at best for more than a minute, and to sleep in such an attitude would be scarcely possible. And yet a mighty burden of sleep weighs down this figure, and the solemnity of night itself broods over it. So, also, the 'Day' is more like a

primeval Titanic form than the representation of a human being. The head itself is merely blocked out, and scarcely indicated in its features. But this very fact is itself a stroke of genius; for the suggestion of mystery in this vague and unfinished face is more impressive than any elaborated head could have been. It is supposed that he left it thus because he found the action too strained. So be it; but here is 'Day' still involved in clouds, but now arousing from its slumbers, throwing off the mists of darkness, and rising with a tremendous energy of awakening life. The same character also pervades the 'Dawn' and 'Twilight.' They are not man and woman; they are types of ideas. One lifts its head, for the morning is coming; one holds its head abased, for the gloom of evening is drawing on. A terrible sadness and seriousness oppresses them. Dawn does not smile at the coming of the light, is not glad, has little hope, but looks upon it with a terrible weariness, almost with despair—for it sees little promise, and doubts far more than it hopes. Twilight, again, almost disdainfully sinks to repose. The day has accomplished nothing; oppressed and hopeless, it sees the darkness close about it," so writes another sculptor, William Wetmore Story.

"What Michael Angelo meant to embody in these statues can only be guessed, but certainly it was no trivial thought. It was not beauty nor grace, nor simple truth to nature that he sought to express. In making them the weight of the unexplained mystery of life hung over him; the struggle of humanity against superior forces oppressed him. The doubts, the despair, the power, the indomitable will of his own nature, are in them. They are not the expressions of the natural day of the world, of the glory of the sunrise, the tenderness of the twilight, the broad gladness of day, or the calm repose of night; but they are seasons and epochs of the spirit of man—its doubts and fears, its sorrows and longings and unrealized hopes."

The sad condition of his country oppressed him. Its shame overwhelmed him. His heart was with Savonarola, to whose excited preaching he had listened, and his mind was inflamed by the hope of a spiritual regeneration of Italy and the world. The gloom of Dante enshrouded him, and terrible shapes of the "Inferno" had made deeper impressions on his nature than all the sublime glories of the "Paradiso." "His great spirit stood fronting the agitated storms of passions which then shook his country, like a rugged cliff that braves the tempest-whipped sea—disdainfully casting from it violent and raging waves, and longing almost with a vain hope for the time when peace, honor, liberty and religion should rule the world."

This would seem to be implied in the lines he wrote under his statue "Night," in reply to the quatrain written there by Giovan Battista Strozzi. Here are Strozzi's lines:

"Night, with in peaceful attitude you see,
Here sleeping, from this stone an angel wrought.
Sleeping, it lives. If you believe it not,
Awaken it, and it will speak to thee."

Angelo's response was:

"Grateful is sleep—and more, of stone to be;
So long as crime and shame here hold their state,
Who can not see or feel is fortunate—
Therefore speak low, and do not waken me."

This seems to indicate that under these giant shapes he meant to embody allegorically at once the sad condition of humanity and the oppressed condition of his country. "But whatever the interpretation to be given to these statues, in power, originality, and grandeur of character they have never been surpassed. There is a lift of power, an energy of conception, a grandeur and boldness of treatment which redeems all defects. They are the work of a great man, spurning the literal, daring almost the impossible, and using the human form as a means of thought and expression."

For a fine interpretation of Michael Angelo's work and these Medician statues let me refer you to Mrs. Browning's poem Casa Guido Windows. Want of space prevents my quoting it here, as it does also, further study of this great master mind of the Renaissance, whose life we have only feebly portrayed. A great soul is not wholly revealed in one decade, or one century, but lives on, and on into infinity.

"I think thy soul said then, 'I do not need
A princedom and its quarries, after all;
For if I paint, write, carve a word indeed,
On book, or board, or dust, on tower or wall,
The same is kept of God, who fathoms heed
That not a letter of the meaning fall
Or ere it touch and teach his world's deep heart,
Outlasting, therefore, all your lordships, sir!'"

ALEXANDER POPE.

BY THE LATE JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

There are a number of the Queen Anne's men that it is well to know, such as Arbuthnot, Gay, Tickell, Parnell and Ambrose Phillips. These worked around the "great Mr. Addison" and were members of that "little senate" upon which, in a great satire, Pope has conferred immortality. Gay wrote poems and plays, the most famous of which, the "Beggars' Opera," is still read. Phillips is only remembered now from the nick-name that was given him—"Nambly-Pamby"—indicating the kind of verses he was in the habit of writing. Parnell and Tickell were moderate poets and writers who owed their general success to either Swift or Addison.

Doctor Arbuthnot was a man of great powers, whose fame has not been adequately preserved. It is more than 150 years since he died, but his writings have only been recently collected and published. Doctor Johnson said of him: "I think Doctor Arbuthnot the first man among the wits of the age. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning and of much humor." Thackeray styles him "one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind," and Macaulay declared that he had written "the most ingenious and humorous political satire extant in our language." This was "The History of John Bull."

But the great figure of the time next to Swift and Addison is Alexander Pope. Upon his shoulders fell the mantle of John Dryden and in his lifetime he was esteemed as the greatest of English poets. For many years afterwards he held this distinction though his merit was often questioned. The discussion of Pope's genius has run very high at times, and has been participated in by Bowley, Byron, Campbell, Roscoe, Isaac Disraeli, DeQuincy and Macaulay, until a central literature has grown around the subject more voluminous than any that is extant concerning the other English writers, save Shakespeare alone.

Pope was born in London in 1688, a delicate, sickly creature, whose life was a long disease. In one of his pieces he compares himself to a spider. From his father he inherited a deformed shape, which studious habits only increased. In his childhood his face was angular, his voice exceedingly sweet, and he wrote verse almost as soon as he had learned his alphabet. "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," is his own description of himself, and from the time he could remember he looked forward to a literary career. His parents being Catholics, the ordinary schools were closed to him and his education was desultory and self-guided. At the age of twelve he plunged into general and miscellaneous reading with ardor, and thus acquired a wide knowledge of English literature. He studied Spenser and Dryden profoundly and from them gained an extensive vocabulary and a knowledge of all the niceties of versification.

When still a youth he became acquainted with William Wycherley, one of the dissolute poets of Charles II's time, and carried on a correspondence with him. Wycherley got Pope to revise his verses for him, and the young reviser and critic hacked and hewed so vigorously at the old poet's compositions as to make that individual roar out, and finally break off entirely with so plain-spoken a critic. Pope now gave his whole mind to his art, kept his writing desk by his bedside and was constantly in the habit of committing to paper expressions and thoughts as they occurred to him. He wrote much and revised with an unsparring hand, polishing his verse until no further improvement seemed possible. He never was in haste to print, but kept his manuscript for years until it was entirely to his liking.

When grown to manhood his stature was so low, that when sitting at a table his seat had to be raised to bring him to the ordinary level. At twenty-one he was a confirmed invalid, querulous and ill-tempered. His mind was as crooked as his body and he never could or would do anything with directness. As Bolingbroke said, "He played the politician about cabbages and turnips." If he desired a favor he would not ask for it in plain terms, but would gain it by some artifice or innuendo. He was fretful, parsimonious, egotistical, and untruthful. He gained the friendship of all that brilliant circle of wits from Swift to Lady Mary, and he quarreled with all of them save Arbuthnot and Gay. Two of his bitterest and most trenchant satires were directed against Addison and

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Addison had been his friend since his first appearance as a poet, and had praised him highly on the "Spectator." Lady Mary was on terms of social intimacy with him, until he fell on his knees one day to declare his love, a performance that produced from her only a burst of laughter. The scorned lover treasured his revenge, and years afterward wrote a gross couplet on the character of "Sappho" that was at once, but very unjustly applied to Lady Mary. It was sheer Billingsgate expression only of virulent hatred. The attack on Addison is one of the best known of Pope's satires and has the merit of being an exaggerated but recognizable likeness of the great essayist. The piece was not published until after Addison's death, but copies were handed around. It is not certain that Addison ever saw it, but if he did, it made no difference in his treatment of Pope. He remained friendly to the poet until the last. Addison died in 1719 and the satire which is a part of the epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot appeared in 1723. Atticus is the name appropriated to Addison in the "Spectator." The following is the passage:

"Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike,
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flattery besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Tempers every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

Pope's poems are not widely read in these days. They are too full of commonplace maxims. Their brilliancy is as tiresome as their monotony. They are intended for the wits whose conversation is in epigrams. No poet except Shakespeare and Milton contains so many quotable lines, and there are thousands of persons who use these lines in daily conversation who are entirely ignorant of their context.

Pope was a master of style and his poetry contains all the niceties of speech. He concentrates in a couplet the last results of worldly wisdom or a whole volume of observations on human life. These seem true to us now, for since his day they have grown threadbare, but if we shut our eyes to their substance and look only to their form we cannot but admire its accuracy and felicity. This is Pope's great merit and the way to learn to enjoy him is, as Leslie Stephen suggests, to memorize the epistle of Arbuthnot, which is the prologue to the satires. It is about four hundred lines and is Pope's defense of his life. In it is composed his feelings and thoughts. It must be read with some knowledge of Pope's career, his friends and his studies. With this preparation it will prove a revelation to all lovers of poetry, and an enjoyment they will rarely find in the old literature.

No one will care much for "The Dunciad," Pope's quarrel with the Dunces, in which he first made Theobald, and then Colley Cibber, his hero. To enjoy it at all, one must be well acquainted with all the literary scandal of the time. But "The Rape of the Lock," "The Essay on Criticism," and the "Satires," are well worth anyone's time to master, for they are, and will remain classical.

A splendid edition of Pope's works, in ten volumes, has been completed under the editorship of Messrs. Elwin and Courthope. It is a monument of industry, and contains all that one can wish to know about the strangest character in our literature. As we rise from the perusal of his poems and his life, we are conscious of inconsistent feelings in respect to him. We cannot but admire much that he wrote, and his life-long struggle with disease excites our pity and sympathy, while his perverse temper, sinister disposition and constant meanness begets in us nothing but contempt. He was morally diseased as well as physically, and we are bound to consider this in making up our final estimate of the man. It is for this reason that the modern critics have agreed that Pope's poetry must be judged entirely apart from his character. If we do not eliminate the personal condition we can never truly enjoy the poetry.



FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

I KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow;
And underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know;
And God put another one in for luck;—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith;
You must love and be strong; and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

—Selected.

WHEN PATIENCE CEASES TO BE A VIRTUE.

DURING the past few weeks two cases of inebriety among women have come under our observation which were peculiarly sad, and which illustrate the ruin and desolation that women bring to themselves and their families through drink.

The first case was that of a young physician,—a graduate from one of our best medical colleges, a woman of rare mental ability and personal charm, educated, refined, and gifted with those natural endowments of ambition and energy that should have made her a power for good in the world.

But with all these advantages, and the added advantage that she was the daughter of a man of wealth and social position, she had sunk to such a depth that she had been practically cast off by her family, who would no longer furnish money which was sure to be squandered in drink.

Some friends had taken her into their home, thinking that she was reduced to such straits that she must win the victory and keep her promise never to touch another drop of anything that could intoxicate.

But she could not do so, and after a few weeks of struggle on her part, and of urging an entreaty on the part of her friends she again fell, the victim of an uncontrollable craving for drink, which had been her curse, and they found her one morning with garments stained from the mud of the streets, and her face blackened and swollen from bruises where she had fallen in a drunken stupor in a hallway that she had managed to reach.

What a commentary on social drinking;—for it was through the social glass that this woman took the first step in a downward path that has brought disgrace and humiliation to a proud old family, and blighted the career of a gentle and lovable woman, who gave promise of a life of exceptional usefulness through her skill in her chosen profession.

The other case is even more pitiful, because it more closely affects the lives of others. It is the story of a young mother, the wife of a sober, industrious and ambitious mechanic, who married the girl that he loved, and started out to have a happy home.

They have married six years and have a dear little boy four years old. But the mother is a confirmed inebriate. Her husband never knows how he will find her when he goes home. If he gives her money for marketing she scripps on the supplies and buys whiskey. If he gives her money for clothes she buys the cheapest of garments and spends the remainder for drink.

He is a good provider, but there is no one to cook the meals. The little boy is by turns petted, abused or neglected, according to his mother's potions; a few drinks making her quarrelsome, and a sufficient quantity putting her into a drunken sleep, as her husband is apt to find her when he goes home from his work.

He has remonstrated, implored and threatened, and

nothing does any good. She will promise by everything sacred, only to be drunk again the next day. The man's happiness is wrecked, his boy is being ruined, and his wife seems to have lost all sense of duty or responsibility. He has well-nigh outgrown his love for his wife, but he idolizes his little boy, and for the sake of the child he keeps on, hoping against hope for a better day.

It is only one more instance of the dangers of social drinking. This woman took her first lessons in dram-drinking at the home of a friend, where beer and wine were always served, and where it was considered rather a joke to take a little too much.

* *

THESE are only two instances, and they neither prove that drinking among women is on the increase or the decrease. But they show what drink does for the woman who becomes enslaved by it;—and, unfortunately, there are many such cases, for, with women, as with men, there is no advance test of immunity to its poison.

But with both men and women there should be a time limit to the suffering they will endure through the drinking habits of another. There was a time when will power furnished the only means of escape from drink bondage; but that is not true now. Science has found a remedy, and there is little sympathy for the sufferer who makes no effort to be cured.

When the Keeley Cure was discovered, patience with the drunkard was no longer necessary. The thing to do was to cure him and make him again responsible. And this method of reasoning applies to women the same as to men.

If you have a drinking husband and you have used every other means without avail, you may be sure that matters are not going to improve themselves. If you have a drinking wife and you have tried in every way to influence her, and she persists in deceiving and disgracing you, you need not expect that there will be any great change in her conduct without some active effort on your part.

In either case the first necessity is to destroy the craving for alcohol. It is a symptom of the disease of inebriety, and can only be reached by appropriate remedies.

If men and women would exercise less patience and more decision with those who are not in a condition to decide for themselves it would be much better for all concerned.

Somebody's Creed.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words, while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things that you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance back over the weary way.—Exchange.

"What a happy world this would be if people lived their pleasures to-day instead of planning them for to-morrow!"

WOMEN'S WAYS OF DOING GOOD.

BY HELEN HALE.

AT the beginning of the summer season the thoughts of most women are turned toward a vacation. We want a rest from all our usual occupations and duties, and we feel inclined to eliminate from our plans for the long warm days to come anything involving responsibility. We wish to get away from obligations of every kind and particularly those which connect us with our fellow creatures. To be explicit, many of us at this time of the year rather want to take a vacation from doing good. We would like to forget for a time the poor, the sick, the unfortunate and the discouraged. We shall, of course, continue to feel sorry for them, but prefer to be excused from anything more.

Now with reference to this matter perhaps the most effective way to stimulate jaded altruistic tendencies and arouse a new charity in our hearts is to be told of the good deeds other women are doing.

WHAT A PROFESSOR'S WIFE DOES.

The wife of one of the professors at the University of Chicago, who has some independent means of her own and is mistress of a large comfortable home, gives up, all the year round, the large, sunny front room, with private bath, on the third floor of her house to convalescent mothers and their babies. This kind woman keeps in communication with all the leading hospitals of the city and as soon as a delicate young mother is forced by limited finances to leave the hospital, although she has not fully recovered her health, a carriage is sent to bring her to the other woman's home, where she may stay as long as she wishes. Three dainty nourishing meals are served her daily, a maid in the household assists in the care of the baby, heaps of books and magazines are at her disposal, and drives out in the fresh air are a frequent occurrence. Scores of young mothers after leaving this beautiful haven of rest have been able to return to their own homes as strong and cheerful as they ought to be in taking up the new and important duties of their lives.

GIVES THEM A RIDE.

During the summer months a large touring car belonging to the widow of a former prominent business man of Chicago is sent every day at half past eleven o'clock to the employees' entrance of a department store. From that hour until half past two six working girls are taken at a time for a whirl to the parks or along the Lake Shore drive. They are allowed to eat their luncheon in the machine and be as merry as they please while they get a little relaxation and breath of much needed air. During the Saturday half holiday which most stores give their clerks little groups of girls are taken in relays for a two hours' outing, and needless to say it is the prayer of all of them that for this day at least the sun will shine.

LEND'S HER SUMMER HOUSE.

Every other year a prominent woman in this city spends the summer in Europe instead of going to her farm near Lake Geneva. This beautiful place, with its orchard, garden, chickens, horses and everything else that helps to make it seem like a paradise, is turned over to the children from one of the settlements. Guardians, of course, accompany the little ones, who are allowed to stay two weeks at a time, or, as in the case of a very delicate child, all summer. Generous club women make the overalls and aprons for the children and procure the necessary funds for their railroad transportation.

An Evanston woman, with a perfect palace facing Lake Michigan, throws wide open the gates to her grounds and house for two Saturday afternoons every month. During the summer her guests, who are working girls, enjoy the great verandas and trees, eat a delicious supper and have a general good time. In winter they are served a chafing dish lunch, with all the indigestibles which girls love. They play games and dream around the hospitable blazing logs of the fireplace.

SURRENDERS HER FLAT.

However, if it is in the heart of a woman to do good she will not wait until she has a full purse to carry out her charitable desires. A modest little housekeeper who has a pleasant apartment, with the coveted back porch, near one of our large parks, turns it over for two weeks every summer to four nice working girls while she accompanies her husband on his vacation. Before the young couple depart they put into the pantry a goodly amount of staples, place the ice and milk tickets handy, with the understanding that they are to be used, and arrange the back porch like a roof garden, with green vines, flower boxes, a hammock,

and fluffy cushions on the willow chairs. If the word vacation means a change, who can deny that the grateful occupants of such an apartment have a most delightful one?

HELPS IN A SETTLEMENT HOME.

Another woman in this city, who has to be careful of every penny but has considerable spare time, goes two afternoons a week to a settlement home and does mending. It is understood among the women of the neighborhood that on these days she will gladly go over their clothes or their children's patching, darning and piecing together the worn and ragged garments brought to her. Another interesting woman, who is blessed with many exceedingly clever and amusing friends, gets up annually, and sometimes oftener, a unique entertainment for the girls at the Young Woman's Christian Association. At the last gathering an old-fashioned "spell down" took place, and a lovely woman, whose own individual charity, by the way, is helping the poor mountain whites, was "school marm," dressed in the typical gown reproduced from an old Godley's Lady's Book. Once a year another woman of average means gives an entertainment and party to the children of a small settlement. She asks the talented children of her friends to take part in the program, and perhaps one or two funny grown ups, and afterward serves ice cream, candies and cake. The ice cream is paid for with the annual savings of her own small daughter, who takes great pride in her part of the affair.

RAISE MONEY FOR A LODGING HOUSE.

The Model Lodging House for Women, which is supported by the Women's Clubs of Cook County, recently was compelled to move away from the business section of the city to a large house of twenty-five rooms on the south side. It is the purpose of this institution to provide a home for working women earning less than \$6 a week, or to give a night's lodging with breakfast to homeless strays for 15 cents. Of course, moving expenses were heavy and as usual with similar domestic changes many new furnishings had to be purchased. To procure the necessary funds the good women of the board served appetizing luncheons for four days at the big Woman's Club in the Fine Arts building. These luncheons were the talk of the town, and even business men gathered there by the hundreds. The tickets sold for 50 cents, all the provisions were contributed, even the flowers that helped to make the tables beautiful. The rooms, with the linen, silver and china, were loaned by the Woman's Club, and the maids in the kitchen, who were dependent on their daily wage, gave their services gratuitously. It was one of these helpers—a refined colored woman, wearing a King's Daughter cross, who said afterward, "Why, charity has no color."

A TREAT FOR THE OLD LADIES' HOME.

The Illinois Woman's Press Association, believing that philanthropy does not simply mean giving money, but good cheer and joy as well, recently gave an afternoon of much happiness to the seventy inmates of the Old Ladies' Home. This is not altogether a charitable institution, and the old ladies who dwell there have paid their entrance fee and are just waiting day by day for the summons to their heavenly home. They have many sad, lonely hours, and it was to help them to forget these that the association gave the entertainment. Many in the audience had to come in wheeled chairs, on canes or carrying ear trumpets. They had to be assured that they were dressed nicely, no pins showing, and one timid soul was promised that her old hair cloth trunk containing "valuable papers" was quite safe in her absence.

After the program was over the guests were taken to the dining room to find a perfect feast of good things awaiting them. Great bowls of spring flowers decorated the tables, a bright potted geranium at every place for a souvenir, prettily gowned women pouring tea, coffee and chocolate from handsome silver urns, all suggested a society function.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the kind and lovely acts women in a large city continually do for others; but after all, if we have "hearts that feel, eyes which see," we will always recognize the good we, too, may do in the world. Why wait for the direct revelation or special season to realize how our brains and hearts are needed every day by the unfortunate ones around us?—The Advance.

Remember that charity thinketh no evil, much less repeats it. There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never believe anything about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry Van Dyke.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN—BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

This story is not exactly one of "From the tow-path to the White House," but it is not less wonderful and inspiring. From a plain, shy little girl, in Janesville, Wis., with delicate health, apparently no talent above the average, and certainly with a voice of no rare distinction, to stand today with an international reputation for her unique and diversified talents for entertaining; to have sung and "talked" herself into the hearts of her own American brothers and sisters from the humblest homes to the White House, her English "cousins" and German "uncles" and the "little friends of the Isles of the Seas"; to have sung with and for the greatest vocalists of the world—doesn't that sound somewhat like a fairy tale? But it is all true, and the great thing about it is that it has all come about through her own determination and hard work. "How has she done it?"

"Because, first, she 'followed the gleam' and saw her own soul; because she has lived where life was real; because she talks from the heart to the heart; because she has known deepest sorrow as well as keenest joy, and because—above all—she resolved that she must live and work and conquer—for the sake of her son.

The story of her early struggles is but that of nearly



MRS. CARRIE JACOBS BOND IN HAWAII.

every other woman—doing anything for a "make-shift"—bread and butter *must* be had—until one's *real* work is recognized. In Mrs. Bond's case it was china painting, or making a waist for a friend, or anything that might be wanted that her two hands could turn into money—and there's hardly anything she cannot do with her hands. Most of us are proud and moderately contented if we possess *one* talent or *one* vocation whereby we are assured of bread and butter—and occasionally broiled lobster; but here comes a woman whose verses are a wonderful composite of wit, pathos and philosophy; who writes the music to fit their rhythm, and then sings them with a voice that searches out the remotest corners of your hearts. I said *sing*, but just as often she *talks* them to wonderfully elusive, rippling accompaniments of her own creation, with the same effect. There is a unique, indescribable quality in her verses that touches your heart as no one ever has except James Whitcomb Riley, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Eugene Field, or Auld Bobby Burns. One critic has said of her: "Musically, she is an impressionist. She creates the idea with one stroke and expects you to catch the idea. If you do not, you belong to the class we ought to be sorry for."

Ten years ago she came to Chicago and began the battle for recognition; the battle with cold-blooded publishers who were always ready to print, but not so ready to pay for her verses; the battle between self-expression and starvation on one hand, or expediency

and plenty on the other. After varied experiences, in which tragedy and comedy were equally divided, Mrs. Bond decided to become her own publisher.

Today "The Bond Shop," at 5535 Drexel avenue, is known wherever there is one who loves music; and of her first book of "Seven Songs as Unpretentious as the Wild Rose" she has sold 275,000 copies and can't print fast enough to supply the demand. Her son is her partner and manager, her business having grown to such dimensions that she had to summon him from a western city where he was in business.

Mrs. Bond now spends much of her time in recital work, her engagements being made months ahead.

Next May she sings in England, where her work is ranked with that of Chavaliere; thence to Germany. This is not her first visit to England. On her first visit there she sang for David Bispham, who was charmed with her work, and said he wanted some of her songs for his repertoire on his next American tour. It was a rare treat to hear the great English baritone sing Mrs. Bond's songs, and the half of his program devoted to her compositions was most enthusiastically received. He wrote to her after her first visit to England: "It is easy to write difficult music, but difficult to write music that reaches people with simplicity; you have that gift."

From Berlin David Ffrangon Davies, the noted Welsh baritone, wrote: "I am fond of violets, that's why I like your songs. * * * There's work in the world for such as you. Many thousands are awaiting your message."

Many more such letters have come to Mrs. Bond from all over the world, from humble as well as "exalted" personages, and each one carries its word of encouragement to "the woman who thinks in rhyme"—and is gratefully appreciated by the recipient. I shall quote but one more letter—that of Jean de Reszke:

"Dear Madam Jacobs Bond:—I was perfectly charmed to hear your compositions sung by yourself. It has seldom been given to me to hear the poet-composer and interpreter all in one, and I wish you all the success you so richly deserve.

"Very sincerely yours,

"JEAN DE RESZKE."

One of the most popular songs sung by Madam Schuman-Heink the past season was the song composed for her by Mrs. Bond entitled "His Lullaby," a most pathetic song, supposed to be sung by a bereaved father to his baby. It has been put on the Victor records.

Perhaps the proudest hour of Mrs. Bond's life was when she sang at the White House for President and Mrs. Roosevelt. It was last November at a small dinner at which the only other guests were young Fitz Hugh Lee and dear, lamented "Uncle Remus" and his son. When Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had greeted her in their inimitable manner, Mr. Roosevelt said: "You know 'Uncle Remus' is very shy, so you won't mind, will you, if he sits in the next room out of sight while you sing?" (You know, shyness was almost a disease with dear "Uncle Remus.")

With both the president and his wife leading her, she seated herself at the beautiful white and gold Grand piano, and her first song was "The Broom Stick Cavalry." Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were seated on a divan quite near the piano, while the remainder of the family and the other guests were not quite so near. When Mrs. Bond had ended her song, two hands fell over the keys and "Uncle Remus," sitting between the President and his wife, said: "Sing some more. That's the kind of thing I like." And she sang another and another, till three-quarters of an hour had passed; then they went into the dining-room to an ever memorable dinner. The next morning Mrs. Bond was the happy recipient of a beautiful picture of the President, with a characteristic inscription.

Don't you think the little girl from Janesville has a right to be proud?

She is "proud" only in the highest sense of that word. Perhaps *glad* would be a better word to describe her state of mind and heart, for it is *gladness* one immediately "catches" when coming in contact with this rather delicate-looking but strong personality. She is glad she is alive. So are you. *She* is glad because God made such simple, sweet things for us to see and smell every day, and at once you see a bit of winding river, with a clump of birch trees bending over, and you hear the birds sing as they sang in your old tree at home, and smell the sweet earth as you did when digging for hepatacas as soon as the frost had left the ground—when Mrs. Bond sings. And she has written three hundred songs! Speaking of her songs, reminds me of what Elbert Hubbard said of her:

Art, at the last, is a matter of heart, not head; and this fact was brought home to me strongly a few weeks ago on hearing Carrie Jacobs Bond. Here is a woman

who writes poems, sets them to music and sings them in a manner that reveals the very acme of art. Her performance is all so gentle, spontaneous and unaffected that you think you could do the same yourself,—simple, pattering little child-songs set to tunes that sing themselves. But in some way they search out the corners of your soul, and make you think of the robin that used to sing at sunset from the top of a tall poplar in the days of long ago. As a reader and singer Carrie Jacobs Bond is as subdued as a landscape by Monet, and as true and effective as a sketch by De Merville.

She has just returned from a six months' trip to the Pacific coast and Hawaii. She was charmed with the dear Hawaiians, and she says, "They were so good to me." Her latest song is "In Dear Hawaii"—the music of which is as sweet and plaintive as their own native airs:

"I know an isle where skies are blue,
With ocean beach like sands of gold;
Whose waters gleam with rainbow hue,
And hearts and love are never cold.
Ah, could I live forever more
Upon this restful, peaceful shore,
To just dream on and ne'er awake
Until eternal dawn shall break
In dear Hawaii—In dear Hawaii!"

Many are familiar with Mrs. Bond's old man hero, the happy-hearted, contented farmer, who philosophizes to his city boarders. His latest bit of philosophy, as created by Mrs. Bond, is in answer to the "city boarders'" discussions of foreign art galleries they have visited. As usual he is content with his home surroundings. If Mrs. Bond never did anything else than to preach the sermons she has through "My Old Man's" homely philosophy, she would have earned her niche in the pillar of fame:

MY OLD MAN'S ART GALLERY.

You've all been a'talkin' 'bout pictur's
An' things that the humans can do;
But say, you jest come to my art room,
An' give jest a holt to my view.

For a minute forget about methods—
The "old-fashioned school" an' the "new,"
An' look at my pictur's for beauty,
An' see what the Master can do.

To the right, through that framework of pine there,
You can see all the orchards in bloom,
An' the pictur' right next to that corner
Would scatter most any man's gloom.

But, of course, if the summer grows tiresome,
There's pictur's like this here you know,
Fer this winder fram'in' a beauty,
On the top of that mountain is snow.

Could your artist begin to do pictur's
To compare with the beauty of these—
Could he paint in a lifetime of tryin'
Anything like my flowers and my trees?

If he could, and I don't say he couldn't,
There's one thing I know mighty well,
He may make things that *look* like my pictur's,
But he can't give 'em life nor their smell.

An' a'talkin' 'bout your originals,
My Painter, He paints things for true;
He never makes copies of His works,
Every one of His pictur's is new.

So I jest take my own little gallery
An' look through my fram'in' of pine,
Through the shadows made bright by the sunlight,
An' I'll know every one of 'em fine.

An' I'll bet that I've got a collection
Beatin' any collection for show,
An' my gallery hol's nothin' but treasures
That was painted most careful and slow.

PASSING OF THE MODERATE DRINKER.

MOST of us can remember, for it is not so very long ago, that while the drunkard was frowned upon and condemned as a criminal, the total abstainer was nevertheless regarded as a crank. A well-known physician stated in our presence at one time that he did not "believe in total anything." These ideas have been relegated to the rear, because it has been found that moderate drinking, in most cases at least, leads to drunkenness, and that drunkenness unfits a man for any kind of duty. Twenty-five or thirty years ago it was a common thing for the average business man to go out at eleven o'clock, visit a saloon and get a drink. This might be repeated in some cases several times a day, but the odor of whisky from a man's breath did not interfere with the man's standing, either business or social, and was considered in many respects a matter of course. Now all this has changed. Business men are suspicious of the man who takes a drink. He is cheapened in the business world, not so much because of what he is as of what he may become. Moderate drinking is recognized as not being good for the health, good for business, or for the reputation, and it certainly is not good for the pocket-book.

DOINGS AT DWIGHT.

The Dwight poet has broken loose again and perpetrates the following:

OBSERVATION.

The average girl roaming for a pocket,
Resembles the course of a weak skyrocket;
Costumed for skating or park riding,
There is still something lost or hiding;
At dinner straying behind or before,
Aimlessly seeking things on the floor;
Backs off a car in thoughtless confusion,
Vanishing like a dainty illusion,
Whatever is lacking man can't conceive,
But it's deftly tucked away in her sleeve.

J. R. Oughton, president of The Leslie E. Keeley Company, accompanied by his brother, Dr. Charles M. Oughton of Chicago, recently spent some three weeks in northern Michigan fishing in the Au Sable River. Both gentlemen were greatly benefited by the outing, but report the fishing as not being up to the usual standard.

Dr. Charles L. Hamilton of The Keeley Institute, is to spend a month among the Canada lakes, commencing July 27. The locality selected is that of Kawartha lakes; this place is familiar to Doctor Hamilton as he has been there for two or three seasons in succession; the country itself is beautiful, and beside that the fishing is usually first class.

Dr. James H. Oughton has returned from West Haven, Conn., where he has been a month as relief physician; a month at this seashore resort has apparently been of great benefit to him. No doubt the patients under his charge appreciated his services also. Doctor Oughton has been brought up, as it were, in the Keeley work and it is almost like second nature to him to be actively engaged in it.

D. H. Quayle, who has charge of the Chicago office of The Leslie E. Keeley Company, has recently returned from his vacation, which he spent in Canada. Mr. Quayle visited the Thousand Islands and went down the St. Lawrence River to Quebec; he reports that he was on the go most of the time, but had an enjoyable trip and is rested and refreshed.

This is the vacation season everywhere and in no place is it more generally taken advantage of than in Dwight. Several of the ladies of the office force have made trips in various directions and have returned safely, while others are still absent.

Many Keeley graduates of long standing have visited Dwight this summer and many others have written letters. Each year a number of people spend some portion of their vacation in visiting Dwight; some remain several days, while others come in on one train and go out on the next.

The Modern Woodmen of America had charge of the Dwight celebration for the Fourth of July. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Northcott was here and made an address, and many expressed the opinion that there never was such a crowd in Dwight before. The streets were thronged with people from out of town, many coming from quite a long distance on the railroad and the electric line to participate in the festivities. The parks were fitted up with booths and stands of various kinds and all manner of amusements were provided to entertain the guests. The patients were very much entertained, but the climax came in the evening with the fireworks; a very fine collection had been procured and a display was made which is very unusual in any place except a large city.

The Keeley Institute Managers' Association met at Dwight on the 19th of June. There was quite a large representation, among whom were the managers of the following named Institutes: Pittsburg, Pa.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Harrisburg, Pa.; White Plains, N. Y.; Providence, R. I.; West Haven, Conn.; Lexington, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Kansas City, Mo.; Columbus, Ohio; Washington, D. C.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; St. Louis, Mo.; Denver, Colo.

The session lasted for a day and many matters of interest to Institute Managers were discussed. Great satisfaction was expressed with the condition of the various Institutes and the progress which the work had made since the last meeting. It may not be generally known to the readers of THE BANNER OF GOLD, but it is nevertheless true that the year 1907 was the most prosperous year in the Keeley Institute work from a financial point of view in the past twelve years. This growth and progress is very satisfactory to all friends of the work and is an additional proof of its absolute merit, which has triumphed over calumny and unmerited attack.

Dr. C. O. Donaldson, of the Keeley Institute staff, spent his vacation at the home of his parents in Kansas City, Mo. Various side excursions were made in different directions and the doctor reports a very enjoyable time. It is to Doctor Donaldson's credit that he did not bring back any such stories as have sometimes been

brought from Florida or Canada; he did not see a single Jew fish and he says that misalliance is unknown in the waters of Missouri.

OVER-SENSITIVENESS.

PRIDE is a queer thing. It is hard to understand and difficult to follow the reasoning of those who yield to it. We find people about us proud of different qualities or achievements which are not a source of pride to people in other circumstances. "Foolish pride" is coming to be recognized as a distinct weakness or evil in every community. One of the most common forms is the pride which impels a man or woman to live beyond their means, in the effort to make an impression, usually upon people for whom they care nothing. They know that their friends do not require them to make a display and it is consequently done to impress those outside of the friendly circle.

Another indication of the peculiar variety of pride is observed by those who are engaged in the Keeley work. It often happens that a man who has established a reputation as an excessive drinker, and who has been remonstrated with by his friends, pleaded with by his family, abused by the world in general because he is a drunkard, will refuse to take the Keeley Cure because he feels it is a disgrace. Perhaps the reason for this is that in spite of what is obvious to everyone else, he thinks the fact that he is an excessive drinker is known only to a few people, and that going to Dwight will advertise it to all the world. This is a pernicious form of self-deception. No matter how secretly a man may drink, it is known to his friends and certainly to his enemies. If a man wishes to please his friends and confound his enemies he can not take a wiser course, if he is an excessive drinker, than to take the Keeley Cure. There is some reason for being proud of achievement in the right direction, but no reason for being proud of one's obstinacy or perversity.

A BENEFICIAL VACATION.

THIS is the vacation season and an unusual number at the present time are taking their holiday at Dwight. This is a sensible plan for many reasons. Some are sensitive about having it known that they are taking the Keeley Cure, and they can get away at this season of the year without exciting comment. A few weeks spent in Dwight results not only in obtaining rest, change and recreation, but one can also be relieved of the liquor or drug addiction and come back prepared for the battle of life much better than after an ordinary vacation. At this season of the year men in unusual numbers mail their letters on the train and give other indications that some of their acquaintances are not posted as to their whereabouts. The people of Dwight no longer have curiosity about patients or their affairs. They outgrew this years ago. It is well known that at the Keeley Institute everything is strictly confidential.

NOTHING BUT GOOD RESULTS.

THOSE who take the trouble to investigate the Keeley Treatment are always satisfied with the results. A recent issue of Ellingwood's Therapeutic comments on it as follows: "I have never seen any reason why physicians should hesitate in sending their old 'alcoholics' which they cannot otherwise cure to the Keeley Institute at Dwight, Ill. On the contrary, I have seen many reasons why they should. As near as I have been able to determine after watching that institution for nearly twenty-five years, I have never been able to see anything but good results. They have removed the appetite for drink in more than ninety per cent of the cases treated, and no other treatment has done as well."

THE VILLAGE OF DWIGHT.

IT IS safe to say that there is not a more attractive village of its size in Illinois than Dwight. It has no factories, coal mines, or any of the things which make smoke or dirt or bring tenement houses into demand. It is a village of homes, not show places or the homes of the wealthy, but plain, substantial structures designed for comfort. The streets of Dwight are well shaded, the lawns well kept, and it is an ideal place in which a person fond of the country may spend a month. There is nothing in the way of excitement to interfere with the restfulness of the sojourner there.

Alcohol may be a food, but there is no reason why so many people should eat between meals.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

C.T.A.U. Department

Edited by JOHN F. CUNNEEN

973 North Robey Street, Chicago

THE C. T. A. U. OF ILLINOIS.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois held its thirty-seventh annual convention Sunday, June 28th, in Temperance Hall, 55 Eldredge court, Chicago. The convention was called to order by President P. B. Flanagan, and prayer was offered by Rev. D. J. Crimmins, pastor of St. David's parish.

The minutes of the previous convention showed that the resolutions adopted a year ago were of the strongest nature. The attitude of the church towards the so-called Catholic saloonkeeper was explained. It was made clear that the saloon was put under ban by the church. The saloonkeeper was advised to seek a more honorable way of making a living.

While the committees were arranging their reports short addresses were made by many delegates.

Rev. James O'Meara, S. J., deplored the great evil of intemperance, especially its blighting influence in the home. He asked that all good people set the example of total abstinence, as example is most powerful.

Mr. John E. Kavanagh told of the effective temperance work done by Our Lady of Lourdes Total Abstinence Society in Ravenswood.

Mr. C. M. Artman, an ardent Knight of Father Mathew, proclaimed that no drunkards come from the ranks of total abstinents.

Mr. W. J. Quinlan said he was a delegate to the first state convention thirty-six years ago. He has a large family, and all are total abstinents.

Mr. Jas. L. Slattery, a former state president, explained that although the C. T. A. U. of Illinois does not advocate prohibition, yet it does not prevent its members from being active workers for it individually.

Rev. Father Riordan, pastor of St. James' church, always attends the convention. He believes drink is the greatest cause of degradation. He was glad to see so many young men and women interested in temperance work. Father Riordan declared that too few of the 800,000 Catholics belong to the Union.

After the delegates sang a rousing temperance song Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan took the platform. He said: "We are not yet fully converted, we are timid; we should speak out more fearlessly."

True Catholics should proclaim the rulings of the Council of Baltimore. The church through the Council of Baltimore says that Catholics must keep their saloons closed on Sundays, must not sell to minors, must not sell to those whom they foresee will become drunkards, etc.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following:

We hereby declare our unflinching allegiance to the principles of Catholic total abstinence as contained in the doctrine, discipline and rule of the Roman Catholic church, and most freely avow our sincere affection and unswerving loyalty to holy mother church, her hierarchy and priesthood.

We rejoice exceedingly at the marvelous growth of our much-loved church in these United States, and pray that its beneficent influence shall soon spread so that all our people shall be of one fold and under one shepherd.

We believe, however, that before so happy a spiritual condition can possibly exist certain evil tendencies that have developed among our people will have to be removed. Of these we enumerate the following:

1. The open violation of our Sunday closing laws by saloonkeepers nominally Catholic.

2. The disrespect by nominally Catholic saloonkeepers towards the teaching and discipline of the Catholic church regarding their trade, as contained in the teaching of the fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

From these evils flow so many others that we most prayerfully hope for the complete elimination of the saloon from our midst and that we may use every lawful honorable means to accomplish its destruction. In this connection we commend the local option work accomplished during the past year, and also all societies that have for their end the lessening of the evils resulting from the liquor traffic.

We condemn in unequivocal terms the open saloon on Sunday, a day that we as Catholics believe should be devoted first to religion, then to rest and lawful recreation.

We unhesitatingly condemn the candidate who, running for public office, will not enforce the laws, or who disregards the enforcement of existing laws as regards the saloon. We ask all citizens to refuse support to such men and ask them to carry their intelligence as well as their conscience to the ballot-box.

We commend the publication known as "The Catholic Temperance Advocate," and we recommend its perusal to the members of the state organization and ask them to give it their support.

We recommend to those in charge of our parochial

schools that they instill into the minds of the children under their charge the great benefits of total abstinence and urge our various temperance societies that they co-operate with the school authorities to promote the cause of total abstinence.

We also ask our people to pause and think of the incalculable good that could be done with the vast sum of money uselessly and needlessly spent by them in the saloons, money that could otherwise clothe, feed and educate them.

We recommend the formation of Catholic total abstinence cadet societies in every parish.

In conclusion, we ask the secretary to forward a copy of these resolutions to our beloved Archbishop, the Most Reverend James Edward Quigley, D. D., asking his approval of them and his blessing on our labors for the coming year.

The following officers were elected: Spiritual Director, Rev. D. J. Crimmins; President, Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, C. S. P.; Vice-President, Mr. John J. Cullinan, Secretary, Alida H. O'Connor; Financial Secretary, Miss Mayme Durkin; Treasurer, Prof. W. H. Cahill.

The delegates to the national convention, to be held in New Haven, Conn., August 12, 13 and 14, are: Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, C. S. P., Mr. John E. Kavanagh, Miss Anna Lee.

In the evening a fine musical entertainment was furnished. Addresses were given by Rev. Thomas E. Cox, Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan and Mrs. Leonora M. Lake of St. Louis, third vice-president of the C. T. A. U. of America. All spoke in unerring terms against the saloon. Father Cox, of St. Basil's church, claimed there were drunkards in all parishes, and said that he saw one in his own parish on his way to convention hall. His aim is to teach every child to be a total abstainer.

Father O'Callaghan, the new president, made a strong point in the way of making known the rulings of the Council of Baltimore. Only ignorant Catholics are excused for violating them.

Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, the greatest woman orator in the United States, told how proud she was to belong to the C. T. A. U. of America. She said she was proud of the pledge. She appealed to all women to take the pledge and use it for example's sake. She was glad prohibition was making such progress.

The convention was a great success; the future seems most promising. The national convention will be invited to Chicago for next year.

Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, with the whole Paulist order, and other Chicago clergy to assist, will accomplish much the coming year.

ALIDA H. O'CONNOR,
Secretary C. T. A. U. of Illinois.

CONVENTION ANNOUNCEMENT.

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF AMERICA.

THE thirty-eighth annual convention of this union will be held in the city of New Haven, Connecticut, August 12-13-14, 1908.

An energetic committee representing the Connecticut State Union has been engaged for some time in making arrangements for the convention, and the delegates are assured a most cordial reception.

The city of New Haven has, through its city government, lent its assistance in completing the arrangements, and the beautiful park system will be brilliantly illuminated in honor of the National Union.

The headquarters of the convention will be at the "New Haven House," and presidents and secretaries of all subordinate unions will meet the executive council there, at 2 o'clock p. m., on Tuesday, August 11th.

Delegates should arrange to arrive in New Haven not later than 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening, as one of the events of the gathering will be the reception to be tendered the delegates by the Ladies of New Haven, which will take place on that evening.

Hotels and boarding house arrangements can be made with the local committee, and application should be made at once to the chairman of the committee, Mr. Michael J. Goode, 69 Church street, New Haven, Conn.

Application has been made to the different railroad associations, and it is expected that the usual reduction will be made in railroad rates. Announcement of the result will be given out as soon as the same is received at this office.

Mr. James F. Brennan, former vice-president of the National Union, is chairman of the Committee of Arrangements and everything points to a most successful gathering.

BISHOP SHANLEY SEES AND SPEAKS.

IT IS because I know it does save them, because I know it is God's truth, that I take the deepest interest in the Keeley Cure, and so long as I live I shall raise my voice in advocating its efficacy. I have been associated with the temperance move for twenty-one years, and during that time have administered the pledge to a great many—some have fallen back and some haven't. So long as a man is diseased you cannot restore manhood by moral suasion; there is something deeper than that, and I firmly believe that Doctor Keeley has got it. I used to be a great skeptic about the Keeley Cure, and used to ask if it was like modern things and would cure baldness. I don't believe that baldness can be cured, because I've tried everything, but I do think alcoholism can. I am not a stockholder in the Institute, and have no interest other than the interest of a Christian in the elevation of mankind. The Institute is almost in front of my residence, and every day almost I see physical wrecks staggering there for treatment, and after four weeks coming out new men.—Extract from speech of Rt. Rev. John Shanley, Bishop of North Dakota, at a meeting held in the Opera House, Fargo, May 31, 1895.

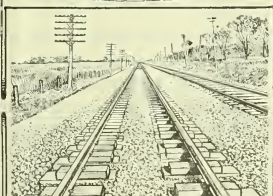
MRS. LEONORA M. LAKE COMMENDS.

I MET first a doctor, then a governor, next a senator, then a lawyer, then a judge, and soon a priest, all of whom testified to the efficacy of the Keeley Cure. They told me of their former thralldom, and their present freedom, and they said, "We are Keeley men." "Keeley men?" I exclaimed, "You need the Keeley Cure?" They answered, "We needed it; we took it, and it was our salvation, thank God!" Seeing is believing. If I had met only one of these people I would still be a skeptic. But I have met thousands. Some of them thank God for their release, believing that Doctor Keeley was but an instrument. There are others who will not speak of the benefits they have received. They say nothing about it, and they tell you that they do not like to make public the fact that they took the treatment. I have said to them, "Was the fact that you needed it a secret? If so, then keep your cure a secret. But if people have realized your deplorable condition, then speak to them of your relief." I believe in the efficacy of the Keeley Cure just as truly as I believe that the W. C. T. U., the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, and the Good Templars have done untold good by the education of mothers and children along these lines.—Extract from an address by Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, Third Vice-President of the C. T. A. U.

Decline of Beer Drinking in Munich

Local patriots in Munich are dejected at the latest statistics concerning the consumption of their famous beer within their own borders. Only a few years ago they proudly boasted that the annual consumption per head of the population was 115 gallons. This has now sunk to the mere bagatelle of 65 gallons. The shrinkage is attributed to the gradual spread of temperance principles, to the anti-beer propaganda in public schools, and to the fact that employers of labor are ceasing to give the free beer to their work people.—London Telegraph.

THE CHICAGO & ALTON
USES
CONCRETE TIES



They can't rot or get out of line. They are another illustration that

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is ever mindful of the safety and comfort of its patrons.
Perfect passenger service between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
KANSAS CITY and points beyond.

GEORGE J. CHARLTON,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE KEELEY CURE.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

PEOPLE WHO TAKE THE CURE—EFFECT ON THE GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—PRICE OF TREATMENT, ETC.

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition. The Keeley Remedies are absolutely a specific for this disease.

How Long Does It Take?

The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and, hence, there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival a patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness caused by the treatment, and the physical condition improves from the start.

At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved, mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright and complexion clear; morally changed because of his disgust for his former life, and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear a Keeley patient say, "I feel ten years younger."

Opium, Morphine, Etc.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, and other similar or kindred drugs, when used continuously, induce diseases, each of which is characteristic of the substance used. The definite symptom is always the necessity for repeated doses, which is commonly designated as "craving." The use of these drugs is usually begun to induce sleep or to relieve pain, and the victim has the disease firmly fastened on him before he realizes his condition. It is then discovered that the desire for the accustomed "dose" dominates all other desires, and even death itself is scarcely more to be dreaded than the cutting off of the usual supply. These diseases have been considered incurable, but Doctor Keeley has demonstrated otherwise. They yield to scientific treatment, and from four to six weeks only are required to complete a cure. This statement may seem startling, but it is true. We will gladly refer you to people who have been cured and who have standing that will bear investigation. Send for printed matter on opium and other drug using.

No Confinement.

One feature of the Keeley Treatment that commends it to those needing it, is that there is absolutely no confinement. Patients are required to take the remedies with the utmost regularity, and are expected to attend the lectures, but the remainder of each day is disposed of as the patient pleases. It is needless to say that no improper conduct is permitted, and that liberty does not mean license. No one visiting Dwight would suppose, unless informed, that the fine-looking, quiet, well-behaved people observed at the hotels and on the street are there for treatment—yet such is the case. They appear in all respects to be temporary residents of the village, and are so recognized. Lifelong friendships are formed and good comradeship prevails.

Effect on the General Health.

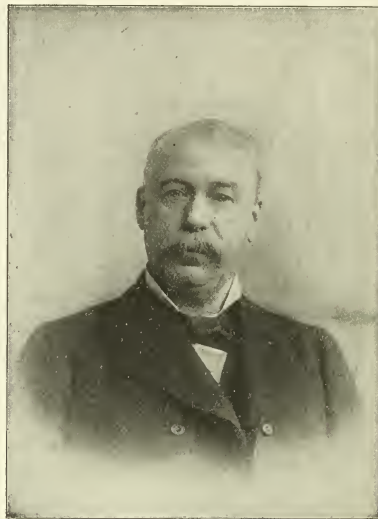
There can be but one truthful answer and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness caused by our treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients or graduates; they know and will tell

you truthfully. Do not ask a saloon-keeper, or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-six years of age—time enough, the most captious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business more than twenty years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients?

What Our Remedies Do.

These remedies are reconstructive nerve tonics which restore the nerve cells to a normal, healthy condition, the same as before being poisoned by alcohol or toxic drugs. When this is done the "craving" disappears because, as has been proved, that is a symptom of a diseased condition of these cells. A parallel case is that of a cough, which indicates a diseased condition of throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs; when the cause is ascertained and removed, the cough disappears.

Owing to lack of space these diseases and addictions, their causes and cure, cannot be fully described, but



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

literature upon any and all of these subjects will be sent free upon application. We will consider it a favor to be permitted to prove our assertions.

Who Takes the Keeley Cure?

We have cured thousands of veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the National Soldiers' Homes of the country, whose ages range from fifty to eighty years.

We have cured several children under five years of age who were addicted to morphine and opium, such addictions having been acquired through the mother's own addiction or direct administration. No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

We have cured hundreds of soldiers in the Regular Army of the United States, and have letters from officers of all ranks, from Major-Generals to Lieutenants, commending the Keeley Cure in the highest terms.

We have cured senators, congressmen, lawyers, clergymen, business men, merchants, laborers, men of all occupations and of no occupation, to the number of more than 300,000. Among them are 17,000 physicians.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

All who have taken our treatment are perfectly satisfied with the results. This is a broad statement and would hardly be made if not true. Nine-tenths of all our patients come to us accompanied by, or through the influence of, our graduates, and this is the best evidence of the efficacy of our cure. In fact, Keeley graduates are so enthusiastic about their condition that some 30,000 of them have formed an organization known as "The Keeley League." This is the only temperance society in the world composed exclusively of men who have been drunkards. Men and women who have taken the cure are the best judges of its effects, and there are more than 300,000 of these. We will refer you to reliable and well-known people in your immediate vicinity if you ask us to. Send for "Evidence and Proof from Reliable Sources."

The Livingston Hotel.

The magnificent new Livingston Hotel is owned by The Leslie E. Keeley Co., and is maintained primarily for the accommodation of patients taking treatment at the Institute. This hotel is three stories in height, and is equipped with every modern convenience. The style of architecture is colonial, insuring broad, cool verandas and spacious rooms. The electric lights, steam heat, and hot water are supplied by our own plant adjacent to the hotel. The hotel itself is absolutely the most thoroughly fireproof hotel in the country, as there is no woodwork in the construction except the doors and window-frames, the floors being tile, mosaic, or monolith. Every precaution is taken to insure cleanliness and a thorough sanitary condition. The plumbing is the most modern and practical system, and absolutely precludes the possibility of any danger from this source. The Livingston is arranged upon such a plan that patients can have, if they so desire, the absolute privacy of a home. There are several entrances, a ladies' parlor, a reception room, an amusement room, besides one for correspondence and reading, private baths and lavatories, a telephone in each room, in fact everything needful to minister to the comfort and convenience of guests. A feature which pleases all, is a well-selected library of standard works for the free use of patients. The dining room is a marvel of beauty and good taste, elegant decorations, beautiful highly polished columns, mosaic floor and fine service, while the kitchen is equipped with every appliance to secure excellent results, as far as fare is concerned; the construction and arrangement insures absolute cleanliness at all times and under all circumstances. The office is spacious and elegant, with a colonial mantel and open fireplace, mosaic floor and all modern appointments.

Lady patients will find that residence in the Livingston will insure them any degree of privacy which they desire; our attendants and nurses are under the same roof, and thus will be always within call. Each lady receives treatment in her own room and there is no reason why, if she does not mention the fact herself, that she will be regarded otherwise than as a visitor at the hotel. No pains or expense has been spared to add to the comfort of patients and make their brief residence in Dwight pleasant as well as beneficial. Send for pamphlet containing illustrations of Livingston Hotel and attractive features of Dwight.

Send for printed matter pertaining to the Home Treatment of the Tobacco Habit and neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion.

DWIGHT is the home of the Keeley Cure. It is on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, 73 miles from Chicago, 36 miles from Joliet, 81 miles from Peoria, 52 miles from Bloomington, 111 miles from Springfield, Ill., and has direct railroad communication with all these cities. It is accessible, healthy, progressive and "wide awake." All communications confidential and literature free on application. Address

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.,
Dwight, Illinois.

Chicago Office

Suite 906 Rector Building
122 Monroe Street

Long Distance and Local Telephone, Central 3255

PRINTED matter on Alcoholic Inebriety, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and other drug addictions, Tobacco using and Neurasthenia, as well as any information regarding the Keeley Cure may be obtained at our Chicago Office.

All arrangements for the treatment of patients at Dwight may be made at the Chicago Office, and patients will be visited and accompanied to Dwight if desired.

Patients en route to Dwight will be directed as to trains, etc.

The Leslie E. Keeley Company



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Authorized Keeley Institutes

The following is an authentic list of the Institutes established under and by authority of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., and which are known by the uniform name of "THE KEELEY INSTITUTE." In each of these establishments the remedies used are prepared in our laboratory at Dwight, Illinois, and they are administered by physicians who have been specially instructed by us at Dwight in their administration and in the Keeley method of treating Inebriety, Drug and Narcotic addictions. The address of the Institute is given in each case, and this list will be corrected from time to time as may become necessary.

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.
THE PARENT INSTITUTE

Dwight, Illinois, September, 1907

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs, 702 Park Avenue

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 2930 Sacramento Street
Los Angeles, 1022 South Flower Street

COLORADO

Denver, 18th and Curtis Streets

CONNECTICUT

West Haven

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, 211 North Capitol Street

FLORIDA

Jacksonville, 1016 E. Duval Street

GEORGIA

Atlanta, 229 Woodward Avenue

ILLINOIS

Dwight

INDIANA

Marion
Plainfield

IOWA

Des Moines, 706 Fourth Street

KENTUCKY

Crab Orchard

LOUISIANA

New Orleans, 1628 Felicity Street

MAINE

Portland, 151 Congress Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids, 265 South College Avenue

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, 10th Street and Park Avenue

MISSOURI

Kansas City, 716 West Tenth Street
St. Louis, 2803 Locust Street

MONTANA

Alhambra

NEBRASKA

Omaha, Twenty-fifth and Cass Streets

NEW HAMPSHIRE

North Conway

NEW YORK

Buffalo, 799 Niagara Street
White Plains

NORTH CAROLINA

Greensboro

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo

OHIO

Columbus, 1087 Dennison Avenue

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City, 1225 North Broadway

OREGON

Portland, 71 East Eleventh Street

PENNSYLVANIA

Harrisburg
Philadelphia, 812 North Broad Street
Pittsburg, 4246 Fifth Avenue

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, 306 Washington Street

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia, 1329 Lady Street

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls, Spring Avenue and 5th Street

TEXAS

Dallas, Bellevue Place

UTAH

Salt Lake City, 334 W. South Temple Street

VIRGINIA

Richmond, 800 East Marshall Street

WISCONSIN

Waukesha

WASHINGTON

Seattle, 1120 Kilbourne Street

FOREIGN

CANADA

Toronto, 1253 Dundas Street
Winnipeg, Hugo and Jessie Avenue, Ft. Rouge.

ENGLAND

London, 9 West Bolton Gardens, S. W.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Neurasthenia.

The Keeley Remedies have now been before the public for more than a quarter of a century and are recognized by the public at large as well as the medical profession as being the most efficacious treatment in existence for the diseases

which they are designed to overcome. Printed matter, consisting of testimonials both from people who have taken the cure and others who have simply observed its effects, will be furnished free upon application; also printed matter descriptive of the diseases we treat and the claims made in behalf of our remedies. All correspondence strictly confidential.



THE LIVINGSTON HOTEL



LABORATORY AND OFFICES OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

THE
BANNER OF GOLD



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THE HARVESTER.

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

[From "A Book of Poems."]



GAINST the sunset's purple glow he stands
As though a statue formed of ruddy bronze.
A warder of the golden harvest lands
That show the silent labor of the dawn
And noons and nights, and magic of the sun,
And alchemy of wind and cloud and rain—
And through the sea of wheat the billows run
Like endless waves that sweep across the main.

The harvester with bare head stands and sees
The nodding grain that waits the morrow's toil,
The waving wheat that lifts about his knees,
The heavy grain his labor has for spoil;
And from the haze that hangs above the height
Come subtle whispers from the far off lands,
That bring a murmured message, low and light,
Which tells they wait the labor of his hands.

His is a greatness wrested not in war,
A dignity but yet half understood—
Not serf, but all the nations' servitor,
He looks upon his work, and it is good.
Out on the wheat his lengthened shadow slants,
A smile of labor's shielding worth,
And to his ears there come the crooning chants
That with the coming night are given birth.

The sunset flings its last red banners high
And still he stands, as statues stand and brood,
A silhouette against the blazing sky—
A man in well done toil's uplifting mood.
And then the night lets fall its dusky shroud
With wondrous jewelings of star on star—
A royal robe for him, the swarthy browed,
Who spends his strength for peoples near and far.

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

BY G. W. WEIPPIERT.



VERY strange tale which appears in print nowadays is labeled "A True Story." Thoughtful readers are tempted to doubt the statements of honest writers. They have been deceived so often that they have lost faith in the veracity of professional story-tellers. Hence, whenever I attempt to record actual events which happen to be stranger than fiction, I do so with many misgivings, and always aim to secure proof sufficient to stand a fair test even in a law court.

This introduction, while bearing no relation to the strange events to be recorded, is absolutely necessary to convince my readers that the statements embodied in this narrative are based on facts obtained in part from the police and court records, and in part from persons directly interested in the dramatic career of my hero.

In the fall of the year 1886 there arrived in Chicago a young man named Charles Cecil. He had left his home in Ohio to make his fortune in the great metropolis of the West. Like others, he felt satisfied that he could make a name and win some fame in a city where thousands had been successful beyond their wildest dreams. He had heard of the few who had fought a winning battle, but, thoughtless like all young men, he had never given a thought to the tens of thousands who had fallen by the wayside, who had sacrificed health, honor and legitimate ambition to the moloch, Greed, without gaining even so much as a modest livelihood. He came, full of confidence and hope, enterprise and vigor. He brought with him scores of letters introducing him to prominent business men. Wherever he went he was cordially received, but no one stood in need of his services. His little hoard was disappearing fast; starvation stared him in the face. He had but one dime and one letter of introduction left.

"Sir," said the gentleman who had carefully perused the document written by one of Ohio's noted men, "I regret that I can not offer you employment. If you will call in a few days I may be able to do something for you, however."

"I thank you for your kindness," replied the young man, "but I must have work now or—steal."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I came to this city with the expectation of finding work without delay. So far I have not succeeded. I have spent all my money. Last night I slept in a dime lodging house. Tonight I will not even be able to pay for such accommodation. The only choice left is between begging and stealing."

The statement was made coolly, thoughtfully. There was nothing in his manner which would stamp Charles Cecil a braggadocio or a coward. He simply stated a fact. The dilemma in which he found himself had not affected his logical mind. His words carried conviction with them. Colonel North, the gentleman to whom they had been addressed, looked sharply at his caller and after a moment's hesitation said:

"I believe you to be an honest young fellow. Call for

me here at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Meanwhile I will see what can be done for you."

At the appointed time the young man appeared at the colonel's office. He had spent the day in another fruitless search for employment.

"In ten days or two weeks," said Colonel North, "I can give you work. Until then you shall be my guest." Such kindness after a month's struggle for existence in a large city proved too much for young Cecil. He broke down, and with tears in his eyes thanked the colonel for his generous offer.

A few minutes later they were on their way to North's home.

"Mrs. North," exclaimed the colonel after he had ushered his protege into the presence of his wife, "I have invited this young man to spend a few weeks with us. Mr. Cecil, my wife."

Charles Cecil soon became a favorite with the colonel and Mrs. North. He was a young man of fine education and knew how to make himself agreeable. A week had passed since his arrival at the North mansion. Every day he pursued his inquiries for work. One Saturday evening he failed to return to his host's house.

"What can be the matter with Mr. Cecil?" inquired Mrs. North.

"He has probably found employment and will show up in the morning," responded her husband.

Sunday went by, but no communication was received from the young man.

"Maybe he found work in one of the suburbs and didn't have the money to return to the city," said the colonel as he left for his office on Monday morning.

In his heart he was sorely worried, however. He had, almost unconsciously, developed a strong liking for his protege and could not account for his strange absence.

At the office his suspense was ended. He found a messenger waiting for him.

"Ar' you Colonel North?" asked the boy.

"Yes, sir."

"Here's a note. Fellow from Harrison street station sends it."

"Any answer?"

"Nop."

The colonel tore the envelope into shreds and extracted a filthy piece of paper. On it was written:

"DEAR COLONEL NORTH:—I am in great trouble; accused of a heinous crime of which I am innocent. Do not forsake me; and whatever may happen do not lose your faith in me.

CHARLES CECIL."

Fifteen minutes later the colonel was at the station.

"Great Caesar! What brought you here?" he inquired of young Cecil, who sat on a stool in the corner of a dingy cell, the very personification of despair, anger and loneliness.

"I am accused of murder," was the reply he received. "Accused of murder! Tell me all about it."

"Last Saturday evening I was walking on State street, between Harrison and Polk. I noticed a large crowd in front of a saloon in that neighborhood. A negro boy told me that a desperate fight was going on inside the dive. Instead of walking on, my evil genius prompted me to enter the groggery. No sooner had I closed the door behind me than an ugly-looking mulatto turned the key in the lock. At the same instant I heard the explosion of firearms and saw a man falling to the floor. A few seconds later the police patrol drove up, officers were admitted and with one accord every man and woman in the saloon pointed at me and pronounced me the murderer of James Wegg.

"I protested against being charged with so terrible a crime. The sergeant in charge of the detail laughed at my explanation and put a pair of handcuffs around my wrists. The other officers arrested every living soul in the house, but when the load arrived at the station I was booked for murder, the others were held merely as witnesses."

"Why didn't you inform me of your arrest Saturday evening?"

"I was ashamed, and had no idea that the charge of homicide would hold. I was so convinced of the justice of my cause that I expected a discharge before Sunday morning. The seriousness of my position did not dawn upon me until an attorney called upon me late in the afternoon."

"Who was he and what did he want?" questioned the colonel.

"He told me that I needed an able lawyer to clear myself of the charge made against me. I answered that I had no money to pay him.

"You wear a handsome diamond pin in your necktie," he said, after taking an inventory of my dress.

"Yes," I replied, "it is the only thing of value I possess."

"Very well," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "I will take the pin as retainer, and when I have cleared you you can pay me the balance of my fee."

"I gave him the diamond. This morning—about two hours ago—my case was called. The shyster, instead of representing my interests, worked into the hands of the prosecution. When I remonstrated he shrugged his shoulders. I was held to the grand jury and am even now waiting to be taken to the county jail.

"But,"—and now the young man arose from his seat and looked straight into the eyes of his visitor,—"I am innocent of this crime. I swear it by all that is sacred to me, and though I may be condemned to die or sentenced to spend my life in prison, I want you to believe me free from guilt. The blood of no human being is on my hands. The responsibility for my life and liberty be on the heads of the perfured creatures who have brought me to this extremity!"

The colonel, convinced of the young man's innocence, immediately engaged the services of a noted criminal lawyer. Cecil repeated his story. The attorney shrugged his shoulders.

"This is a desperate case," he said. "It seems that the wretches who witnessed the shooting are determined to fasten the crime on you. They will pull together as long as their own necks are in danger or, in other words, until you are convicted. The lawyer you employed, instead of protecting you, evidently accepted pay from your enemies."

"Is such a thing possible?" inquired Colonel North.

"My dear colonel, such things are done every day in all of our large cities. Our young friend's experience is not an exception."

"But what can we do to restore him to liberty?" inquired the colonel, changing the subject.

"Nothing until he receives his trial in the criminal court. And"—the attorney whispered to North—"I doubt very much if he can escape conviction there."

In due time the case of the People vs. Charles Cecil was called in the criminal court of Cook county. The room was crowded. The levee was represented by a boisterous delegation whose members probably took this means of paying their respects to the memory of James Wegg who had been a prime favorite in his lifetime. The judge presided in a perfunctory manner. The case, to his judgment, did not differ materially from scores of similar crimes. The jurors, who had already found a number of prisoners guilty of various offenses had evidently lost all interest in their serious work. The assistant state's attorney read the charge and in a monotone proceeded to inform the twelve men good and true that he intended to prove Charles Cecil guilty of murder in the first degree.

One after the other of the witnesses testified. The evidence was more favorable than the defense had expected. When the prosecution had closed its case, the state's attorney admitted that the prisoner had been proved guilty of manslaughter only. The attorney employed by Colonel North had excelled his previous record. He compelled the state's witnesses to admit that a fierce fight had preceded the shooting, and then rested his case.

The jury, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict, finding Charles Cecil guilty of manslaughter. His punishment was fixed at eight years' imprisonment in the state's prison at hard labor.

"My God!" exclaimed the prisoner, "Don't tell my mother. It would kill her! Colonel North, if the prayers of a convicted felon avail aught, may Providence bestow on you all the blessings a contrite heart may ask for you of its Creator!"

The fervent prayer was answered by a gesture expressing sympathy and love. Two hours later Charles Cecil, chained to the seat of a railroad car, was on his way to Joliet. He had lost liberty, identity, everything dear to the human heart, and as the clock struck six the assistant warden remarked to one of the prison guards:

"No. 1715 will be employed in the shoe shop."

Four days later Colonel North was in Cleveland, Ohio. Without taking the time to arrange his toilet, he hastened to the office of a corporation, whose name is a household word in all parts of the United States.

"Is General Beers in his office?" he inquired.

"He has just arrived."

"Tell him that I must see him without delay."

"What on earth brings you here at this time of the year?" asked the astonished general.

"A private matter in which you are interested. You remember Charles Cecil who came to me with a letter of introduction from you."

"I do."

"The young man has been sentenced to serve a term of eight years in Joliet."

"Impossible! Charles Cecil is not capable of committing a crime."

"Charles Cecil is guilty of no crime, but circumstances which he could not control placed him at the mercy of a band of outlaws who, to shield themselves, conspired to ruin him."

"Tell me the whole story."

The colonel complied with the request, and before he had finished his strange tale the general had agreed to pay half of the costs of any and all proceedings necessary to secure the young man's release. Testimony establishing the good character of the prisoner was secured in New York, in various places in Ohio, from former employers, schoolmasters and friends. Every one who had ever known Charles Cecil seemed anxious to say a good word for him.

In the course of time Colonel North and his attorney circulated a petition for the young man's pardon. They obtained the signatures of the judge and jury before whom he had been tried, and of the state's attorney. The shy lawyer who had betrayed his client was compelled to put his rascality on paper. The document—perhaps the strongest of its kind ever presented to an executive officer—was forwarded to the governor. In two weeks more a full pardon for Charles Cecil was on its way from Springfield to Joliet.

As this is a mere repetition of actual events I will not enter into a detailed description of the feelings of an innocent man just released from prison through executive clemency. One such unfortunate, whom I knew personally, said to me:

"In your own heart you are as good as you were before conviction. In the eyes of your fellowmen you are nothing more than a lucky criminal who escaped his just deserts. I was unhappy in prison, but out of it I am unhappy. I do not care to meet old friends. I notice that they avoid me. The curse of Cain is upon my brow, and it will stay there until the man for whose crime I am suffering is brought to justice."

If Charles Cecil entertained such thoughts they were not allowed to worry him. Colonel North met him at the prison gates and at once took him to his home.

"What can I do to wipe out the stain on my reputation?" observed the young man after having returned his thanks to his friend and protector. "Of course I shall have to leave Chicago at once."

"You will do nothing of the sort," retorted the colonel testily. "I have stood by you thus far, and now I will try to give you back your self-respect and ambition."

"I am at your service," was all Cecil could say in reply.

On the following morning Colonel North called on Mr. Priest, the superintendent of one of the three great street car lines of Chicago.

"Mr. Priest," said the colonel, "a young friend of mine is looking for work. I want you to employ him as conductor of one of your cars."

"Impossible," replied Mr. Priest. "I should like to oblige you, colonel, but according to our rules applicants are appointed to positions in rotation. I can, however, put your man on the extra list."

"Thank you. By the way, the young man has just returned from Joliet."

"What!" exclaimed the superintendent. "Just returned from Joliet and you ask me to employ him?"

"Yes; but I assure you that he is innocent of the crime for which he served time."

"On the strength of this assurance I will give him work."

"One more favor, Mr. Priest. You employ detectives?"

"Yes," answered the puzzled superintendent.

"I want you to detail one of them to watch the young man. Understand me, I do not doubt his honesty, but I want to make a record for him."

For three months Charles Cecil, tenderly reared and well educated, collected fares on a street car. The detective who had watched him constantly during this period pronounced his conduct exemplary and his habits perfect.

"Charles," said Colonel North one evening, "I think you can resign your position."

"Why, colonel? True, the work is not congenial, but it is honest."

"You have passed through the ordeal with credit," replied the colonel. "I have tried you and you have not been found wanting. Yesterday I secured a position for you in the office of Ribbon & Counter. If agreeable, you will take charge of their books tomorrow."

In due form the new bookkeeper was presented to the members of the firm. His modesty was both pleasing and refreshing to the two business men. His work justified Colonel North's recommendations, and in the course of a year it was rumored that Charles Cecil would be admitted as a partner to the concern.

Colonel and Mrs. North moved in the best society circles, and naturally Cecil had become acquainted with a number of very nice young ladies. As his prosperity increased he seemed to become sincerely attached to Miss Bessie Bell, the only daughter of a retired capitalist. Both the colonel and his wife had watched the

growth of his regard for the handsome girl, and when matters had gone far enough, to their thinking, the colonel called the young man into the library.

"Charles," he began, "you and Miss Bell seem to think a good deal of each other."

"Yes," stammered the young man, "Bessie is a superior girl."

"Are your intentions serious?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you expect to marry her? that's what I mean," retorted the colonel rather sharply.

"I do. I have asked Mr. Bell for Bessie's hand and secured his consent."

"H-m," mused the colonel, "have you told Bessie of your experience at—at Joliet?"

The question seemed to stun the young man. His eyes gleamed with a dangerous fire. His body shook and his hands were seeking his interrogator's throat.

"Calm yourself," said the colonel in his quiet way. "Bessie and her parents are entitled to a full knowledge of this dark episode in your career."

"Colonel, I can not tell them. No, I can not. I will leave Chicago tomorrow. Excuse my momentary anger. I know you want to see me happy, and I also know that you are right in making this demand on my honor, but I simply can not wound Bessie so cruelly."

"Now, Charles, be sensible," replied the colonel. "You will stay right here in Chicago and you will tell Miss Bell your whole history, omitting not a single incident. If she is the girl we consider her she will not go back on you. If she does, she's not worth having."

"Mrs. North and I have a plan. Tomorrow evening the three of us will go to Mr. Bell's house. I will tell your story to Mr. Bell, Mrs. North will communicate it to Mrs. Bell and you can relate it to Bessie. In ten minutes the whole thing will be settled, boy, and you'll be the happiest youngster in Chicago."

In pursuance of this plan colonel and Mrs. North and Charles Cecil started for the Bell mansion at the appointed time. After a somewhat lengthy conversation the colonel remarked:

"Mr. Bell, I have heard that you have bought a new bust for your library. Would you object to showing it to me?"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. North, "this reminds me, Mrs. Bell, of the new draperies for your alcove. Mrs. Jones told me they were the loveliest draperies she had ever seen. While the gentlemen view that famous bust you might favor me with a glance at your treasures."

After the bust had been admired in due form, the colonel produced his cigar case.

"While the ladies are busy admiring the draperies, Mr. Bell, we can have a little chat."

"Just what I was about to suggest."

"I hear you are going to have a wedding at your house."

"Yes," responded the old gentleman with a smile. "The young people have made up their minds to fight life's battle together and we have given them our blessing."

"Glad to hear it, glad to hear it," ejaculated the colonel. "But, by the way, do you know much about Cecil's past life?"

"No, we don't. But he comes of a good family and seems to be a nice young fellow. He's not well fixed in this world's goods, it is true, but I think Bessie and he will pull through all right."

"Did he ever tell you that he has served time at Joliet?"

"Great God! What do you mean?"

"Did he ever tell you that he was sentenced to serve an eight-year term at Joliet?" repeated the colonel.

"He served a term at Joliet?" exclaimed the thoroughly aroused father. "How does he dare to come to my house. How did you dare to introduce him! Old as I am, I'll kick both of you out of my house!"

In his anger the old man did not notice the smile on the burly colonel's face.

"The scoundrel, the betrayer of innocent girls, the thief, the—"

"Now stop, Mr. Bell," interrupted his friend. "You've gone far enough. Charles Cecil is neither a scoundrel, a thief nor a murderer. He is an honest fellow who does not want to enter your family under false pretenses. If you will cool that temper of yours, I will—at his request—give you an unbiased account of his experience and the conspiracy which almost wrecked his life."

The old gentleman listened patiently to the colonel's story. Tears dimmed his eyes when he remarked:

"Colonel North, your war record is honorable, your protection of Charles Cecil is heroic. He shall be my son, provided you will continue to be my friend in spite of what I have said."

In the parlor Bessie forgave her lover and wept over his trials. In the alcove room, Mrs. Bell embraced Mrs.

North. In the sitting room the three detachments met a few minutes later.

"Charles," said Mr. Bell, "I have heard your story. Any man who can win the friendship of such a man as Colonel North is worthy to be my son. But," he added, turning to that gentleman, "don't tell him how near you both were to being kicked out of my house."

My story is ended. It would be superfluous to add that Charles Cecil led home his blushing bride in due time. How he became a partner in the house of Ribbon & Counter has nothing to do with this tale. But I can not lay down my pen without paying my respects to the gentleman introduced as Colonel North. His disinterested devotion to a friendless young man stamps him one of those grand characters whom to know is to reverence and love, whose mission seems to be the amelioration of poverty, the propagation of virtue and the punishment of vice. He honors the community in which he lives and his record needs no printed praise. "By his acts ye know him." They speak louder than words.

WEAKNESS OF GREAT MEN.

BY C. F. AKED.

IT IS not the rough and uneducated only that the drink demon claims for his victims. From pole to pole of human life he holds his ruthless sway. There is no depth of mortal wickedness he does not plumb, no height of intellect he does not scale. From the maudlin creature in Whitechapel to men of world-wide fame, whose genius has shone starlike in the heaven of lofty thought, no rank or class escapes him. What names on history's death-roll are stained by the vice of drunkenness!

Amongst the older poets, Parnell, Cowley and Prior were slaves of the cup. Addison's powerful brain reeled under the influence of strong drink. Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, was mastered by it. Theodore Hook was wrecked and ruined by his criminal indulgence. Hartley Coleridge, son of the great metaphysician and poet, nephew of Southey, friend and favorite of Wordsworth, who possessed something of the genius of each, was reduced to miserable decrepitude by intemperance.

The giant memory of Edmund Kean gave way beneath the same cause. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, orator, dramatist, statesman, wit, with gift and faculty almost divine, the friend of princes, the idol of peers, died in a garret, a broken-down, miserable old wretch, the bailiffs waiting only until the breath was out of his storm-beaten body to arrest the corpse—and that was drink!

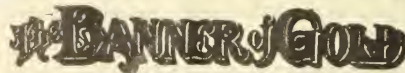
Charles Lamb's deplorable servitude to the bottle has been told us with a disgusting fidelity by himself. Campbell, whose verse has the ring of the clarion and the roll of the ocean, was a drunkard. The weird, fantastic genius of Edgar Allan Poe was not proof against the blight—he died mad drunk. Burns, strange mixture of gold and filth, was a "lost laddie" by reason of intemperance; that fatal Globe Tavern brought him to his grave.

William Pitt, the younger, lost his health and strength in dissipation. And Byron, the most famous Englishman of his generation, died in the prime of manhood, alone on a foreign shore, affording one more terrible and tragic proof that a man who sows to the flesh must of the flesh reap corruption.

Night.

It seems so full of comfort and strength—the night. In its great presence our small sorrows creep away ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then, night, like some great, loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot, flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone. Night's heart is full of pity for us; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence all human life lies before us, and we know that pain and sorrow are but the angels of God.—Jerome K. Jerome.

Everybody has his own theater in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, scene shifter, book-keeper, doorkeeper, all in one, and audience into the bargain.—Augustus Hare.



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MATE PALMER, Editor.

MODERN METHODS MORE PRACTICAL.

IT is interesting to compare the temperance work of
the present with that of some years ago. Then, as
now, homes were broken, prospects blighted, happiness
ruined and lives destroyed by the awful curse of intem-
perance.

Then as now discouraged wives and despairing
mothers struggled with the mighty power which was
dragging their loved ones lower and lower in the ever-
descending scale of drunkenness.

There were the same piteous appeals, the same agon-
izing prayers that they might be saved to themselves
and their families. But the prayers and the impor-
tunities were always for the reformation of the erring
one, and too often they seemed to fall on deaf ears.

Societies were formed in the hope that greater
strength would result from organized effort. But the
work of individuals and organizations never quite
reached the point of usefulness hoped for, because the
foundation was incomplete.

Earnest workers sought to reform men from a habit,
when those men were the victims of a disease which
must be cured. They depended on the strength of will
power when the will had become so enfeebled by drink
as to be practically paralyzed.

Beautiful theories were advanced, and temperance
orators devoted much eloquence to a commendable but
ineffectual effort to reclaim the inebriate. It was an
encouragement to his friends, and often resulted in long
lines of signatures to a temperance pledge, which would
not be kept. Not because the poor fellows whose
trembling fingers traced the names in wavering
hieroglyphics did not desire to keep it, but because they
could not—they were powerless in the grip of a relent-
less master.

Many of the hopeless unfortunates made a brave
effort to break the chains of their hated bondage, and
some were successful—at least apparently. But too
often years of persistent abstinence failed to overcome
the torture of alcoholic craving; for the system still
demanded the stimulant to which it had become accus-
tomed.

Under such circumstances the reclaimed man lacked
confidence in his so-called reformation. He dared not
trust himself where there was temptation lest he should
be overpowered. He did not understand his own case,
and the most earnest temperance advocates did not know
of the one weak link in the endless chain of their
honest endeavor.

Not until Doctor Keeley proclaimed to the world his
great discovery that inebriety is a disease was the prob-
lem finally solved, and the unprofitable effort to reform
the drunkard replaced by the practical work of curing
the diseased condition caused by the excessive and con-
tinued use of intoxicants.

No one ever has disputed his theory unless they
thoroughly misinterpreted it, and it has placed the work
of rescuing inebriates on a substantial basis. Philan-
thropists, business men and physicians investigated the
Keeley Treatment and were convinced of its merits,

more than seventeen thousand physicians proving its
efficacy in their own experience and becoming its most
enthusiastic advocates.

Temperance workers who were honestly working to
assist the poor inebriate became its earnest champions.
They knew that they had done good work before, and
they welcomed this new agent that gave them greater
power to accomplish results.

Christian ministers found it a valuable adjunct to
their work and in many instances sent unfortunate
members of their little flocks to Keeley Institutes for
treatment.

The old methods were good—they brought hope to
the suffering. But the new way is better—it brings
the hope into glad realization.

MAJOR SAM E. MOORE.

MAJOR SAM E. MOORE had many friends
among readers of the Banner of Gold, and all
will learn with deep sorrow that he has passed away.
Major Moore was one of the early graduates of the
Keeley Institute at Dwight; for, like many another,
gifted with splendid ability and genial nature, he
reached a time where he could not easily let liquor
alone. He became a close personal friend of Doctor
Keeley—indeed, he seems to have been the friend
of every one who knew him, and through all the
years that followed he strove to rescue those who
had lost courage and hope through drink. Under
the heading, "The Death of a Good Man Is Never
a Total Loss," Erasmus Wilson pays a loving trib-
ute to Major Moore's memory in his Quiet Observer
column in the Pittsburg Gazette Times. We publish
it in full, as follows:

He who died in Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies I know
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss.
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine—it is not I.

Sam Moore is dead, and yet he lives. Though not
in the flesh, he lives and moves, and has being in
the hearts, lives and homes of thousands.

He may know now what he was to his fellows.
He never knew before, nor can they know, for he
heralded not his goings forth to do good, nor pub-
lished statements of his benefactions, nor did he
keep account of them. Yet the account was kept, so
he may know now.

A BROTHER MAN.

We called him major, for it seemed fitting to give
him a title, and being a major, man, or greater, we
called him such.

It was not his great stature, or mighty prowess,
or magnetic presence, that made him major, but the
love he bore for his fellows. Agreeable of presence,
suave of manner and generous of heart and hand, he
was ever welcome, whether to the feasts of the rich
or to the scant boards of the poor.

He felt himself all the richer when he had given
freely of his wealth, even to his last dollar. And he
knew the last dollar, for he had felt its lightness.

And how light it does feel when demands are heavy.
Few there were who could tell him of paths of
pleasure, of success, of sorrow, of despair, of joy,
of triumph, that he had not trod.

Only the dishonored, the ingrate, the hypocrite
could point him to untried paths, for these he knew
not, nor would he know them. That which touched
his honor touched a sensitive spot, so sensitive that
he resented the advance with all the force of his
strong, virile nature. Honor was his sheet anchor.

THE LION HEARTED.

Only the lion-hearted have the courage to confess
the errors of their lives, and to as openly strive to
right their wrongs as they had committed them.

This does not mean to parade their faults and
their sins as some do when professing to have re-
formed their lives, or boasting of having overcome
the tempter.

It is not at all surprising that such a hale fellow
as the major, so generous and so flush of money as
he, should become a shining mark for the tempter,
nor that he should suffer, or even fall. Many there
are who thus suffer, and only the fewest escape the
fall.

We wonder, and still the wonder grows, that gen-
erous, hearty, golden youth does not note such falls
and note the fact that it is on the path leading di-
rectly to them.

How few, comparatively, return from these forays
into dangerland and gravely, earnestly, persistently,
warn those just venturing forth, and persuade them
of the folly and the danger of going farther?

A WARNING LIGHT.

The major was no weakling, nor was he half-
hearted, but whole-souled and ever to the fore when
the game was fair. The pleasures of life were his. No
wine was too costly, nor viands too rich for him, nor
price too great for entertainments for his friends,
and they were legion.

But passion, vice and immorality were as hateful
to him as the gaieties and frivolities of life were at-
tractive.

As it ever has been, and as it ever will be, an end
must come; so he found himself wrecked in health,
unfit for business and near unto death, so near that
physicians had no hope of saving his life.

Reading in this column of the efficacy of the
Keeley Treatment, he determined to go to Dwight,
and in spite of all opposition he went, accompanied
by his family physician, as it was feared he might
not be able to make the journey.

But he made it, met Doctor Keeley and won his
admiration by his earnestness and honesty. "His
was a mighty bad case," said the doctor, "but the
man was still there, which gave me hope."

A FAIR FIGHTER.

The major went in to fight his way to the sunny
side of life again, and he triumphed, crossed the dark
gulf that had so long separated him from friends,
from peace of mind and from usefulness.

Nor did he ever condemn the bridge that carried
him safely over, nor was he ever ashamed to ac-
knowledge that he was a cured man. On the con-
trary, he began seeking those who were as he had
been, showed them what had been done for him,
urged them to go and be treated, and those who
couldn't go unaided he sent, and some he carried
thither more dead than alive.

How many he thus saved no one on earth will ever
know—he never knew himself, but he may know
now, for it must all be in the great book of accounts
which is not open for inspection by mortals.

How many hearts were touched by the unexpected
announcement, "Major Sam Moore is dead," none
can tell, but they are legion. Nor can anyone tell
how paradise was deluged with prayers for his ad-
mittance.

HE IS NOT DEAD.

While his wholesome presence will be seen no
more on earth, yet "the man" that Doctor Keeley
saw walks with us now as ever, and he ever shall,
for his is not a spirit to lounge on flowery beds of
ease while his earthly fellows suffer and languish in
chains of the most hateful slavery, even though they
themselves forged them link by link.

Nor was his second life, as he called it, free from
temptation, trial and suffering, but his earnest, hon-
est determination won for him the final victory.

He was a valiant officer on the staff of Francis
Murphy, and a member of every practical temper-
ance and reform society, in spirit if not in name.
Nor will his name ever lose its charm and power,
but always sound good; nor can death, not even by
doing his worst, send such a name into oblivion.

JOHN F. CUNNEEN AN INVENTOR.

MR. JOHN F. CUNNEEN, editor of the C. T. A.
U. Department of the Banner of Gold, has in-
vented a traveling grate for steam-boiler furnaces
that has many new and important features. Among
them is a coal-separating hopper, which separates
the coal, placing the fine coal on top of the large
coal, in which position it is carried into the furnace
and consumed. This prevents fine coal from falling
through grate bars into the ashpit. It also permits
large air-space in grates, which is a valuable consid-
eration.

A traveling endless link chain grate is driven by
motive power. As the grate bars travel forward
under the steam boiler the coal is gradually con-
sumed, and by the time they reach the end of the
furnace nothing but ashes remains.

Mr. Cunneen has invented another valuable im-
provement, a grate-raising mechanism that will stir
the burning fuel, causing better combustion. As the
grate castings travel around underneath they assume
a slanting position which permits plenty of air to
reach the burning fuel. He has invented, also, a driv-
ing mechanism, which is simple, effective and dur-
able.

Mr. Cunneen is a skilled machinist and member of
the International Association of Machinists. He
thoroughly understands all branches of furnace
equipment. He has devoted much time to study and
experiment in perfecting his grate. He has secured
patent rights from the government, and those who
are fitted to judge believe that his automatic grate
will prove to be the greatest steam producer, coal
and labor saver, smoke consumer and boiler pro-
tector that has been invented.

Mr. Cunneen is Chief Sir Knight of the Knights
of Father Mathew of Chicago, and ex-president of
the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois. He
is well known as a temperance writer and is one of
the most forceful and convincing speakers connected
with the Anti-Saloon League. The Banner of Gold
joins with his many friends in wishing him unlimited
success.

Why He Is a Total Abstainer.

I am most decidedly in favor of total abstinence,
and am a total abstainer myself. I am a total ab-
stainer because, first of all, I want to set a good exam-
ple, and, again, I do not drink intoxicants because I
feel that it is not good for me. I am much better off
without it, and I believe other people will be better off,
too.—Archbishop Blenk.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE.

EVERY issue of THE BANNER OF GOLD contains letters from men who have taken the Keeley Cure. They are written for the sole purpose of helping those who are in need of such assistance. The men who write them know from their own experience all that the drinking man suffers. They know, too, how skeptical they were, and what a feeling of dread they had about taking the treatment. But they remember how quickly and how completely their doubts were dispelled and their fears were changed to regrets that they had not gone to a Keeley Institute before. They tell their experience in the hope that others may be spared such doubt, and may learn the truth about the cure. These letters are written by men of unquestioned standing in their respective communities—men who are reliable and responsible. Their word may be accepted with the fullest confidence:

Has Stood the Test of Seventeen Years.

MORRIS, ILL., August 17, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It would give me great pleasure to write something that would be of interest to readers of the BANNER OF GOLD; but I am somewhat at a loss to know what to say. It seems to me that everybody should look at the Keeley Cure just as I do. I will admit that I can't write an interesting letter, but bring me before any man who lacks confidence in either the Keeley Cure or the gentlemen who are in charge of the Institute, and I think I could easily convince him.

When I was in Dwight I often wandered around, and many times the question would come to my mind, Is this cure lasting, or is it simply a cure while here under the care of the able staff of physicians who treat you while you are in Dwight? I know, now, that it will last just as long as you want it to.

It has been seventeen years since I took the cure, and today my cure is better than the day I left Dwight. I have nothing to fear, no appetite to fight, and I never enjoyed better health in my life. I always wear a Keeley button, which answers all questions. When invited to have a drink I find it very easy to point to this little button and say, "You will excuse me." I think every Keeley graduate should wear a button. It is nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary, it is something to be proud of. I hope every patient at Dwight will have as little trouble and as good success with his treatment as I have had, and I am sure he will succeed in any undertaking which he may engage in.

I feel that I cannot speak too strongly or say too much in favor of this great work. I think more of it each day and am more firmly convinced that my cure is for life.

Hoping to see many more follow the same course and make happy homes for themselves and their families, I am as ever,

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM J. FITZGERALD.

Cured of Tobacco and Liquor Addictions.

KERRVILLE, TENN., August 20, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Another year has rolled around and I am still as enthusiastic a Keeley man as I was in March, 1905, when I left Dwight a happy man. I never tire of telling my many friends and even chance acquaintances of the almost miraculous cure the Leslie E. Keeley Company made in my case. I thank God I have been instrumental in causing three men to take the cure, and I hope to influence many more to do likewise.

The people hereabouts haven't yet ceased to marvel at my cure (as they well have a right to do). It now seems hard to believe that three and one-half years ago I drank more than a quart of whisky and smoked fifteen to twenty cigars every day, and loved them both better than life itself. Nowadays, can truthfully say that I haven't even the slightest desire for either. The smell of tobacco smoke on the streets and in public places doesn't affect me in the slightest degree, and I stay away from those places where the poisonous fluid is dispensed. My friends sometimes say that it is my will power, but I know that it is the genuine Keeley Cure that has kept me thus far from going back to the old game, and will keep me so for the rest of my days.

No amount of money would cause me to take a drop of any intoxicant or use tobacco in any form. I am absolutely cured, so why even think of taking any chances. My sweet wife and I almost daily thank God for the wonderful change the Keeley Cure has wrought in me, and wish for the continued prosperity of those connected with it.

Thanking you for your kind enquiry, I am,
Sincerely your friend,
WALTER D. TAYLOR.

The Cure Does All That Is Claimed for it.

CAMP POINT, ILL., July 30, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Dear Sirs:—Your favor was duly received and contents noted. I found me enjoying good health, and I still have a warm place in my heart for the Keeley Institute. Many times since I came home I have thought of Dwight and talked to my family of the doctors, and the kind treatment I received while I was there. I have no craving for liquor of any kind, and no desire to return to the old way of living.

It always was a great mystery to me why so many people would drink to such an extent as to disgrace themselves and their families, and cause so much trou-

ble. But I have come to my senses at last, and I am trying to live up to the advice so kindly given me when I left Dwight.

I still wear my Keeley button, and always will continue to do so. My wife is as proud of it as I am, for she says it speaks wonderful things for us both. If it is only a small button it means much to us—far more than words can tell.

I often talk to my old friends about the Keeley Cure, and the good effect it has on a man; for I know that what it has done for me it will do for others. I would like nothing better than to write or say something that would help some poor man or woman who is a slave to strong drink, and if you think my letters would do any good you are at liberty to use them as you see fit.

It is a year this month since I went to Dwight a slave to drink, and I found that your cure did all that you claimed for it, and more. No amount of money would induce me to be fool enough to return to the old habit.

The pen will not write all that I feel on this subject. But, oh, how I wish that I could express myself so that others would understand it as I do and go to you for help.

If any of the boys who were with me at Dwight should chance to read this letter, I should be very glad to hear from them.

With kindest regards, I remain as ever,
Yours respectfully,
HENRY H. AKERS.

From a Locomotive Engineer Who Took the Cure Sixteen Years Ago.

FORT PIERCE, FLA., August 21, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD, CHICAGO:—I have made it a practice to write to you at least once a year, to let you know that I am among the living. I believe that I am more enthusiastic about the efficacy of the Leslie E. Keeley remedy for inebriety than I was the day that I



HON. C. F. OLMSTEAD.

left Dwight more than sixteen years ago. I thought then that I was cured, but now I know it. I have never taken but two patients to Dwight, although I talk about the cure to those who are in need of it whenever I get a chance. I draw the line at fools. I won't talk to them if I can avoid it. I feel serious on that subject, and many times my patience is tried to the limit; for I run against some very foolish arguments by men whom almost anyone would credit with having more sense. Some say the cure affects the mind. To that I simply say that I think it did affect my mind, for I don't think as much about where I will get another drink. But I have more time to think of things of greater importance. My experience with the Keeley Cure is that I have the money to pay the grocer and the meat man. I don't pay rent, for I own my home. Those are a few of the blessings that I enjoy through taking the Keeley Cure. Another one is that no man carries my job on his sleeve, especially when sobriety is considered. This little Pineapple Plantation is my own, and no one has ever disputed it. I also have some money in the bank, so that I can give a small check. I have seen the time before I took the cure that I could not buy a drink of poor whisky on my check. Some of the saloon men are still doing business, but not on my money.

Now, if I am not taking too much space, I would like to say to those who are taking the cure, don't be ashamed, when you go home, to tell any one where you have spent your vacation. It will raise you in the estimation of your friends—I mean your true friends, and it might be the means of some good man being saved—some father or brother, husband or sweetheart, some mother's baby. And now, to the poor man who has drunk all he wants, and to whom the world looks dark and cold, don't wait for an argument, but go and be convinced that you are a sick man and need a doctor.

He will hear you and heal you, and put sunshine into your path.

My daughter's letter to you last year was truly a surprise to me. I know she is an enthusiastic advocate of the cure, but I didn't think she had the courage to write a letter for publication. She had the nerve on one occasion to order a man out of our house when he spoke lightly of the Keeley Cure, and he went—and stayed went.

Respectfully yours,
WM. N. HAYS.

We are glad to publish the following letter from Hon. C. F. Olmstead. It was sent to us by Mr. Wm. N. Hays, who writes: "Mr. Olmstead lives only about one mile from my place. He is a native of Florida, and a member of the State Legislature. He has a lovely home on the banks of the Indian River, owns a large plantation, and is a successful grower of pineapples and oranges. He is one of the best men I ever knew. Mr. Olmstead is always willing to tell what the Keeley Cure has done for him, and both he and his wife are firm believers in its efficacy."

From a Member of the State Legislature of Florida.

FORT PIERCE, FLA., September 1, 1908.

Mr. Wm. N. Hays.—Dear Friend:—I note that you take quite an interest in the BANNER OF GOLD, and some weeks ago in looking over some photos of mine I found one that might interest you. As you know, I am a Keeley graduate, and this picture was taken three months after I took the treatment. I took the Keeley Cure two years ago, after seven years of hard drinking. My nerves were all gone and my general health was run down. My memory seemed to have left me, and I had reached the stage when I was afraid of myself. I am now forty pounds heavier than ever before, am in the best of health, and am making a success in life. I never touch a drop, and never want it.

The Keeley Cure is certainly everything it is claimed to be. Anyone can take it and quit the drink habit if they wish to quit.

Yours sincerely,
C. F. OLMSTEAD.

Rescued from a Torturing Existence.

CHICAGO, August 26, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is now three years and four months since I took the Keeley Cure for the liquor habit, and I am happy to say that at no time in that period have I ever cared for or even felt as though I would like to take a drink. It seems remarkable to me when for a number of years it seemed impossible for me to get along without it. But, thank God, the Keeley Cure pulled me out of a torturing existence. I also want to thank that small band of good women (the Woman's Keeley League) that helped me and made it possible for me to enter the Keeley Institute and be benefited as I was by that great treatment.

If the great number of sufferers from whisky knew the real value of the Keeley Cure nothing could keep them from taking the first train for Dwight, and I hope the time is not far off when they will see it in the same light as I do.

There are no dearer words to me and also to my family than Keeley and THE BANNER OF GOLD, and now, thanking you again, and wishing you all kinds of success in your good work, I am,

Yours respectfully,
EDWARD H. SCANLAN.

744 South Kedzie Avenue.

Faith in the Cure Is Absolute.

CHICAGO, August 20, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is now almost the third anniversary of my graduation from Dwight and I feel that I again would like to tell you how happy I am that I had the good fortune to take the Keeley Cure before it was too late.

My faith in the cure is absolute, and I know there is nothing on earth that could induce me to take one drop of the cursed stuff, whisky, again. I feel sorry for every man who is a slave to drink and wish they could have the same chance to redeem themselves that I have had. I am thoroughly happy, and although I have wasted a good many years of my life I expect to make up for it before I pass in my checks, and, thank God and the Keeley Cure, I know I will be sober when that time comes.

With the highest esteem and gratitude for the physicians and good men attached to the Keeley Institute of Dwight, I remain,

Very sincerely,
WILLIAM J. MULDERICK.

3031 Emerald Avenue.

Can Work Better Than Ever.

PEKIN, ILL., August 24, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Dear Sirs:—I always shall have a warm spot in my heart for the Leslie E. Keeley Institute for the good it has done me. I have the pleasure of informing you that I have not touched a drop of liquor since I left Dwight, have no desire for it, and from the way I feel about it now, I

think I never shall. I never have felt better, had a better appetite, nor could work better than I have since I took the Keeley Cure.

I shall be glad to hear from you at any time, and will recommend the Institute whenever I have an opportunity.

Sincerely yours,
H. P. RUST.

Tenth Anniversary of Emancipation from Drink.

BRUTUS, MICH., September 18, 1908.

BANNER OF GOLD—DEAR EDITOR:—Today is the tenth anniversary of my emancipation from liquor bondage and I will try to comply with your request. I do not know as I can add much to my previous opinions as to the efficacy of the Keeley Cure, but I certainly have never in the ten years that I have passed since I took the cure seen one moment that I regretted it. My only regret is that I did not avail myself of its benefits sooner. Saturday, September 12th, I passed my sixty-eighth birthday, which I surely never would have reached but for the help of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley and his cure, for I had been a slave to drink for more than thirty years.

I realize that there are many doubters—men who think as I once did, that the Keeley Cure is simply a money-making scheme. But at this time, after being tested so many years, and the thousands of testimonials from those who have been cured, it does seem as though for anyone who really desires to be freed from the curse of strong drink and cured of the disease of inebriety, there could be no reasonable doubt. I know from my ten years of freedom, that the Leslie E. Keeley Cure is genuine, and all that is claimed for it—a boon for the drinking man, a *court of last resort* for the inebriate.

Wishing the cure and the BANNER OF GOLD unlimited success, I remain,
Respectfully yours,
H. W. MORFORD.

Keeley Club No. 1, Class of 1898

Excellent Advice for a Drinking Man.

PAXTON, ILL., August 22, 1908.

DEAR EDITOR:—It is with pleasure that I take the opportunity to write to you. It has been almost six years since I took the Keeley Cure;—just think, almost six years without a drink as large as a drop. Going some, isn't it?

Some people think that it requires a great amount of will power to abstain from drink after taking the Keeley Cure. This is a mistaken idea. It only requires common sense. Sometimes I am invited to drink, but I always decline, usually telling of being an abstainer, and of drinking to excess at one time in my life. On one of these occasions I recall an instance when a young fellow with a full glass of whisky in his hand, on my refusing to drink, said, "I can drink or let it alone." Evidently he was able to take a drink, and he seemed proud of his ability to do as he alleged. But men of this type set the most dangerous example. The young man seeing a "dead drunk" for the first time considers it a contemptible sight; but let him fall in with a so-called moderate drinker of the average jovial disposition and he lionizes him, and the result, as many of us know, is that the young man becomes a drunkard. This much of my letter for you. The rest I wish to address to the drinking man.

Mr. Drinking Man, when you get to the quitting stage,—that is, swearing off and falling down and beginning to drink again, you are a fit subject for the Keeley Cure. Now, believe me as one who has been through it all. Just make arrangements and start for Dwight forthwith, and take the Keeley Cure, and in four weeks' time you will be rid of that habit you have been years in growing. This way of swearing off is sure and easy, and it is no disgrace to take this cure and become a sober man. On January 2, 1903, I landed in Dwight, not exactly sober I will admit; was taken over to the Keeley Institute and was received as a patient. I have only hazy recollections of the first day, but the second day I began to catch on to what was required of me in the routine of the treatment. I especially did not forget to call at the specified time for that drink of whisky which I was told would be waiting for me. About the fourth evening of my stay, in passing Doctor Hamilton after receiving treatment he handed me a 2-ounce bottle of whisky and told me to drink it, and say, Goodbye, Whisky. I did as he instructed me. In no way was I restrained, nor was I given nauseating medicine or filled full of whisky to turn me against it. I cannot and I venture to say no other patient can, tell, at what minute, hour or day, the desire for liquor left them. Let a person with an aching tooth go to a dentist for treatment, the dentist will clamp a pair of forceps onto it and yank out the aching member, and he will hold up that bloody, crooked, fanged piece of torture before his patient. That patient knows distinctly when that tooth was pulled. As I have said I cannot tell when the craving for liquor left me; but I know it was not yanked out as this tooth was. This craving left me early in the treatment. I just realized it was gone and it has never returned to this day. I began to improve and feel better from the very first. This craving is taken in such an easy way and the patient improves so fast, that I have heard some of them say before their treatment was half over, "I'm all right now, and could let drink alone."

If a disbeliever in the Keeley Cure would take the trouble to go to Dwight and watch a course of treatment and those one hundred or more men taking it, and note the improvements in them both mentally and physically, he could not help being convinced of the Keeley Cure being all that it claims.

Some men shrink from taking the Keeley from the name of it; think that taking the Keeley Cure would attach a stigma to them. Now, every man has business associates, and he can not long conceal from them

the fact that he drinks. They will remark of him, "Jack boozes too much!" He will have to cut it out or he soon will be done for." Suppose Jack does cut it out by taking the Keeley Cure, are they going to repeat, "Jack is done for?" Not much! Jack's credit will take quite a raise.

Faith will not cure a drunkard, the mere signing of a pledge will not relieve him of the desire to drink. Let one hundred temperance men pledge themselves to abstain from food and water for a week, place before them three times daily a well laden table; before half the time has passed they will succumb to the craving for food and eat, unless they all be cranks. The craving for liquor to a drinking man is as great as the craving for food is to these hungry men, but he will not perish if taken from him.

To any one who reads this contribution I want to say, don't think that I write this for pay. This is a free-will offering, and if it is the direct or indirect cause of anyone who needs the Keeley Treatment taking it and being cured as I have been I shall feel amply repaid.

As I have already stated, this cure attaches no stigma to any one, and I can truthfully say that the taking of the Keeley Cure was one of the best acts of my life. I believe Doctor Keeley was one of the great emancipators. His cure has restored to hundreds and thousands of men and women, the best kind of personal liberty, the ability to live a sober life.

Respectfully yours,
ERNEST KEAGLE.

LABOR AND LIQUOR.

BY HON. JOHN BURNS, M. P.

(From an able and stirring address by the great Labor Leader of England.)

I SAY here, as a labor representative, that, but for drink being the mistaken medium of hospitality, the delusive sign of personal generosity, it would have been as much denounced, abandoned or tabooed as surfeit gluttony and abuse in other things have been in the minds and at the hands of cultured people.

The drinking habits of the poorer classes have everywhere contributed to their political dependence, industrial bondage, personal debasement, civic inferiority and domestic misery. The tavern throughout the centuries has been the ante-chamber to the workhouse, the chapel of ease to the asylum, the recruiting station for the hospital, the rendezvous of the gambler, the gathering ground for the jail. There is no class in ancient, nor any section of modern society on which the evil of drink or the scourge of drunkenness has so mischievously impressed its destructive effect and sterilizing influence as on the class who can least resist it—the industrious poor, the working classes, on whom the lot of manual labor falls.

Of all sections of society, the working class, the most important, because the most numerous, feels with cumulative effect, because otherwise burdened, the terrible handicap that drink imposes on them in the race of life. "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed," under the best conditions. With Bacchus as their friend, and Silenus as their guide, there is but one path for the poor to follow, and that the downward one. Drinking is bad enough in the prosperous, well-fed and ignorant upper class who can mitigate its heavy drain upon their health, strength and resources by rest, change and counter attractions. But on the poor it is an additional load piled upon their own backs, too often by their own hands, and nearly always at the time they are least able to bear it. From their strength as a class, from their powers of endurance as individuals, and from their capacity as craftsmen, it is a never-ending drain. Every workman ought to decree that liquor is useless and dangerous and ought to be abolished. For let him look what it does.

As a contribution to the solution of this problem I wish, as a skilled workman who has spent his life in helping unskilled labor, as a legislator and municipal councillor, to present the facts about Labor and Drink from the point of view of a labor leader. In so doing, at the outset I must state that I am prejudiced against drink in so far that I am a life abstainer from intoxicating liquor. So far, my knowledge of drunkenness consists in always being sober; with me that is sufficient. My knowledge of drinking consists in pitiful yet sympathetic observation of the indulgence of others. Where this is moderate it is a loss of time, money and health. Where it is excessive it is foolish, wasteful and destructive. Where it goes further and ends in the chronic inebriate, then it ceases to be either pitiful or tolerable, and becomes a danger to the community. My experience of the workshop, the street, the asylum, the jail, have given me exceptional opportunities of seeing the ravages of alcohol. My participation in many of the greatest labor movements of the present generation has enabled me to witness how drinking dissipates the social force, industrial energy and political strength of the people.

The general summary of my life's experience among the working classes of this and other countries in sharing their aims, voicing their ideals, championing their

causes, leading their movements, a sentinel on the out-works of their social hopes, is that drink with too many of them is their bane, drunkenness their curse, excessive drinking their greatest defect. And that from every aspect of their individual, social and political condition it is the worst, as it is the chief cause of many of the difficulties that beset and burden them as workman, husband, father, breadwinner and citizen. Their physical, mental and moral fitness for their manifold responsibilities would be keener and more effective if they always displayed the abstinence from liquor by which alone athletic vigor can be secured.

If other classes drink in price, quality or amount, larger and superior forms of liquor they also suffer by it, and after all is said the workman, as a producer, pays for his own undoing and the luxurious indulgence of other classes that can only be extracted out of the surplus value created by a drink-ridden working class. Sober enough to work long hours, drunken enough to be diverted from their proper share of leisure, pleasure and treasure, because their drinking habits as workmen or as a class place them at the mercy of all the forces that selfishness of individual tyranny of employer, or greed of class can bring against them. It is not in their economic stars alone, but in themselves that workmen are underlings.

The trade unions are living monuments of what thrift, thought and sober effort have secured for workmen and the nation. They would have been larger, more powerful and of greater influence but for the drain upon their members and resources, which the drinking habits of the people reflect on them. Their sick pay would have been larger in amount to the individual but smaller in burden to society but for drink. Accidents would not be so numerous, benevolent grants so frequent and superannuation not taken at so early an age if sobriety and abstinence had been more generally prevalent, both in past and present membership.

WORSE THAN STRIKES.

In 1901 the much-abused trade unions, with all their 648 strikes and lock-outs (sixty-eight per cent of which were wholly or partially successful), inflicted a loss of half a day per annum on all the working classes at work. This involved a cost of less than £1,000,000, for which they secured £24,000,000 in higher wages, and a net gain of 11,000,000 reduced hours of work, beyond other improved conditions. Yet on drink, betting and gambling, and the loss entailed thereby in time or money, from thirty to fifty days per annum were lost, with no advantage at all. There's restriction of output. Curiously, the people who denounce strikes most are those who favor temperance least.

It may be urged that other classes beside the working classes drink. Too true, but this is no mitigation of their mistaken habit. The undoubted fact that two-thirds of the total drink bill is due to the working classes is not mitigated, in my judgment, by the fact they are seven-tenths of the total population and only receive less than half the total wealth. The best way to get their due proportion is for them to devote to that aim and end the money now diverted to ignoble purposes.

Whether the working classes consume sixty or one hundred millions of the total consumption of £180,000,000 is to me a matter of small moment. Whatever they spend they can ill afford it. If other classes spend too much, as they do, the excess of their drinking ought to be the measure of what workmen ought to appropriate from them in higher wages, shorter hours, and better homes. To divert to labor's amelioration and for a higher standard of comfort, what is now wasted in licensed luxury by the rich is work that only sober, and therefore educated, workmen can bring about.

DRINK AND WAGES.

It has been advanced by several superficial friends of labor that to the extent the working people abstained from drink as a class so economically would they suffer by their wages being reduced by the proportion and to the extent of their abstinence from liquor. Or, as one of them states it: "So that if the ordinary teetotallers' Utopia were realized tomorrow it is to be feared the useful people of this country would be in a more poverty-stricken condition than they are in today."

Another dogmatic fanatic says: "The more sober and industrious and thrifty the workers become the more dependent they become on the class which only uses them to create a surplus value which is increased by their abstinence, sobriety and temperance."

This is an argument surely for spending nearly all—certainly more—of the wages on drink, or in proportion as you mis-spend or waste wages on drink so will wages rise. This is an absurd and a vicious doctrine, and places a premium on dissipation. If wages are determined by standard of comfort, as generally they are, let workmen maintain and elevate that standard by deducting from what is now spent on drink, and divert-

ing to better homes, clothing, food, holidays, pleasure, as the tendency now is, what is wasted to their undoing by going to the public-house.

If you must waste wages to save your standard of comfort from falling, spend them on fireworks that go up rather than on firewater that goes down. One would please the children and employ more labor per shilling spent than on drink, but would not fill your hospitals, jails, asylums or workhouses.

ANOTHER ABSURDITY.

The claim that all dominant races are superior because they drink alcohol is absurd. The supremacy is due to other causes—machinery, education, political freedom, parliamentary liberty, and the assertiveness of all communities that have been fired by democratic progress, inventiveness, and a greater diffusion of wealth as a result of greater human energy. This view is supported because for other reasons, mostly climatic, religious, or temperamental, low wages prevail in densely populated and autocratic eastern countries.

This deduction is fallacious, and is not applicable to Americans and Australasians, whose wages are higher, whose hours are not longer, and where the standard of comfort, to a great extent, is determined and has been secured by their superior tastes, higher standard of life which they have only attained by giving to greater comfort, better food, clothes and other amenities what the same people, if at home, would have perhaps given to drink. The new environment has begotten new tastes, greater scarcity of the saloon has stimulated higher desires, the freer life, and the improved social tone has resulted in his abstinence, so enlarging his outlook and desires as to induce him to demand more wages for holidays, home and recreative pleasure, which his drunken habits did not dream of, as when a debauch was the limit of his enjoyment.

The shortest answer to this fallacy is that the workmen who spend the least on drink, have the best homes, are most regularly employed, and are better prepared to resist encroachments on their wages. The drunkard blackleg invariably undersells his fellows in the labor market to the extent of the lowness of his tastes, which rarely rise above treachery to his trade, disloyalty to his home, and contempt for the elementary virtues of thrift, sobriety and civic decency.

Alcohol reduces the vital resistance of the individual so that he is unable to bear strain at work, and by making him careless of exposure to cold it lays him open to all forms of acute pulmonary affection, but especially to tubercle.

Working men ought not to take alcoholic drinks during working hours. All such commodities as beer and stout carried into the factories at the dinner hour should be forbidden. I have known young children who were in the habit of carrying beer to their father in the factories take regularly every day a smell of the beer they were carrying, and as a consequence develop cirrhosis of the liver.

KILLS WORKING POWER.

After all, the stimulating effects of alcohol do not last long; they are soon followed by depression. Can any workman who is intemperate extract from his blood saturated with alcohol the necessary energy for healthy muscular activity? Doctor Grilmett, in his experiments upon work and alcohol, found that the amount of work accomplished by himself upon the ergograph after taking alcohol was less both on the same day and that succeeding it, than when no alcohol was taken. Alcohol leaves behind in too many persons a feeling of lassitude which tempts to the fresh taking of more alcohol. Beside, even while during the period of temporary stimulation a greater amount of work may be done, there comes mentally a period of prostration and lessened production.

Drink as an active factor in causing accidents, casualties and injuries, not only damages those who drink, but innocent people as well. And the indirect results of accidents are very serious. They mean temporary absence from work, long periods of disability, and often permanent incapacity, with untold misery and injustice not only to those who suffer by them, but to their dependents. No small amount of individual loss and social wastage can be attributed to this active mischief that drink displays to the working classes of all grades.

THE REMEDIES.

Our duty as practical reformers is to remedy, palliate, remove, and on the road to ultimate abandonment by an educated people of the chief source of their present ignorance and distress to have stepping-stones out of swamps of drink-created misery. The chief stepping-stone is that of personal abstinence—the best as it is the first and most enduring of all remedies. Then follows, in order of effectiveness, the policy of reduction of licenses. To this policy I attach great importance, as I believe that in proportion to facilities given to cer-

tain sections of people so are the opportunities for drinking and temptation increased.

Concurrently with denouncing the evils of drink among workmen, everybody must elevate their industrial lot, not only for their sakes, but for the interests of the state as a whole. But the chief help must come from the workers themselves, who must be fired with a noble discontent, and they must abandon drink, because liquor sterilizes hope, dulls aspiration, and deadens all desire for individual elevation and social improvement.

INEBRIETY A DISEASE WHICH IS CURABLE.

BY DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY.

[Reprinted from a series of articles written for the BANNER OF GOLD.]

THE disease of drunkenness is caused by nothing else than alcohol. It is not inherited, therefore. The doctrine that drunkenness is hereditary is a violation of all known laws of heredity relating to poisons. The poison of scarlet fever is required to cause that disease, and scarlet fever cannot be inherited. The same rules apply to consumption, typhoid, diphtheria and all similar diseases. The law of heredity is that all poisons cause a variation of the tissue cells, which variation, or change of type, enables the tissue cells to resist the poisonous action of the drug, or disease infection, whatever it may be.

It is true that the children of inebriates may develop the disease, and the same rule applies to other diseases, but this does not argue against the fact. People who have acquired an immunity to the action of a disease poison, do not have that disease. If parents and children have consumption, plague, scarlet fever or smallpox, the reason is because they have not yet acquired an immunity to these diseases by inheritance. People do not inherit disease. They inherit protection from disease, and this protection can be acquired in no other way except by having the disease. Conditions being alike—that is of all people who are equally exposed to any given disease, those who are attacked will be the persons who have not inherited the protection.

If seven persons are equally exposed, only one will take consumption. The rule is that one person out of every seven dies with this disease. Why do the other six escape? The reason is because they inherit an immunity or protection from this disease.

The same rule applies to alcohol. The nations of Christendom have been drinking whisky for centuries. The reason why these nations are not "half seas over" all the time is simply because so many of the people have inherited a greater or less protection to the poison of alcohol, and drinking does not make them drunk nor make them drunkards.

But a certain per cent of drinkers, whatever it may be, become inebriates. We all know this disease from its symptoms. The chief symptom is a periodical craving for drink, which nothing but a cure of the disease, except in very rare instances, can prevent. The craving always comes on periodically, or rhythmically. The periods may be of a few hours' duration, or so short as to be practically of no duration, but the law is that drinking is periodical just the same whether the craving for liquor comes on every afternoon, or only once a year. If a man have craving once in a year, or two or more years, and becomes intoxicated, he has the disease of inebriety as assuredly as does the inebriate who is drunk every afternoon.

The actual disease which underlies the periodical craving for drink is a change in the type of the cells, caused by alcohol. The tissue cell thus changed has two new qualities and functions. It requires alcohol as a stimulant in place of food, and can tolerate a larger quantity of the poison than it could before being poisoned.

We can understand this better by an analogy. The tissue cells bear the same relation to the organs of the body that a family bears to the population of a city, or a county or a state. If a man seeks to understand the character of a people in any community, he will study the character of the families composing it. The family is the unit of population. The tissue cell is the unit of organs and tissues. The family is made up of persons, while the cell, also a compound structure, is made up of individual elements—protoplasm, nuclei, cell wall, chemical elements, and compounds.

When a cell has proper food it performs work, just as does the family. Its three great functions are reproduction, special functional work and nutrition. The function of a family is similar in every respect.

But suppose a cell is poisoned. In such case there is a variation in the type of the cell. It is impossible that any kind of a cell should be poisoned, without

causing a variation in type of the cell. I will illustrate the nature of this variation by referring to the family relation. Suppose a prosperous family take to drink. All know what a change or variation will come over such family. The work of the family may not stop entirely—they may live together "after a fashion," but the true joy of life is not there, nor are the true functions of life. The morals decline. Prosperity leaves them; the family has a craving for liquor. If work must be done there must be a supply of liquor to enable the work to go on. When the jug becomes empty it must be replenished. We see that inebriety of the family does two general things—it causes a craving for liquor, and in order to accomplish any work liquor must be supplied.

The family has the disease of inebriety, and the subject is clear enough that the disease consists of a variation in the type of the family, a craving for liquor and an inability to work unless liquor is supplied. This constitutes the disease of inebriety.

In the tissue cells and nuclei of the drunkard the same things obtain. The cells undergo a variation. They have a craving for liquor. They cannot perform their work without the stimulant. This is individual drunkenness, or the disease of inebriety. When there is so much alcohol present that the cell functions are paralyzed, the drunkard is drunk. When from long continuous poisoning the natural appetite is destroyed, nutrition destroyed, the brain and nerves perverted in function and starved, the condition is delirium tremens.

A characteristic symptom of drunkenness is periodicity. If we refer to families that are poisoned by alcohol whose members are habitual drinkers, we will notice that they are not equally drunk at all times. They may be drunk every day after the "ninth hour," but they are not so drunk before this hour on any day. Sometimes there is a very distinct interval of sobriety lasting weeks, or even months, but the periodical drunk comes around as certainly as the seasons.

The tissue cells do the same. They get drunk periodically. This feature of drunkenness is like all other diseases and, in fact, like all other phenomena. All phenomena of disease and life, and of all nature, exhibit this phase of rhythm or periodicity.

Now what happens during the interval of sobriety? In a family you will observe that the type and character changes, and changes backwards, as we say. If the family, before it began drinking, was industrious, happy, moral and prosperous, then very likely, if other things are equal, there will be a reversion of family type to this former character during the interval of sobriety, which will last until the next period of intoxication.

A notable characteristic of this variation is also an ability to drink an increased amount of liquor without the same degree of poisoning.

This is nature's attempt to cure the disease. This is nature's method of curing typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, smallpox and like diseases. In all these diseases nature is successful, if there is any success. The reason why natural laws cure these diseases is because the cells acquire the power of tolerating all the poison that can be supplied, and the only reason why the same laws cannot prevent a man from getting equally drunk every day, for a week, is simply because the man will increase the quantity of poison each day until he overcomes the acquired tolerance of his tissues, and is carried home as usual, at about the same time. If a man who has been sober for a few months, and until his tissues have lost their tolerance to whisky, starts out at 3 P. M., he can get drunk on a comparatively small amount of whisky. But this intoxication will give him such a tolerance to the poison that the next afternoon it will take considerably more to get him as drunk as he was the day before. If it were possible that no man could exceed his first day's drink, nature would do away with drunkenness by this method of creating a tolerance or power of resisting the action of poison. Human ingenuity, however, here overcomes the kindness of nature. Alcohol is everywhere "on tap," and if the first bottle or keg is not sufficient, more is forthcoming.

Inebriety or drunkenness is readily curable. It is easier to cure than any other disease. We all know that the diseases consist of a forward and backward variation of cells of the tissues, caused by periodical poisoning. This variation and atavism, after long-continued inebriety, becomes a habit, or an instinct of the cells. There is no stronger motive or force of mind than habit. Habit which is the result of poisoning is a diseased habit, or a habit of disease. The habit of alcoholized tissue cells is as powerful as the instinct of migratory animals, which recurs periodically, from long-continued customs of ancestry. A migratory bird, tamed and housed, and living luxuriously and sumptuously every day, with no possible reason for migration, will, at the appointed time, migrate if it can. The reason in such a case is not because of the original necessity

of climate, but the cause is the inherited function of the nerve cells.

The drunkard has nerve cells and probably other tissue cells, which have acquired the same sort of rhythmically recurring habit for drink. The cure of the drunkard consists in breaking up the nerve habit. You know just how it is. When a drunkard ends his spree he swears off. He promises himself and wife, and all friends, society and business and church that he will drink no more. The migratory bird has come to stay. But at the appointed time, when everything is going well, when there is no possible reason, off goes the migratory bird on another disgraceful drunk. No society, no pledges, no family endearments, no crisis of business, no love of holiness or of the Lord, can prevent it. The nerve cells have swung back on the pendulum of acquired habit, to the other end of the segment, and the "tick" must follow.

I have learned that certain drugs, and methods, and discipline, will effectually break up this cycle of nervous habit and rhythm, and will cure the inebriate. I believe that this discovery will mark an era of human development. It will lengthen life. It will destroy much sorrow. It will increase the working force and prosperity of the world. If men live longer and live soberly, they can think more, and when men think freely the world goes on toward the high work of human destiny, which must destroy poverty, destroy disease, destroy sorrow, and bring to the world the perfect moral code of the promised millennium.

TWO GOLDEN DAYS.

BY R. J. BURDETTE, D. D.

THERE are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two golden days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and sorrows, has passed forever beyond the power of my control, beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought; I cannot recall a word that I said; cannot calm a storm that raged on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of regret, or sorrow, or wrong, is in the hands of the Mighty Love that can bring oil out of the rock and sweet water out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, and turn mourning into laughter. Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like perfume of dried roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; now it belongs to God.

And the other day I do not worry over is tomorrow. Tomorrow with all its possible cares, its burdens, its sorrows, its perils, its poor performances and its bitter mistakes, is as far beyond my reach of mastery, as is its dead sister, yesterday. Its sun will rise in replete splendor, or behind a gloomy mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. And it will be God's day. It is God's day. It will be mine. Save for the star of hope that gleams forever on the brow of tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of today, I have no possession in tomorrow. All else is in the safe keeping of the same infinite love that holds for me the treasures of yesterday. I can trust all that tomorrow holds for me, in the love that is wider than the skies and deeper than the seas. I can, for whether I will or no, I must.

There is left for myself, then nothing but today. And any man can fight the battle of today. Any man can carry the burdens of just one day. Any man can resist today's temptations. This is the strength, then, that makes the way of my pilgrimage joyous. I think and I do, and I journey, but one day at a time. That is the easy day; that is the human day. And while I do that, God the Almighty and the All-Loving takes care of yesterday and tomorrow.—Pacific Baptist.

Success.

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche, and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."—Selected.

Little do ye know your own Blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the True Success is to labor.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Art Department

EDITED BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL

THE WORD.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

TODAY, whatever may annoy
The word for me is Joy, just simple joy;
The joy of life;
The joy of children and of wife;
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of winged things upon their flight;
The joy of noon-day and the tried
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labor and of mirth;
The joy of air, and sea, and earth—
The countless joys that ever flow from him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts divine upon our way.
Whate'er there be of sorrow
I'll put off till tomorrow,
And when tomorrow comes, why, then,
'Twill be today and Joy again!

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE ART INSTITUTE.

PLANS FOR THE COMING YEAR—IMPORTANT EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTINGS—LECTURES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

AT this juncture in our study of the Italian Renaissance, it may be wise to take a vacation—as it were—and become familiar with the art life of our own time and city.

With the building of the Columbian Exposition—that Dream City of imperishable memory—came the beginning of America's Renaissance, in the opinion of the writer. Not a city or hamlet of our country, but was touched in some degree by the influence of that wondrous art expression. Every visitor carried to his home a new vision of beauty, an irresistible impulse toward art that passed through his being to all with whom he came in contact. Art study classes and municipal art societies sprang into being and public buildings have become more dignified and more beautiful. Loan exhibitions of paintings and of good reproductions of the best known art of the world are held in many of the inland cities—all of which betoken the dawn of the happy time above mentioned.

In no small degree may the genesis of it all be traced to our own Art Institute—the most active art institution in the country, as a few figures will presently prove. The annual meeting was held a few weeks since and through the reports of the officers a most prosperous and hopeful condition of affairs was disclosed. While they have expended \$25,000 for improvements the past year, they still need more room. The building, as large as it is, is inadequate for the collections and exhibitions, and as soon as possible should be completed in accordance with the original plans—and even extended beyond them. The school has grown to the dimensions of a university, draws students from every corner of this country, also from abroad, and yet it has no endowment whatever. Here is the "golden opportunity" for some truly public-spirited individual to build for himself an enduring monument.

I am sure all who are familiar with the activities of the institution and the generosity of the management, will concede that the success of the administration of the trustees entitles them to the confidence of all, and that there is no benefaction which can offer more certain or more useful results. All branches of the work would be greatly enhanced if only a few of our prosperous citizens would be more generous toward the institution. Don't wait till you die! Do it now, and have the joy of seeing the thing grow and the circle of its influence steadily enlarge until no one can see the outer circle. It is possible.

Many within our city's limits are not so familiar as they might be with the aim and scope of this institution. They think that the stately building houses only a museum of paintings, statuary and curios, unaware that it also houses the largest art school in our country. The attendance at the school for year ending June, 1908, was 4,144.

The expenses of maintaining the galleries and for buildings have been about \$111,500, and the receipts from door fees, memberships and other sources have been \$113,000, leaving a balance of \$1,500.

The number of visitors was 550,289, an increase over last year of 28,195, and a similar increase of attendance at the library was reported.

There have been twenty-seven successive exhibitions of pictures and art objects, besides the permanent collec-

tions, and two hundred and fifty-four audiences in the Fullerton Memorial Hall—the most beautiful lecture room, I dare say, in the West.

These figures show that the attendance on lectures, school and library exceeds by far that of any similar institution in the country, and it is only second in the country in its number of visitors to its museum—the Metropolitan of New York exceeding it in this respect.

While the school has no endowments, the institute has several of varying amounts, the total being \$250,700, only \$5,000 of which may be expended annually for pictures or the increase of its collections. Not a very munificent sum for an institution of so much importance.

There are two features of the institute's activities that are invaluable—the daily lectures and the exhibits. In addition to the permanent collection of good paintings there are frequent loan exhibitions of the works of the best-known contemporary artists of both continents, as well as exhibits of famous private collections of renown; for instance, the Cyrus McCormick collection which includes such names as Constable, Dupre, Diaz, "Old Chrome," Lawrence, Daubigny, Troyon, Harpignies, Bouguereau, Gainsborough, and many equally prominent moderns.

There is also hanging the new bequest to the institute—the Joseph Brooks Fair collection of framed prints and etchings which before his death in New York City in 1907 he directed should be given to the Art Institute. (Mr. Fair also directed that a part of his estate be placed in trust and the income used in the purchase of additional prints and etchings for this collection.)

I should like to speak in detail of a number of the masterpieces now to be seen in the galleries, but space forbids. There is one painting, however (one of the moderns), which causes so many queries that I think a little analysis may be acceptable. I refer to Byam Shaw's brilliant pictorial allegory, "Truth," which has been rehung in the gallery south of the Old Master's room.

It is an extraordinary work both in conception and execution, but the reading of it is a difficult problem to the casual visitor. "What does it mean?" is heard on every side. That it was painted with a purpose and that purpose to point a moral is plain.

The painting is lent by Mr. P. A. Valentine and is a gorgeous piece of coloring. It is composed of thirteen principal figures with many defined and others suggested in the background.

In the middle foreground, reclining in a chair covered with a gray goat's fur rug, is the nude figure of a young woman symbolizing "Truth" in durance vile. Her head is bent, her wrists are bound together with blue bands and behind her stands the figure of an aged king, wearing royal robes of crimson, purple and gold, and a crown upon his head.

The old king has bound the eyes of drooping "Truth," blinding her, holding the ends of the blue fllet in his hands, while he looks over her bowed head and leers at a painted woman, gayly appareled, who stands at the left of the canvas, smiling boldly at him.

Between these two chief actors stretches a green velvet curtain upheld by the aged queen, with a daughter on each side, screening "Truth" and the scandal from public view by the tapestry which they lift in their hands. The queen and princesses have sorrowful countenances, and their eyes are turned to heaven or cast down modestly, to avoid seeing the shame of intrigue.

Behind them are the guards, one slyly whispering to another of the matter. The sentinel at the palace gate is asleep, while from the distance through the portal come the processions of the people.

In the immediate foreground at the left stands a large jar filled with a troubled scarlet liquid, and a page, bending forward, takes the unsullied white robe of "Truth" from the painted woman and dips it in the bloody dye.

At the right, behind the king, is a mitred dignitary wearing the robes of the church, who lifts a red-gloved hand in the signal of absolution, whose sanctimonious face is upturned and whose eyes are raised to heaven, ignoring the blinding of "Truth." Beside him is the cynical countenance of the man of law, turning the pages of a volume in search of precedent and letting the affair go on as it will.

Below them in the foreground are two figures, a man with his back turned forward and a woman kneeling, with an expression of supercilious indifference on her face, looking idly on, perchance symbolizing "Society" watching the degradation of "Truth" and the efforts of a Court Fool and a fair-haired child, crouched upon the rush-strewn pavement blowing the flickering fire of the lamp of Truth, which the lad holds in his hands. Thus of all the world it was left to Folly and to Youth to keep the flame of Truth alive and burning.

Every illustrative detail in the painting has been used with tremendous effect to accent its message, the selfish

wickedness of the king blinding "Truth," in which the gentle souls of his household are forced to suffer and to shield his guilt, they again figuratively blinding "Truth," while half the world jeers in the background, or sleeps or shows indifference, and the child and he whose heart is as a little child preserve the faith that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Of its artistic beauty much might be said. It is marvelous in the painting of textures of silks, brocades and velvets rarely, rarely beautiful in color and design. The composition, being in the field of allegory, occupies a distinct place of its own among figure paintings. It is extremely interesting as a story and after many viewings one is always able to discover something new to be read into its meaning or to be seen in its artful design.

Mr. Shaw stands pre-eminent in the field of illustration, which he entered in 1898 with Browning's poems. It was at this time he painted this imaginative canvas of "Truth." All the figures are in some way united with the figure of Truth and whatever may be one's passion for color or admiration for the painter's ability to translate texture and work out design, he can not miss the concentrated teaching of the picture.

LECTURES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

The outline of lectures and concerts for next season has been issued, and is, as usual, very attractive.

The Scammon lectures will be delivered in March by Mr. Will H. Low, artist and author, of New York, and will embody the lessons of his long experience in the study and practice of art and in association with artists of America and Europe.

The Tuesday Lecture Course will open October 27. Among the lecturers will be Mr. C. R. Ashbee, the well-known English architect and craftsman; Mr. Earl Barnes, the Philadelphia educator; Dr. H. H. Powers of Boston, the eloquent promoter of University Travel; Mr. Herbert W. Faulkner, the painter; Prof. Edgar J. Banks, orientalist, of New York, and Henry T. Bailey, the art educator of Massachusetts.

Orchestral concerts will be given upon November 17, January 12, February 16 and March 23.

The usual courses of lectures for members will be given, upon architecture, sculpture, painting and decorative art. Mr. Lorado Taft's course will open Friday, October 16; Mr. Wm. A. Otis's course, Monday, October 19.

For thirty weeks, the Donald Robertson Company, beginning October 7, will present standard plays, ancient and modern, in Fullerton Hall. Admission will be free to members and their families.

EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTINGS.

Many interesting exhibits will be given of which we will mention but a few. To all of these your annual membership fee of ten dollars gives yourself and families admission, and I am sure no wise expenditure of the sum could be made.

September 8 to October 7. (1) Exhibition of paintings of "The Eight," namely: Geo. B. Luks, Maurice B. Prendergast, Everett Shinn, Arthur B. Davies, Robert Henri, Wm. T. Glackens, John Sloan and Ernest Lawson, a group which attracted much attention in New York last winter.

(2) Special exhibition of paintings of Charles L. A. Smith, of Chicago.

(3) Special exhibition of paintings of the late Thomas S. Noble, of Cincinnati.

October 20 to November 29. Twenty-first annual exhibition of American oil paintings and sculpture, opened by the annual reception.

November 17 to December 2. Annual exhibition of the Atlan Club.

December 8 to December 22. (1) Annual exhibition of art crafts; designs and decorative objects.

(2) Exhibition of designs for mural paintings, stained glass windows, etc., for the new University Club, by Frederic C. Bartlett of Chicago.

December 28 to February 2. Annual exhibition of works of artists of Chicago and vicinity.

One of the most interesting exhibitions of the season (probably in April), will be a collection of contemporary German paintings, brought to this country for exhibition in three institutions only, namely: The Metropolitan Museum of New York, the Copley Society of Boston, and the Art Institute of Chicago. This exhibition is under governmental patronage and its official representative is Herr Karl Buenz, the Imperial Consul General of Germany in New York.

There will be several exhibitions of the works of individual artists, most of which are undetermined, but among them may be mentioned Edwin H. Blashfield, C. L. A. Smith and Frederic C. Bartlett.

"You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself into one."

WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHO bides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a fruitful roundelay,
However poor his fortunes be—
He will not fail in any realm
Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause;
And like a never-ending rhyme,
The road-side bloom in his applause,
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who bides his time.

—Selected.

THOMSON, GRAY AND COLLINS.

BY THE LATE JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

WHEN Pope died he left a school of poetry, but no successor able to wield the mighty wand which he laid down. The nearest approach to it was made by Samuel Johnson in his two poems "London," and "The Vanity of Human Wishes." The first was published in 1738 and the other in 1748, and they have the merit of being the best poems in Pope's manner published up to that time. But it was a dark day for poets, and particularly for those who were imitators of Pope, for he had exhausted all the resources of the heroic couplet, and the world was now ready to listen to some other form of song, though not yet ready to pay for it.

The first poet to break away from the rigid formula in which English poetry then seemed to be irrevocably locked was James Thomson, who sought freedom in the earlier forms of Milton and Spenser. He returned to nature and by appealing to the universal consciousness found a response in the hearts of the multitude. He does not stand even in the second rank of English poets. In native genius, in power over the imagination, in scope of thought and in command of language he is far inferior to Dryden or Pope, but he is today more read than they. Professor Wilson says that his poems may be found in a thousand Scotch cottages, side by side with Burns, and when Coleridge found a dog-eared copy of "The Seasons" in an English ale house, he exclaimed "This is fame!" It is one of the first volumes of poetry read by the young in all English speaking countries, and forms a part of the most select libraries. It is commonplace in many respects, the episodes are sometimes tiresome, it is in passages inflated in style, but it describes natural scenery and the changes of the seasons much as the generality of mankind observes them. It is this faithfulness to nature that has caused his poem to be read and remembered for a century and a half despite all changes in the form and fashion of poetry.

James Thomson was born in Scotland in 1700, and at the age of twenty-five went up to London with a poem in his pocket. It was entitled "Winter" and proved to be the harbinger of "The Seasons." It brought him reputation and but little else. The next year "Summer" appeared, in 1728 "Spring" followed, and in 1730 he completed the work by the publication of "Autumn." The poet lived the struggling life of a man of letters in that day, depending mainly on the patronage of the great for the means of subsistence. The famous Lord Lyttelton became his friend, and Frederick, prince of Wales, bestowed a small pension on him for a time. He died in 1748 and some years later a tablet was placed to his memory in Westminster Abbey. His most finished poem is the "Castle of Indolence," which may still be read with pleasure though it does not possess those elements of popularity that belong to "The Seasons." Contemporary with Thomson, and equally influential in leading poetry back to nature were Thomas Gray and William Collins. They were the forerunners of Cowper, who has been called the founder of modern English poetry.

No poem in the language is so familiar to every one, or has been so universally quoted as the "Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard." Not a line of it but has found its way into colloquial speech, and it may be regarded as the typical piece of English verse. Its in-

comparable felicity and melody charm every ear, its metrical skill is unequalled in any language while its sentiment appeals to the universal human heart. Its fame has spread to all countries and no English poem has exercised so much influence upon or been so widely admired and imitated by foreign countries. Years of successive criticism have only served to point out and emphasize its beauties and perfection, and Mr. Swinburne, who is an admirer of Gray as a poet, and has criticised his other poems severely, says "As an elegiac poet Gray holds for all ages to come an unassailable and sovereign station."

An interesting anecdote links Gray's name forever with that of one of England's greatest soldiers. On the night before the storming of the Heights of Abraham, General Wolfe, as he passed in a boat from post to post along the river to see that all was in readiness for the morning assault, as he sat in the stern sheets recited "The Elegy" to an officer who sat with him, saying, as he concluded: "I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French tomorrow." Such was the tribute to the man of imagination from the man of action, who on the morrow laid down his life in achieving a victory that has made his name immortal.

For the greater part of his life Gray lived the life of a recluse at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He had a few friends whom he grappled to him with hooks of steel, but he shrank from the multitude. His correspondence shows him to be capable of the warmest friendship, but he was not fond of publicity. He did not seek fame and disliked to be pointed at as "Gray, the poet." He declined all honorary degrees, and refused the poet-laureateship. He was a retiring scholar who dwelt among his books, indifferent to criticism, and indulging in what he himself called the "spirit of laziness." His genius was not productive and all his poetry makes but a small volume. In rewriting and polishing his verse he was as industrious as Pope, and he kept the "Elegy" the Horatian number of years before suffering it to be published, and even then it first appeared surreptitiously.

Next to the "Elegy" the best known of Gray's poems are "The Bard," "The Progress of Poesy" and the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College." They all partake of the poet's grace and refinement and are well worth reading. Gray died at Cambridge in 1771 in his fifty-fifth year. He is buried at Stoke in the graveyard which was the scene of his exquisite poem.


William Collins is an interesting and pathetic figure in English literature, for his fate was more wretched and untoward than that of any other poet in our history. From boyhood he wrote verses that gave promise of success and fame, but they were a revolt against the classicism of Pope, and met with no favor from the critics. At the age of twenty-three he went to London, a literary adventurer with many projects in his head and very little money in his pocket. In "The Castle of Indolence," Thomson says of him:

"Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind,
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind."

He was indolent and a dreamer, loving nothing so much as to dwell in the castle of Indolence. He was highly educated, but could not use his pen save under the pressure of dire necessity. He produced, therefore, less poetry even than Gray, and what he did produce brought him but little money, and no fame whatever in his lifetime. It was not until years after his death that "The Ode on the Passions" was perceived to be one of the finest poems in the language. It is only one hundred and twenty lines, but it is a marvellous gallery of pictures unrivaled as exhibiting the various human passions. It was composed to be set to music, and it has been said that if the music was as splendid as the ode it must have been the greatest performance ever given in which poetry and music were united.

The "Ode to Evening" is also graceful and melodious. Melody is indeed the chief characteristic of all that Collins wrote, though his truth to nature is as remarkable as Thomson's. His work is a splendid fragment, never more to be forgotten.

Disappointed in the reception of his poems, he destroyed every unsold copy, and soon after fell into a melancholy that ended in insanity. Goldsmith, writing his "Inquiry into the State of Learning" in 1759, remarks: "The neglected author of 'The Persian Eclogues,' which, however inaccurate, excel any in our language, is still alive; happy, if insensible of our neglect, not raging at our ingratitude." Collins died a few months later in his thirty-ninth year. Nor was it until nearly half a century had passed that his poetry began to be read and appreciated. It then became popular, and for nearly a hundred years the "Ode on the Passions" has been declaimed by every schoolboy.



WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

THE BARN IN THE RAIN.

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM.

GRAY barn and draggled meadow,
Blurred green of grass and leaves,
The sky an awful shadow,
For on her gray face weaves

The rain with silver threads,
That fleck the muddy puddle,
That rattle on the sheds
Where the cold cattle huddle!

Then oh, the haymow soft
And deep and dark and warm,
On sweet hay piled aloft—
While overhead the Storm

Swèeps the wet shingles, drips
At caves, makes music wild—
We listen: the soul slips
Years back and is a child.

Somehow as at the start
We turn from Life's hot foam,
Get in the World's warm heart,
Yea, make Earth's heart our home!

And lie there warm, secure,
Yea, as a child of five,
Heart cleansed, serene and pure
And glad to be alive.

—*Woman's Home Companion for August.*

THE DOMESTIC MEDICINE CHEST.

UNSEASONABLE weather, sudden changes in temperature, and treacherous atmospheric conditions are always a revelation of the prevalence of alcoholic mixtures in the domestic medicine chest.

Few people consider an ordinary cold of sufficient importance to require the services of a skilled physician. But nearly every one knows the depressing and distressing effects of the wretched little malady, and after a vain attempt to fight it out unaided is inclined to heed the admonitions of friends who have suffered the same way, and have each been cured by a different nostrum.

This indiscriminate dosing sometimes seems to overcome the cold, but it isn't so easy to conquer the remedies. The woman was no exception who said that she managed to go about as long as her cold lasted, but the stuff that stopped her coughing made her so sick she had to stay in bed. She had taken some patent medicine containing opiates and paid the penalty by severe nausea.

It is surprising how many conscientious people, who glory in their temperance principles, and abhor the use of intoxicants, are inveigled into the use of liberal quantities of liquor and narcotics in compounds which they believe harmless.

They would not knowingly use alcohol even as a remedy, but thus disguised it is taken without hesitation by some of its strongest opponents, and confidently recommended to the very ones they would shield from every temptation.

But patent medicines are not the only dangers in the household collection. In many homes where liquor is banished from the sideboard it holds absolute sway in the sick room, and often those who would scorn to take a glass of wine at dinner will take a drink of whisky at bedtime—in the seclusion of their own rooms—because, forsooth, they are a little nervous.

The frequency with which well-meaning people recommend liquor as a remedy is truly surprising. Perhaps the climax of such prescriptions was reached when a dear little Keeley-cured woman was advised four times during breakfast one morning recently to take a good dose of whisky for a cold from which she was suffering.

Her advisers considered themselves good temperance people, and each of them would have been amazed to know that the one who quietly replied: "I think your

remedy is far worse than my disease," was telling them a truth that she had proven by bitter experience.

The so-called heredity of inebriety doubtless stands sponsor to many an unfortunate addiction that had its inception in the daintily prepared hot whiskies which had been a panacea for all ills, real or imaginary.

But when at last the craving was established, some unworthy ancestor was blamed for an unwelcome legacy which he never bestowed.

The saloon and the social glass receive their full need of condemnation, but the dangers of the sly little bottle which poses as a harmless medicine are not fully understood.

It goes on in a constantly widening path, carrying destruction in its deadly doses.

ADVANCE IN TEMPERANCE WORK.

THE following paper was read before the Woman's Union Missionary Association of Allegheny County by Mrs. Ellen M. Watson, Superintendent of Rescue Work of the Non-Partisan Woman's Christian Temperance Alliance. Mrs. Watson is a firm believer in the Keeley Cure and one of the most practical temperance workers in the world. She has hosts of friends among Keeley graduates, by whom she is affectionately called "Mother Watson":

September 16, 1908, our Presbyterian women made a little church history, for at their quarterly meeting they voted to request our Synodical society, at its annual meeting in October, to add temperance to its list of departments, and elect a temperance secretary. All the missionary societies we know anything about are doing splendid work. They build school houses, support teachers and have done wonders along educational lines, but Satan himself is at the bottom of the sinful way, they ignore the cause of total abstinence. Of course the great majority of our missionaries have enough of "sanctified common sense" to train the children in temperance doctrines, but that does not excuse the boards that do not send out pledges and temperance literature along with other supplies. Some of them even try to make us believe that it is "not proper" to have a temperance secretary in a missionary society. It is rather late in the day for orders like that to be sent into this end of Pennsylvania, for in October it will be six years since Mrs. V. C. Euwer was unanimously elected temperance secretary of the Pittsburgh Presbyterian Society, and over fifty of her auxiliaries have a temperance secretary. Surely in a county where at its spring term of court there were licensed thirteen hundred and six saloons, it is time that every civilized man and woman should come to our side and at least give us more money to invest in badly needed supplies. It is a pity to think of how little our best people know of what is really going on. We have a splendid Anti-Saloon League, and Doctor Carroll, our superintendent, has a good face, a good voice and good sense, and he has great reason to rejoice over his wonderful success. There are thirteen counties in the Pittsburgh district. It will likely be news to many of you to hear that our Braddock friends spent ten thousand dollars last winter and the leader of our fight, who was a terror to saloonkeepers, was Doctor Hawes, a United Presbyterian minister. Perhaps you do not know that the liquor men could not protect a corner of Armstrong County from Anti-Saloon discussion and even lost whisky-soaked Red Band that they were as sure of as if they had a deed for it.

In August, 1907, there were seven Anti-Saloon meetings held in this district. In August of this year eighty-nine meetings were held, and in spite of it being vacation month and more talk than usual about hard times, we all have reason to thank the Lord that it was the best month financially and in other ways in the history of our Anti-Saloon League.

I have a few of the Illinois posters with me. Two hundred thousand of them were sent out over that state last winter. Then at the April election they closed the saloons in "fifteen hundred towns." This sensible Anti-Saloon League, that is busy in every state, has for months and months been closing saloons at the rate of thirty a day. A late letter from my friend, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, tells of her joy over the wonderful success of non-partisan methods that she advocated so strongly in the earlier stages of this work. What she has had to contend with makes me think of the kind-faced old man from Alabama, who said at the last National Anti-Saloon convention, "We think we

can take care of our enemies if the Lord will just see after our fool friends."

The temperance question means more to me than it does to younger women. Many of the best boys of my early days were killed by alcohol long ago, yet such a thing as a drunken girl was unknown. Some fathers in those days really believed "that a boy must sow his wild oats," but mothers took better care of their girls than they do now. It is appalling to know that hundreds of men and women in this city are inebriated. I will gladly send literature to persons who can be persuaded to believe that in this age of medical skill it is a sin to let any one be poisoned to death by alcohol. I have three friends who took the Keeley Cure seventeen years ago in June. They had been considered hopeless drunkards for many a day before they went to Dwight.

We have had many good moderators in our Presbyterian General Assemblies, but not in my time could one of them equal our moderator of last year, Dr. W. H. Roberts. His valuable Hand Book tells Presbyterian women what they are expected to do. I still have more than one hundred left. They should be circulated in every missionary society, along with the badly needed information that boards may advise or persuade but have no controlling power. I have been at ten General Assemblies and yet at the morning meetings of the Woman's Boards at the hotels where they have headquarters I never heard the cause of temperance prayed for till this last time, and then the prayer was made by Miss Julia Fraser, a vice-president of the California Synodical. She belongs to a society that has a Synodical Temperance secretary, and some in presbyterials. This is a war of many battles.

"Get into the fight, for the Lord of might

Has hidden His Church bestow

Her honor and wealth, for the nation's health,

And the Kingdom of God below.

"Let those who have failed take courage,

Though the enemy seems to have won;

Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,

The battle is not yet done.

"For sure as morning follows,

The darkest hour of night;

No question is ever settled

Until it is settled right."

A PATHETIC STORY.

AN affecting story, truthful in every particular, is told by Julius Chambers in his "Walks and Talks" in the Brooklyn Eagle. We reproduce it here:

Some years ago I made a tour of the almshouses of the state of New York, describing them exactly as I found them. Every emotion that can be awakened by sorrow or expressed by pity was felt during that trip.

At the "poorhouse" of Essex county, located in the hills beyond Whallonsburg, I passed through the wards for the aged men and women and crossed an open court, deep with mud, to visit the children's quarters. While there a small, red-faced, bare-headed lad attracted my notice. I patted him upon the shoulder and asked his name. He gave it promptly, told me that he was 10 years old, and that his father and mother were dead. He hadn't any relatives, so had to be sent to the poorfarm. I felt deeply touched by the boy's words.

When I left the miserable shed in which these children were herded and began to recross the muddy yard I felt a tug at my coat. My little friend was behind me. His eyes looked up into mine so pitifully that I asked:

"What can I do for you, dear little chap?"

"I want you to kiss me," he said.

"Certainly; but why?"

"I never was kissed in my life!"

When I sat down to write that incident for the Herald I developed its pathos, giving the name of the until then friendless lad. As a result, the little fellow was adopted by a wealthy family living near Saratoga; he has been well raised, given an education, and will some day come into a fortune as the heir of this childless couple. His "ship came in" that day.

How to Preserve One's Youth.

Some one once asked a woman how it was she kept her youth so wonderfully. Her hair was snowy white, she was eighty years old, and her energy was waning. But she never impressed one with the idea of age, for her heart was still young in sympathy and interest. And this was her answer: "I know how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to my hand congenial. I did my best to relieve the misery I came in contact with and sympathized with the suffering. In fact, I tried to do to others as I would be done by, and you see me, in consequence, reaping the fruits of happiness in a peaceful old age."

BARNACLES.

BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

[During the summer vacations of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls' Church, Chicago, it is his custom to have his pulpit occupied by members of his congregation, as well as by brother ministers. Sunday, August 16th, Mrs. Powell spoke on "Barnacles." We publish her sermonette in part:]

It is Sidney Lanier's thought of life as pictured in his poem, "Barnacles," around which our thoughts will center today.

"My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me.
The Past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-mells
About my soul.

The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle cloggeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing."

"Old Past, let go, and drop it the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living, but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.

Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing."

How like a ship's voyage is that of our soul. In each we have rules for building, loading and navigation, and for the treatment of all other craft we may pass or meet on our way; in each we have a captain and a pilot; in each the launching is usually under auspicious conditions, and each must encounter some rough sailing, some storms, light and heavy.

But alack and alas! the managers of the material ships obey so much better the rules of their being and doing than do those of the spiritual we have named soul—and the wrecks of the latter are so much more numerous than are those of the former.

Every part of the material ship is inspected daily; it is cleaned, oiled, and fed with the substance which furnishes its motive power, that it may properly perform its office. How thoroughly must the captain of each vessel, be it huge ocean liner or only a pleasure yacht, understand, and implicitly obey, the rules for navigating his craft, if he would safely reach the desired port. Frequent soundings and readings of the compass keep him in the right course, and he attempts only one day's journey at a time, with today's reckoning as to direction—"and looking not behind." So the sound vessel bravely breasts and firmly rides the great waves, and withstands all the known and unknown enemies to its progress for many, many trips, until one day the captain learns that his vessel is covered with Barnacles. Sailing is impossible for the weight of the tiny, almost lifeless forms of nearly the lowest form of life.

The barnacle, while belonging to the general class of crustaceans, has several sub-classes and species, but at their highest they do not seem to occupy a very exalted place in the economy of nature, and at their lowest—well, like some of the human species, we could easily spare them from our scheme of things. While in their unattached state, however, they do make good food for fishes. And there are two species that are considered dainty edibles by the natives of Peru and Japan; but for the most part, Barnacles acquire their economic importance from the fact that they become attached to ships and thus act as a drag upon their progress.

There is a class which so truly typifies mankind that I cannot refrain from referring to it, just in passing: That is the "Root barnacle," which affords a wonderful instance of degeneration: thus, in their younger stages they are free-swimming, and much like the young of others of this class (the entomostraca). They soon become attached, become a parasite, and gradually lose their eyes, legs and other organs until they have degenerated into a mere double-walled sac.

In like manner we so easily attach ourselves to the life and creed of some one else, taking our spiritual food at second hand. We become so attached to material things that we, too, become stationary; we lose our freedom of spirit, our vision of truth, our desire and ability for progress, and finally our individuality.

But we, if we will, can prevent the accumulation of barnacles that float in our soul's sea, but we do not, neither do we put ourselves in dry dock as soon as we discover our impedimenta. We supinely wait for them to drop off—forgetting that it takes work to remove a foreign element once its hold has become firmly fixed.

Like the physical barnacle, there are many classes, sub-classes and species of the spiritual crustacean; but today we can analyze only a few of the most insistent and dangerous ones as known through our

own experience and observation. These spiritual barnacles I would classify as follows: Name of the general order—*Unprofitable Thinking*—the sub-orders of which are—Fear, Worry, Envy, Covetousness, Possessions, Pride, Exclusiveness, Pessimism, Selfishness, Self-conceit, Self-pity, General Unlovableness, and Joylessness, and in almost the order named do they attach themselves to us. If these were all 'twould be bad enough; but alas! each of these is again divided into species—almost ad infinitum.

Yes, every day adds a new thin layer of new thoughts, and these layers form the texture of our character. The materials come floating toward us, but the way in which they settle down depends much on the ebb and flow within us. We can do much to keep off foreign elements, and to attach and retain those which serve best in buoying up our souls.

Perhaps the parent one of these soul barnacles is the one first named—Fear. What do we fear? The opinions of our fellows, and thus grow conventional and root-bound in our habits of living and thinking. We fear innumerable ills in this world and the next until we have added the second one—Worry, with all its species, and so on down the list. If we would ward off this first barnacle with the weapons of knowledge and love, the race would be won." "Perfect love casteth out fear." Again let the poet instruct us:

"Let there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of our poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself
And high as God.

"Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice, and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor from unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with the golden waves of Love?
Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths;
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And throw your soul wide open to the light
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars
And to the voice of Nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole."

But we let Fear and not Faith have its "perfect work," and so well does Fear work that soon we have added to our fate a collection of barnacles,—Worry and Envy, and the others in the long list, each with its unbending weight on our souls till before we are aware, Exclusiveness has "worked us dole."

Now, exclusiveness—holding ourselves aloof from our fellows, is as foreign to our real natures as fear ought to be. Companionship; fellowship, brotherhood, is the law of our nature, as witness our folk songs, our chants and great choruses. It was this very need and law of our natures that called them into being. How utterly discordant and unlivable would the world be if only one voice songs were sung, and each of us sang a different one. Brotherhood could never be realized if such were the case. But we have learned to chant in unison. There is sound philosophy in the remark of one of our great teachers of today—"Some people gain their reputation for individuality simply by want of harmony—not blending with anything—characters as well as voices."

Pessimism would naturally follow exclusiveness, as would also the others I have named—Selfishness, Self-conceit, Self-pity, General Unlovableness and Joylessness. Just as truly as night follows day do these soul-weighting barnacles follow in each other's wake and "hinder us from sailing." Ward off any one, and our successful voyage is assured.

Self-pity is one of the most elusive, insidious and deceptive of all the barnacles which inhabit the soul's ocean. It blinds our eyes to our own faults and failures, and to others' successes; warps our ideas of life and truth, and exaggerates all the disciplinary blows of life. We regard ourselves as martyrs—and may the saints deliver me from intimate association with a self-made martyr! Of course they are unhappy and unlovable—and joyless.

What are the best weapons with which to ward off these barnacles? Work, service, cheerfulness. Some regular, definite work for each day with hands and head, for our own growth in character—perhaps the great "why" of our being. "East and West Life beckons. Nothing satisfies the soul but opportunity for nobler work and glimpses of illimitable fields." SERVICE to others, for the sake of the doing, regardless of any thought of, or hope for, reward, is a mighty weapon. This is the lesson

taught in the lives of all who have helped mankind, and the one taught us in all the masterpieces of literature. Don't you recall the beautiful close of poor Kundry's life and her redemption through her loving services in the story of Parsifal? Love and Service will redeem any soul.

But perhaps the most powerful of all the "swords of the spirit" is daily and habitual cheerfulness, which being a magic sword will be subdivided or rather transmuted into service, happiness, character and love—love for God and our fellow men. "But," you exclaim, "we can't *always* be cheerful and happy. When our work is so ungenial and hard, when friends disappoint or desert us; when poverty is our daily portion; when our loved ones are removed from us, and living sorrow worse than death hangs over us like a pall—can we be happy and cheerful then?" Yes, if we face it all in the right spirit: I know it is hard, and when the blow first comes we cry out that we *cannot* bear it, and ask *why* it is struck! But we sooner or later see that it *was necessary, was good* for us. But we *must* cultivate happiness—cheerfulness—the singing heart. Don't regard happiness and pleasure as synonymous terms, for they are not, although frequently misconstrued. Happiness is the possession of a contented mind, and cheerfulness is the main factor in its production. Solomon had learned much from his varied experiences when he said truly, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

Instead of beginning our days with a mental picture of all that must be done therein—or we *think* must be—and beginning in frantic haste the tasks that we think we should not have to perform; instead of sitting still, pitying ourselves for the sorrow that has come to us and saying, "None ever had to bear one as heavy as mine," suppose, instead, we begin by praising the Lord that we are able to move about AND WORK instead of having to sit in a wheel chair; and suppose, instead of groaning over it all, and crying out upon our affliction we thank him, cheerfully, for the refreshing cloud that he has mercifully cast over us and even *sing* our thanks. Mrs. Browning, you remember, has one of her characters say, in describing her austere maiden aunt: "She thanked God—and sighed—(some people always sigh when thanking God)—could you have a better photograph of that woman?"

Sing! It is truly remarkable how much better and easier we can perform our work—hard, ungenial, physical labor, if we take to it a singing heart; and if you cannot possibly start a gay song, begin a hymn, even if it must be through tears. Presently, before you are aware of it, the song has revived you; the rhythm has lightened your heart and the meter has quickened—and life again is worth living. There is a psychological truth in the line so familiar to us all, "Respect all such as sing when all alone." So shall we begin to form the habit of happiness.

We were meant for the melody of song and the joy and health and unity of singing. The very heart and circumference of the world is music and all creation moves rhythmically but man, and when he is a simple child or a loving man unincumbered by cares largely of his own making, he too sings and "lifts his soul by its wings."

We yearn for riches and power and luxury, thinking "we shall *then* be supremely happy, and can 'sing and listen to singing.'" But we do not.

We *must* sail and *sing* today, unincumbered by the "shells."

The Critical Habit.

Do not drift into the critical habit. Have an opinion, and a sensible one, about everything, but when you come to judge people remember that you see very little of what they really are, unless you winter and summer with them. Find the kindly, lovable nature of a man who knows little of books. Look for the beautiful self-sacrifice made daily by some woman who knows nothing about pictures, and teach yourself day in and day out to look for the best in everything. It is the everyday joys and sorrows that go to make up life. It is not the one great sorrow, nor the one intense joy, it is the accumulation of the little ones that constitute living, so do not be critical of the little faults, and do be quick to find the little virtues and to praise them. So much that is good in people dies for want of encouragement. As I said before, have an opinion, and a well-thought-out one, about everything that comes into your life, but do not have too many opinions about people. Their hearts are not open books, and as you must be judged yourself some day, give them the kindest judgment now.—Exchange.

In the morning praise God for opportunity—but make some use of it before the morning goes.—Isaac O. Rankin.

C. T. A. U. Department

Edited by JOHN P. CUNNEEN

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GREEN GRASS UNDER THE SNOW

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

THE work of the sun is slow,
But sure as Heaven, we know:
So we'll not forget,
When the skies are wet,
There's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of winter blow,
Wailing like voices of woe,
There are April showers,
And buds and flowers,
And green grass under the snow.

We find that it's ever so,
In this life's uneven flow—
We've only to wait,
In the face of Fate,
For green grass under the snow.

—Selected.

THE C. T. A. U. OF AMERICA.

ITS ORIGIN AND PURPOSE—IMPORTANCE OF THE PLEDGE—
FROM AN ADDRESS BY LEONORA M. LAKE.

IT will soon be thirty-eight years since in a little back room, similar I fancy, to that little back room in which the first Christian church the world has ever known was founded, a few honest, sincere, earnest men, desirous for the salvation of the souls of those that were under their charge, gathered together and, facing the grave danger that was arising from the growing drink habit of the people, conceived and gave birth to that which is known today as the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Then they went out to spread their thought, to give rise to opinions and ideas different from those that had been entertained among the people. They met with obstacles, difficulties, but as the one-time Archbishop of my own city—he is now beside the Great White Throne of the Master he had served so well—said to me: "The fact that you have had to bear the cross, Mrs. Lake, the fact that obstacles have been put in your way, is sufficient evidence that your work is the work of our dear Lord and your reward will be the crown." What more do we total abstainers want, if you please?

We have one hundred and twenty odd thousand Catholic abstainers in this country, though not all affiliated with our national body, but in all that number I think I am safe in saying that ninety-five per cent of them never knew the harmful taste of a drop of strong drink. We do not ask men and women to take the pledge because we believe they are drunkards, but we do ask them to take the pledge that they may be, as our Holy Father has requested us all to be: "Shining lights of sobriety in the community" in which they live.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America teaches that that man or woman who is truest to God is truest to country, and we believe that in this age and time we need men and women that shall be true and loyal to country as well as to God, because the country is in danger. Our country is in danger. It is in danger from greed. It is in danger from avarice. It is in danger from worldliness. It is in danger from materialism. It is in danger from ravages of those who have built for themselves a new altar before which they kneel, upon which the god is money, not the god of conscience. And so it is a good thing to teach ideals, high ideals, of love for country and love for flag, and we believe it is a right ideal to teach such high ideals of love of God that every human being shall see in another human being the image and likeness unto which he was created, and so bring up about us a generation that shall have greater love for humanity and for immortal souls than they have for the dollars for the filling of their own pockets.

O, friends, this is an age when only men and women count that do things. Do it with a vim and energy. Do it with all your heart and soul, or don't do it at all. If you don't do it at all, we know where to put you, but if you kind of make believe you do and don't, we do not know what to do with you.

This is an age when there is a wave going over the country against the liquor traffic. I don't believe it is a wave, for a wave rolls in and then recedes. Some people say it is a tide. I don't believe it. A tide rises and falls with due regularity, but I tell you what I do believe. I believe it is the uprising of the people, a quickening of conscience stirred by the finger of divine grace.

A gentleman said to me one time: "Why do you hate the liquor traffic so, Mrs. Lake? Is there any weakness in your family?" Well, I said, all I can

answer you is that I have eighteen feet of manhood belonging to me and, thanks be to God, they never touch, taste or handle intoxicating drink; that is, I have two sons six feet tall and my husband is the same height.

I haven't had it to contend with in my life, but I have had it to contend with in the life of my sister woman. I have had it to contend with in the life of my brother man. I have had it to contend with in the wail of the orphan, I have had it to contend with in the destruction of the home. I have had it to contend with in the slums and in poverty. I have had it to contend with in hospitals and in prison cell, I have had it to contend with until I could no longer keep still, because, after all, God is the Eternal Father and we are one family. And so I say I have had it in my family and so have you if you believe in the truth of the statement: "Our Father, who art in Heaven." A Catholic total abstinence society is a church, society pure and simple, existing by permission and the privileges of the church, looking to the church for support and drawing from her its strength, looking to the church for guidance and for counsel and being protected by those of that church who have given us their protection; approaching the sacraments regularly in a body to obtain the special graces that have been extended to us by the Head of the church. We are a church society. We are not a political organization, nor can we ever be, nor would I wish this organization ever to be, but when it comes to taking hold of a thing that means the same morality, that means the same defense of home, that means the same public rights and the same right living, and where there is no political issue at stake, then, as citizens, as children of God, as total abstainers, as believers, against the evil of the drink traffic, we ought to combine our efforts.

You say: "I take the pledge to protect myself." Then you are selfish. And while it is a good thing to take the pledge to protect yourself, yet have you no higher motive than self? Isn't your range of vision broader than your own self? If it isn't, God help you! I take the pledge simply because I believe. I could not and should not and would not ask anybody else to do that which I would not have the courage to do myself. I took the pledge that I might give good example. I certainly wanted it for protection, for we, none of us, know how soon we may go down. I have seen men that were strong mentally with minds that scintillated like a diamond in the sunlight in their brilliancy, go down like snow before the summer sunshine under the influence of strong drink. I have seen men, strong physically, giants in physical stature made weaker than straw before a wind under the influence of strong drink. I have seen women that were talented, accomplished, go down to drunkards' graves, and I have seen women being ground daily on the wheel of toil into dollars and cents, for the necessities of life, for the support of a family robbed of its natural support that the saloon might grow, that it might increase its profits. Will you tell me then, if what I say be not true, that if we do not need it for ourselves, would not the higher motive, the ideal motive, be that we took the pledge for the purpose of enlightening the community in which we live and for the purpose of registering before that community our objection to the drink business.

And so the Catholic total abstinence society, year after year, at its national convention, embodied us in its resolutions: "Resolved, That we reach out willing hands and ready hearts to all our fellow citizens, regardless of creed or political affiliations, in every honorable means to overcome the saloons."

Some good people talk to me sometimes about personal liberty and all that sort of thing. I wonder what their definition of "personal liberty" is. My definition of personal liberty is strict obedience to the law of the land. Only by that law and through it may I hope to go home tonight without somebody taking this bit of a gown off my back. There was only one time in the history of this country when we had personal liberty. Each man was at liberty to lay hold of, take and keep that which his strength and courage enabled him to do, but that was before Christopher Columbus discovered America. We don't want to go back to tribal relations and conditions. We don't want that sort of thing. We want law to protect us, but these people they cry out for personal liberty. I am Irish; so was my father and my mother. We came to this country, because we felt, or they did, that they were coming to a country where they would have greater freedom and greater liberty than they had in the country they left behind. Now if we didn't like it—father and mother and I—there wasn't anybody had a string on us, we could go back where we came from.

So can anybody else that thinks they are not having all the personal liberty they ought to have by obedience to the law of this land.

But I tell you they will have a hard time finding a place to go where folks aren't disturbing their liber-

ties in this regard. They dare not go to Norway, nor to Sweden; they can not go to Germany, the home of beer we are told, and yet in the German Reichstag, Judge Herman M. Poppet is to present a local option bill, which asks that there shall be given to all the people of Germany and every province under its control, the right to vote on this saloon and beer question, and that vote shall be given to every adult, male and female, in each and every province. I'm afraid they are going to find their liberties interfered with everywhere. They can't go back to England because England is making the most strenuous effort of its life to eliminate drinking places and stop drinking among its people. And God Almighty help them if they attempt to go to Ireland, because, led by Father Cullen and other good Irish priests, a crusade is being made in Ireland that is far ahead of what we are doing. So I do not know where they can go.

Don't be afraid to take the total abstinence pledge. Take the pledge, first to give expression to your conscientious conviction that it is a safe thing to do, safeguarding yourself, a safe example to your neighbor; secondly, you will make it your open protest against the wrongs being done by the sale of strong drink indiscriminately to any and all classes of people; and in every way build up your societies.

And right here I want to say a word. A society will never be built up to any great number or do any active work until it is started upon an intelligent basis and carries its deliberations out on an educational line. Do something. Do something! Read the papers. Read the temperance publications. Mark out something especially good, take it to the society and read it, and let there be a discussion on it. Cultivate your mind, broaden your understanding, broaden your wisdom and then you will be able to do things.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

REV. FATHER COFFEY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE CATHOLIC
TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

GREETINGS to the delegates to the national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which convened in New Haven, August 12, were spelled out in electric letters over historic New Haven Green, the city's informal greeting to men and women from all parts of the country. Tens of thousands of people also turned out to see the illuminations and others on the evening of the 11th attended a reception by the national officers at the New Haven House, and at Sassacus Armory, the latter being for the women delegates, under the direction of St. Agnes' Society of New Haven.

The first day was taken up by preliminaries. The first business transacted was that having a bearing upon the convention program, and it came before the executive officers and the heads of the state unions. There were present Rev. James T. Coffey, of St. Louis, who presided; Rev. Walter J. Shanley, Danbury; Rev. M. A. Lambing, Scottsdale, Pa.; Rev. John Reardon, St. Paul, Minn.; Rev. Thomas J. Cullen, Providence, R. I.; Rev. John G. Beane, Pittsburg; Rev. M. A. Sullivan, Hartford; Rev. M. F. Foley, Baltimore; Rev. M. H. Carney, Dubuque, Iowa; Miss Katherine Kelly, Kansas City; John T. Shea, Boston; Thomas S. Bowdren, St. Louis, and Maurice Dineen, Boston.

Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, president of the union, was unable to attend on account of illness.

At the afternoon session Governor Woodruff and Mayor Martin made addresses.

A discussion of the new temperance primer ended in referring it to a committee, consisting of three priests, who will obtain the latest and most scientific information on all subjects treated in the primer and report at the meetings of the executive officers during the year.

A committee of six clergymen was also named to cooperate in the publication of the official bulletin of the union.

Denunciations of the liquor traffic, an appeal for sanctification of Sunday and the exclusion from membership in Catholic societies of those engaged in the liquor traffic were the striking features of the resolutions adopted at the second day's session. The resolutions declare that "not in drunkenness and riotous living can any man make effective profession of the Catholic faith."

The following cablegram was received from Rome in answer to a message sent by the convention:

"*Rt. Rev. M. Tierney, Bishop of Hartford:*—Holy Father thanks convention for their congratulations and willingly blesses all members.

"CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL"

An invitation to hold the convention in Chicago next year was accepted. The following officers were elected: President, the Rev. James T. Coffey, St. Louis; first

vice-president, the Rev. J. G. Beane, Philadelphia; second vice-president, John J. Corbett, New Haven; third vice-president, Mrs. L. M. Lake, St. Louis; treasurer, the Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, Chicago; secretary, Edwin Mulready, Rockland, Mass.

Father Coffey is an active member of the Knights of Father Mathew, serving several times as its Supreme spiritual director. He is a most worthy successor of Archbishop Keane as the head of the union.

The Pontifical Mass on the opening day of the convention was celebrated by Rt. Rev. M. Tierney, Bishop of Hartford.

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE.

SOME RESULTS OF THE MOVEMENT.

IT IS difficult to estimate even approximately the concrete results of the movement, but the following are some of the things that have been accomplished: The army canteen has been banished, and through the efforts of the League more than two and a quarter millions of dollars have been set aside by Congress for the construction and equipment of recreation buildings at army posts throughout the nation; the sale of intoxicating liquors has been prohibited in both wings of the Capitol at Washington; the sale of liquors has been abolished at emigrant stations and soldiers' homes; local option laws have been passed in Ohio, Indiana, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Illinois, Colorado, California, and many other states in the Union; and by virtue of these laws the saloon has been voted out of large areas of almost every state in the Union.

Seventy-one of the one hundred and fourteen counties in Missouri have rid themselves of the saloon.

In Tennessee the saloon exists in only four of the ninety-six counties.

At the last session of the legislature of Colorado, after a hard fight the Anti-Saloon League forces secured the passage of the Drake local option bill, which gives the commonwealth, municipal, ward and precinct local option.

Of the one thousand and sixteen townships in Indiana, seven hundred and twenty are now dry.

In Virginia, 78 per cent of the one million, nine hundred thousand inhabitants live in local option territory, and seventy-three of the one hundred counties in the state are free from the saloon.

In Illinois, at the last session of the legislature the temperance forces were not only able to defeat all attempted liquor legislation, but were able to secure the passage of a local option law by means of which the saloon has already been driven from many cities and a number of counties. Also at the same session of the legislature a law was passed prohibiting the location of saloons within a mile and one-eighth of military posts and training schools. At the recent election in Illinois more than twelve hundred saloons were voted out in a single day.

In Ohio the saloon has been expelled from eleven hundred and fifty of the thirteen hundred and seventy-six townships in the state, from four hundred and ninety towns, and from residence districts in great cities to such a degree that four hundred thousand people in these cities now live in dry territory; and very recently a county local option law was passed that will result in eliminating the saloon from all but eight or ten counties.

Most astonishing of all, the state of Kentucky seems to be entering upon a long dry spell. Very recently a prominent distiller of the state said to a newspaper man: "I am an old man and have spent my life in the whisky business. If a young man were to seek my advice as to going into that business today, I should advise him: 'Young man, get out of Kentucky.'" Ninety-eight per cent of the population live in prohibition territory; and ninety-four of the one hundred and nineteen counties have voted the saloon completely out.

Space does not admit of a further enumeration of results state by state; but in all but five or six states of the Union the liquor business is steadily losing ground and the Anti-Saloon League is steadily making gains. A number of large cities have recently taken advantage of local option laws to banish the saloon, among them being Knoxville, Tenn., with a population of sixty-five thousand, and Worcester, Mass., twenty-ninth in size of the great cities of the United States. During the past year five states—Oklahoma, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and North Carolina—have absolutely prohibited the liquor traffic; and, finally, one-half of our national domain is free from the saloon; more than thirty-nine millions of our people live in no-license territory; and such territory is increasing proportionately much more rapidly than our population.—Extracts from an article by Frank C. Lockwood in the Independent for July.

DOINGS AT DWIGHT.

In the near future a Keeley Institute is to be established in Puebla, in the Republic of Mexico; the contracts have been signed, the remedy shipments made, the physician instructed and nothing remains to be done except the opening of the Institute, a suitable building having already been secured. Doctor Alberto O'Farrill, who in spite of his Celtic name, is a full fledged Mexican, is to be at the head of the medical department, and his brother, J. N. O'Farrill, is to be business manager; both gentlemen have a wide business experience and Doctor O'Farrill is recognized in Puebla as a skillful physician. Doctor O'Farrill brought with him to Dwight two patients from Mexico who are undergoing treatment at the present time.

Major Curtis J. Judd has just returned from Massachusetts, where he has been for several weeks with his family and friends. The time was mostly spent at Wrentham, where the Major was able to fish in the waters of Lake Pokanoket. The Major also visited a lake further east in the vicinity of Cape Cod where the fishing was excellent and where a degree of silence and privacy could be had that seems almost incredible in the crowded East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Oughton have recently returned from a visit to the East, the journey having included Buffalo and New York City. Mr. Oughton was at Buffalo for the purpose of receiving the 33d degree, which was conferred on him in that city with all due ceremony; both Mr. and Mrs. Oughton enjoyed the trip. Mr. Oughton is at present spending a few days shooting at Thompson Lake, Ill.; the duck season has begun and it is expected that he will spend some time there.

The line at Dwight represents the usual similarities as well as the usual extremes; there are some men in line who if they wore their ordinary costume would be readily recognized as clergymen, while there are others whose occupations are far removed from that, albeit perfectly respectable. At the present time there are quite a number of patients from foreign countries, some of whom know no English and with whom communication is not as easy as it might be. Strange as it may seem, however, time does not appear to hang heavy on their hands; perhaps the novelty of the situation has something to do with it, but it is fair to assume that the great improvement in their condition and the bright prospects for a future free from the thralldom of drink have much more to do with their cheerful frame of mind than anything else.

Not a day passes but that your correspondent has the privilege of seeing some of the letters which former graduates write to the Institute here; these letters are not always for publication, but almost invariably contain permission to use the writer's name as a reference even where the privilege of publication is not conceded. A person who looks at these matters superficially or who is inexperienced would find it difficult to believe that a person who had been treated for drunkenness five or ten or perhaps fifteen years ago should, of his own motion, and without solicitation, write a letter to a Keeley Institute stating that he was feeling well and was still a total abstainer. The reason for it, however, is per-

fectly obvious to those who have experience in the Keeley work; there is no gratitude keener than that of the drinking man who is rescued and placed upon his feet; his experience has also taught him that at Dwight he has made friends who will always be interested in his welfare; he has also learned to have confidence in them and hence he writes freely and without restraint.

The patients at the Institute recently had an entertainment which was in every sense a credit. There were in line some professional musicians, as well as several amateur performers and elocutionists. The public was invited to attend and the lecture room at the Institute was taxed to its utmost capacity. Near the door was a basket placed in a conspicuous position into which contributions were dropped; the amount thus raised was a donation to one of the patients who previous to coming here had experienced a period of hard luck in the theatrical line; the gift was made in as delicate and unostentatious a manner as possible so as to save the feelings of the recipient; it was very gratefully received, however, as it was possible thus to make a remittance to a wife badly in need of it in a distant city. This is an illustration of the friendly feeling which exists between patients at Dwight; although they come from many different walks in life, there is of course a common bond between them.

The month of September has been an exceptionally beautiful month at Dwight; the corn fields never looked better, and although the drought had affected the grass the corn somehow seemed to stand up as well as usual. The roads were in excellent condition for driving and those who were fortunate enough to be present at Dwight during the month have resolved to always select September as the time for revisiting the place; several groups have arranged to meet annually for the purpose of renewing old associations and offering encouragement to those who at some future time may be here seeking relief.

The Livingston Hotel has become exceedingly popular with automobile parties; there is scarcely a day but that several automobile parties arrive in time for dinner or in time for supper and to spend the night, making a fresh start in the morning. The Livingston Hotel is the finest between Chicago and St. Louis and is so described in many of the automobile route books which have been published. The Livingston deserves its reputation and is acquiring new friends every day.

John R. Oughton, Jr., assistant manager of The Leslie E. Keeley Co., is away on his vacation; part of the time is to be spent in Chicago.

GOOD FELLOWS OF TWO KINDS.

EMPLOYERS PREFER THE ABSTAINING KIND.

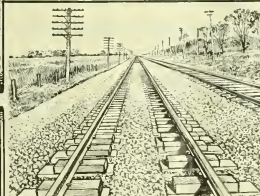
REV. JOHN J. WHEELER, of St. John the Evangelist's Church, addressing the graduates of La Salle College, made reference to the fact that he is located in the heart of the business district, where the careers of success and failure are most in evidence. He said that the college graduate "should husband his resources; he will need them all. Any social pleasure or indulgence which affects a young man's health will affect his success. Good health is the foundation of all possible success in life. Affect one and you affect the other. We are not discussing the question from a religious or a moral standpoint; the question is whether it is wise to be a 'good fellow' by drinking intoxicating liquors; whether it is expedient to run the risk, the exhilaration of which can do a man in health no good, but may do him harm. The chances are that it will, and no young man can afford to take a single risk or chance in the morning of his life. He needs the unhampered vigor of all his powers—all his health, all his intellect, all his manners.

"A hundred thousand drink every day. Why? Because they are afraid people will not think them 'good fellows!' Have the courage to be a good fellow of the kind that is not steeped in alcohol. When men wonder at you for not drinking, say, 'There goes a man who once thought that drink would not hurt him. I am honest enough to believe that what hurt him may hurt me. I shall need all my feeble ability to compete with such geniuses as you, therefore I propose to keep intact my brain and the mucous membrane that lines it.' Employers prefer the abstaining kind; alcohol is becoming more and more each year a positive detriment to a man's usefulness.

"The friendships of strong drink are mock friendships. The men and women whose friendships are worth having are the men and women who have principles themselves and respect them in others, especially when they find them in a young man."—Catholic Abstinence.

Let amusement fill up chinks of your existence; not the great spaces thereof.—Seneca.

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ALTON
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CONCRETE TIES



They can't rot or get out of line. They are another illustration that

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Perfect passenger service between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
KANSAS CITY and points beyond.

GEORGE J. CHARLTON,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE KEELEY CURE.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

PEOPLE WHO TAKE THE CURE—EFFECT ON THE GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—PRICE OF TREATMENT, ETC.

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition. The Keeley Remedies are absolutely a specific for this disease.

How Long Does It Take?

The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and hence, there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival a patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness caused by the treatment, and the physical condition improves from the start.

At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved, mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright and complexion clear; morally changed because of his disgust for his former life, and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear a Keeley patient say, "I feel ten years younger."

Opium, Morphine, Etc.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, and other similar or kindred drugs, when used continuously, induce diseases, each of which is characteristic of the substance used. The definite symptom is always the necessity for repeated doses, which is commonly designated as "craving." The use of these drugs is usually begun to induce sleep or to relieve pain, and the victim has the disease firmly fastened on him before he realizes his condition. It is then discovered that the desire for the accustomed "dose" dominates all other desires, and even death itself is scarcely more to be dreaded than the cutting off of the usual supply. These diseases have been considered incurable, but Doctor Keeley has demonstrated otherwise. They yield to scientific treatment, and from four to six weeks only are required to complete a cure. This statement may seem startling, but it is true. We will gladly refer you to people who have been cured and who have standing that will bear investigation. Send for printed matter on opium and other drug using.

No Confinement.

One feature of the Keeley Treatment that commends it to those needing it, is that there is absolutely no confinement. Patients are required to take the remedies with the utmost regularity, and are expected to attend the lectures, but the remainder of each day is disposed of as the patient pleases. It is needless to say that no improper conduct is permitted, and that liberty does not mean license. No one visiting Dwight would suppose, unless informed, that the fine-looking, quiet, well-behaved people observed at the hotels and on the street are there for treatment—yet such is the case. They appear in all respects to be temporary residents of the village, and are so recognized. Lifelong friendships are formed and good comradeship prevails.

Effect on the General Health.

There can be but one truthful answer and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness caused by our treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients or graduates; they know and will tell

you truthfully. Do not ask a saloon-keeper, or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-six years of age—time enough, the most capacious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business more than twenty years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients?

What Our Remedies Do.

These remedies are reconstructive nerve tonics which restore the nerve cells to a normal, healthy condition, the same as before being poisoned by alcohol or toxic drugs. When this is done the "craving" disappears because, as has been proved, that is a symptom of a diseased condition of these cells. A parallel case is that of a cough, which indicates a diseased condition of throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs; when the cause is ascertained and removed, the cough disappears.

Owing to lack of space these diseases and addictions, their causes and cure, cannot be fully described, but



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

literature upon any and all of these subjects will be sent free upon application. We will consider it a favor to be permitted to prove our assertions.

Who Takes the Keeley Cure?

We have cured thousands of veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the National Soldiers' Homes of the country, whose ages range from fifty to eighty years.

We have cured several children under five years of age who were addicted to morphine and opium, such addictions having been acquired through the mother's own addiction or direct administration. No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

We have cured hundreds of soldiers in the Regular Army of the United States, and have letters from officers of all ranks, from Major-Generals to Lieutenants, commending the Keeley Cure in the highest terms.

We have cured senators, congressmen, lawyers, clergymen, business men, merchants, laborers, men of all occupations and of no occupation, to the number of more than 300,000. Among them are 17,000 physicians.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

All who have taken our treatment are perfectly satisfied with the results. This is a broad statement and would hardly be made if not true. Nine-tenths of all our patients come to us accompanied by, or through the influence of, our graduates, and this is the best evidence of the efficacy of our cure. In fact, Keeley graduates are so enthusiastic about their condition that some 30,000 of them have formed an organization known as "The Keeley League." This is the only temperance society in the world composed exclusively of men who have been drunkards. Men and women who have taken the cure are the best judges of its effects, and there are more than 300,000 of these. We will refer you to reliable and well-known people in your immediate vicinity if you ask us to. Send for "Evidence and Proof from Reliable Sources."

The Livingston Hotel.

The magnificent new Livingston Hotel is owned by The Leslie E. Keeley Co., and is maintained primarily for the accommodation of patients taking treatment at the Institute. This hotel is three stories in height, and is equipped with every modern convenience. The style of architecture is colonial, insuring broad, cool verandas and spacious rooms. The electric lights, steam heat, and hot water are supplied by our own plant adjacent to the hotel. The hotel itself is absolutely the most thoroughly fireproof hotel in the country, as there is no woodwork in the construction except the doors and window-frames, the floors being tile, mosaic, or monolith. Every precaution is taken to insure cleanliness and a thorough sanitary condition. The plumbing is the most modern and practical system, and absolutely precludes the possibility of any danger from this source. The Livingston is arranged upon such a plan that patients can have, if they so desire, the absolute privacy of a home. There are several entrances, a ladies' parlor, a reception room, an amusement room, besides one for correspondence and reading, private baths and lavatories, a telephone in each room, in fact everything needful to minister to the comfort and convenience of guests. A feature which pleases all, is a well-selected library of standard works for the free use of patients. The dining-room is a marvel of beauty and good taste, elegant decorations, beautiful highly polished columns, mosaic floor and fine service, while the kitchen is equipped with every appliance to secure excellent results, as far as fare is concerned; the construction and arrangement insures absolute cleanliness at all times and under all circumstances. The office is spacious and elegant, with a colonial mantel and open fireplace, mosaic floor and all modern appointments.

Lady patients will find that residence in the Livingston will insure them any degree of privacy which they desire; our attendants and nurses are under the same roof, and thus will be always within call. Each lady receives treatment in her own room and there is no reason why, if she does not mention the fact herself, that she will be regarded otherwise than as a visitor at the hotel. No pains or expense has been spared to add to the comfort of patients and make their brief residence in Dwight pleasant as well as beneficial. Send for pamphlet containing illustrations of Livingston Hotel and attractive features of Dwight.

Send for printed matter pertaining to the Home Treatment of the Tobacco Habit and neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion.

DWIGHT is the home of the Keeley Cure. It is on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, 73 miles from Chicago, 36 miles from Joliet, 81 miles from Peoria, 52 miles from Bloomington, 111 miles from Springfield, Ill., and has direct railroad communication with all these cities. It is accessible, healthy, progressive and "wide awake." All communications confidential and literature free on application. Address

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.,
Dwight, Illinois.

Chicago Office

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122 Monroe Street

Long Distance and Local Telephone, Central 3255

PRINTED matter on Alcoholic Inebriety, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and other drug addictions, Tobacco using and Neurasthenia, as well as any information regarding the Keeley Cure may be obtained at our Chicago Office.

All arrangements for the treatment of patients at Dwight may be made at the Chicago Office, and patients will be visited and accompanied to Dwight if desired.

Patients en route to Dwight will be directed as to trains, etc.

The Leslie E. Keeley Company



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Authorized Keeley Institutes

The following is an authentic list of the Institutes established under and by authority of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY Co., and which are known by the uniform name of "THE KEELEY INSTITUTE." In each of these establishments the remedies used are prepared in our laboratory at Dwight, Illinois, and they are administered by physicians who have been specially instructed by us at Dwight in their administration and in the Keeley method of treating Inebriety, Drug and Narcotic addictions. The address of the Institute is given in each case, and this list will be corrected from time to time as may become necessary.

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.
THE PARENT INSTITUTE

Dwight, Illinois, September, 1907

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs, 702 Park Avenue

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 2930 Sacramento Street
Los Angeles, 1022 South Flower Street

COLORADO

Denver, 18th and Curtis Streets

CONNECTICUT

West Haven

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, 211 North Capitol Street

FLORIDA

Jacksonville, 1016 E. Duval Street

GEORGIA

Atlanta, 229 Woodward Avenue

ILLINOIS

Dwight

INDIANA

Marion
Plainfield

IOWA

Des Moines, 706 Fourth Street

KENTUCKY

Crab Orchard

LOUISIANA

New Orleans, 1628 Felicite Street

MAINE

Portland, 151 Congress Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids, 265 South College Avenue

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, 10th Street and Park Avenue

MISSOURI

Kansas City, 716 West Tenth Street
St. Louis, 2803 Locust Street

MONTANA

Alhambra

NEBRASKA

Omaha, Twenty-fifth and Cass Streets

NEW HAMPSHIRE

North Conway

NEW YORK

Buffalo, 799 Niagara Street
White Plains

NORTH CAROLINA

Greensboro

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo

OHIO

Columbus, 1087 Dennison Avenue

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City, 1225 North Broadway

OREGON

Portland, 71 East Eleventh Street

PENNSYLVANIA

Harrisburg
Philadelphia, 812 North Broad Street
Pittsburg, 4246 Fifth Avenue

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, 306 Washington Street

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia, 1329 Lady Street

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls, Spring Avenue and 5th Street

TEXAS

Dallas, Bellevue Place

UTAH

Salt Lake City, 334 W. South Temple Street

VIRGINIA

Richmond, 800 East Marshall Street

WISCONSIN

Waukesha

WASHINGTON

Seattle, 1120 Kilbourne Street

FOREIGN

CANADA

Toronto, 1253 Dundas Street
Winnipeg, Hugo and Jessie Avenue, Ft. Rouge.

ENGLAND

London, 9 West Bolton Gardens, S. W.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Neurasthenia.

The Keeley Remedies have now been before the public for more than a

quarter of a century and are recognized by the public at large as well as the medical profession as being the most efficacious treatment in existence for the diseases

which they are designed to overcome. Printed matter, consisting of testimonials both from people who have taken the cure and others who have simply observed its effects, will be furnished free upon application; also printed matter descriptive of the diseases we treat and the claims made in behalf of our remedies. All correspondence strictly confidential.



THE LIVINGSTON HOTEL



LABORATORY AND OFFICES OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

THE BANNER OF GOLD



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MAKE WAY FOR THE MAN.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

LET us have peace; no craven's peace,
Nor sluggard's to gape and dream,
But the strenuous peace of the land's increase,
And the powerful beat of steam.
Let the cannon of Commerce roar over the fields,
And the bugles of brotherhood play—
For the arm of the Man, and the brain of the Man,
And the grit of the Man, make way.

Let us have peace; no timid peace
That doubtful clings to its place,
But the free, brave peace of the old-time Greece
And the faith of a patriot race.
Let the vision of Virtue enrapture the gaze,
And the bolts of integrity stay—
For the arm of the Man, and the brain of the Man,
And the nerve of the Man, make way.

Let us have peace; no anchored peace
That holds its sails in the slips,
But the peace that sweeps all the strange blue deeps
With the keels of its own great ships.
With honor commanding, and Truth at the helm,
And Beauty to welcome the spray—
For the nerve and muscle and brawn and brain,
For the Soul of the Man, make way.

THE RED REVENGER.

BY STANLEY WATERLOO.

TO BUILD a really good jumper, you must first find a couple of young iron-wood trees, say three inches in thickness and with a clean length of about twelve feet, clear of knots or limbs. If you chance to stumble upon a couple with a natural bend, so that each curls up properly like a sled runner, so much the better. But it isn't likely you'll find a pair of just that sort. Young iron-wood trees do not ordinarily grow that way, and the chances are you'll have to bend them artificially, cutting notches with an ax on the upper side of each to allow the curvature. With strong cross-pieces, stout oak reams and the general construction of a rude sled rudely imitated, you will have made what will carry a ponderous load. The bottom of the iron-woods must, of course, be shaved off evenly with a draw-shave and some people would nail on each a shoe of strap-iron, but that is really needless. Iron-wood wears smooth against the snow and ice and makes a noble runner anyhow. Only an auger and sense and hickory pegs and an eye for business need be utilized in the making, and in fact this economical construction is the best. That "the dearest is the cheapest" is a tolerably good maxim, but does not apply forever in regions where nature's heart and man's heart and the man's hands are all tangled up together. The hickory creaks and yields, but it is tough and does not break. Such means of conveyance as that outlined, in angles chiefly, is equal to a sled in many things, and better for many others.

There may be people of the ignorant sort who have never heard of jumpers in towns, who do not know what a jumper is. A jumper is a sort of sled, a part of the twist and wrench of a new world and new devices of living, and is used in newly settled regions. It doesn't cost much, and you can drive with it over anything that fails to offer a stern check to horses or a yoke of oxen. It is great for "coasting," as they call it in some parts of the country; "sliding down hill" in others. It was a big jumper of the sort described which was the pride of the boys in the Leavitt district school. They had nailed boards across it to make a floor, and the load that jumper carried on occasions was something wonderful. It would sustain as many boys and girls as could be packed upon it. Sometimes there came a need for strange devices as to getting on and then the mass of boys would make the journey with its perils, laid criss-cross in layers, like cord wood, four deep and very much alive and apprehensive.

The Leavitt school was situated in the country, ten miles from the nearest town, and those who attended it were the farmers' sons and daughters. In winter the well-grown ones, those who had work to do in summer, would appear among the pupils and this winter Jack Burrows, aged eighteen, was among the older boys. He was there, strong, hard working at his books, a fine young animal, and it may be added of him that he was there, in love, deeply and almost hopelessly. Among the girls in attendance was one who was different from the rest, just as an Alderney is different from a group of Devon heifers. She was no better, but she was different, that was all. She had come from a town, Miss Jennie Orton, aged seventeen, and she was spending the winter with the family of her uncle. Her own people were neither better off nor superior in any way to those she was now with, but she had a town way with her, a certain

something, and was to the boys a most attractive creature. There was nothing wonderful about her—that is, there wouldn't be to you or me—but she was a bright girl and a good one, and she awed Jack Burrows. A girl of seventeen is ten years older than a boy of eighteen, and in this case the added fact that the girl had lived in town and the boy had not but added to the natural disparity. Jack had made some sturdy but shy advances which had been well enough received—in her heart Jennie thought him an excessively fine fellow—but being a male, and young, and lacking the sight which sees, he failed to take this graciousness at its full value. He had ventured to become her escort on the occasion of this sleigh ride or of that, but when all were crowded together by twos, in the big straw-carpeted box, on the red bobsleds and the bells were jangling and the woods were slipping by and the bright stars overhead seemed laughing at something going on beneath them, his arm—to his shame be it said—had failed to steal about her waist nor had he dared to touch his lips to hers, beneath the hooded shelter of the great buffalo robe which curled protectingly around them. He would as soon have dared such familiarity with the minister's maiden sister, aged forty-two and prim as a Bible book-mark. Yet Jennie was just the sort of girl whom a cold-blooded expert must have declared as really meriting a kiss, when prudent and fairly practicable for the kisser and kissee, and as possessing just the sort of waist to be fitted handsomely by a good, strong arm. Jack, full of fun and ordinarily plucky enough—he had kissed other girls and had licked Jim Bigelow for saying Jennie Orton put on town airs—was simply in a funk. He could not bring himself to a manly wooing point. He was not without a resolve in the matter, for he was a determined youth, but in this callow straight of his, he was weakling enough to resort to devious methods. He wore no willow; he lost no weight. But the spell of love which warps us was upon him, and he swerved from the straight line though bent upon his conquest. He was resolved to have that arm of his about that sweet Jennie's waist somehow, if he died for it, but with discretion. He would not offend her for the world. So he fell to plotting.

There had come a deep snow and then the heavens had opened and there had followed a great rain. The school house stood on the crest of a hill and by it the highway ran down a steep slope and right across the flats, and the road, raised three feet higher than the low lands which it crossed, showed darker just above the water. Then came snow again and the road showed next a straight white band across the water. And now had come some colder weather and ice had formed above the waiting waters which spread out so in all directions. What skating there would be! The boys had tried the ice but it was coy and threatening, not yet quite safe to venture forth upon. It was what the boys called "India rubber ice," ice which would bend beneath their tread, but would not quite support them when they stopped. It would be all right, they said, in just a day or two. To venture recklessly upon its surface now was but to drop through two feet deep of water. And water beneath the ice in early March is cold upon the flats. In the interval there would be, at recess and at noontime, great sport in sliding down the hill.

The jumper which, as already said, was a marvel of stoutness and dimensions, was the work chiefly of Jack, but he had been assisted in the labor by Billy Coburg, his chosen friend and ally in all emergencies. Billy was as good as gold, a fat fellow with yellow hair and a red face, full of ingenious devices, staunch in his friendship and as fond of fun as of eating, in which last field he was eminently great. In the possession of some one of the boys was a thick, old-fashioned novel of the yellow-covered type entitled, "Rinard, the Red Revenger," and Billy had followed the record of the murderous pirate chieftain with the greatest gusto, and had insisted upon bestowing his title upon the jumper. So it came that the Red Revenger was the pride and comfort of the school, and Jack Burrows, as he looked up from his algebra and out of the window at it in the frost-fringed morning hour, rather congratulated himself upon its general style. They'd had a lot of fun with it. His eyes wandered to the ice-covered flats and the narrow roadway stretching white across them. What a time they had yesterday keeping the jumper on the track, and what a shrewd device they had for steering! A hole had been bored down through the heel of each thick runner, and on each aft corner of the jumper had a boy been stationed armed with a sharpened hickory stick. To swerve the jumper to the left, the boy on the right but pressed his stick down through the hole beneath him, and the sharp point scraping along the ice cov-

ered ground, must slow the jumper as desired. And so, on the other side, when the jumper threatened to go off the roadway to the left, the boy on that side acted. It was a great invention and a necessary one. What would happen if that jumper, loaded with boys and girls, should leave the track just now? Jack chuckled as he thought of it. With its broad sustaining runners and the impetus once gained by its sheer descent, for what a distance must it speed upon that India rubber ice before it finally broke through! What a happening then! The moderately bad boy's countenance was radiant as the contemplation of this catastrophe came upon him with its rounded force. He turned his face and his gaze fell upon the trim figure of Jennie Orton on the other side of the room. How things go. There was an instant association of ideas between girl and jumper. The young fellow's face became first bright, and then most shrewdly thoughtful. School was dismissed for the noon hour. And then, after the lunches had been eaten, Jack Burrows went outside with Billy Coburg.

"Hi-yah! Jack and Billy are just going to start down hill on the jumper! Look at 'em show off their steering!" yelled a small boy, and the pupils rushed to the windows and out at the door. The jumper had just started.

One at each rear corner of the big sled sat Jack and Billy, each with a sharpened stick in hand and thrust down strongly through the bored hole in the runner. The jumper started slowly then, gaining speed, rushed down the hill like a thunderbolt, the hardened snow screaming beneath in its grating passage. The road below was entered fairly and deftly steered, the Red Revenger skimmed away and away into the far distance. It was an exhilarating sight. Then, a little later, pulling the jumper easily behind them and up the hill again, came Jack and Billy and shouted out loudly and enthusiastically the proposition that everybody should come out and go down the hill with the biggest load the jumper had ever carried.

The pupils, big and little, swarmed out in a crowd, all inclined, if not to ride, at least to see the sweeping descent under circumstances so favorable. Some of the larger girls hesitated, but Billy especially was earnest in his pleading, that the trip should be the big one of the winter, and that they must see how many the Red Revenger could carry at one swoop. And finally all consented. A look of relief and satisfaction flashed across the face of Jack as Jennie got on with the rest, though there was nothing strange in that, joining as she always did with the other pupils in their various sports. The laden jumper was a sight for a mountain packer or a steerage passenger agent or a street car magnate to see and enjoy most mightily. It was loaded and overloaded. The larger girls, as became their dignity, were seated in the middle, and close behind them were the smaller children. In front was a mass of boys of varying ages. "On account of there isn't much room," said Billy, "you'll have to crouch up," and so three boys lay down on the huge sled crosswise, three lay in the other direction across them and three again across these latter. It was a little hard on those underneath, but they didn't mind it. Behind were Jack and Billy as steersmen, and three or four more stood up on the sides and hung on to the others. There were twenty-three in all, every pupil attending the school that day.

All was ready. "On account of the road's so smooth she'll be a hummer," said Billy. "Let her go," ordered Jack. A kick and the jumper was off.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, moved the big sled, borne hard to the ground by such a burden. No one was alarmed. But as it slid downward, the jumper gathered way, and faster and faster it went, and the sound from beneath changed from a shrill grating to a menacing roar, and the thing seemed like a big something launched downward from a huge catapult at the narrow strip of road across the ice. With set teeth sat Jack and Billy at their stakes, each steering carefully and well. There was no swerve. The road was entered upon deftly with a rush, and out upon it sped the monster. Then Jack said quietly, "Look out, Billy!" Billy looked across at him and grinned, but uttered never a word, nor made a move as they tore along. But there was a sudden movement on Jack's part, and his stake bore down hard through the hole in the runner. The flying jumper trembled and swayed, and then like a flash left the roadway and darted down upon and away across the ice.

There was one shriek from the girls, and then all was quiet. "Whish!" That was all as the jumper shot out over the glass-like surface. The ice bent into a valley, but the Red Revenger was away before the break came. It seemed as if the wild, fierce flight would never cease. But there is an end to all things, and at last came a diminution of the jumper's speed. Slower and slower moved the thing, then came a pause and sudden quiv-

ering, and then a crash beneath and all about, and the jumper, with its living load, dropped to the bottom! There was no tragedy complete. The water came up just to the side rails, and no further. For fifteen or twenty feet on every side the ice bobbed up and down in floating fragments, and beyond that, where it still remained intact, it would support no one stepping out upon it from the water. It was "India rubber ice" no longer; it was cracked and brittle to the very shore. That the jumper had careered out so far into the flats was because of its velocity alone. There it stood, an island in a sea of ice water; not a desert island, exactly, either. It was populated—very densely populated. It was populated several deep, and now from its inhabitants went up a dreadful howl!

There was no visible means of escape from the surface of the Red Revenger. The boys who had been "corded" managed to change their position somehow, and stood where they had got upon their feet, holding themselves together, and the girls and younger children sat stupefied in the positions they had held when coming down the hill, from the throats of the latter going up the lively wail referred to. Billy looked across at Jack and grinned again, this time with great solemnity, and Jack himself looked just a trifle grave.

"Bang! rat-tat-tat! whack!" sounded from the schoolhouse, and the faces of the younger children paled. The noon hour had reached its end, and the schoolmaster was sounding his usual call. No bells summoned the pupils at this rural place of learning, but, instead, at recess and at noon time the pedagogue came to the door and hammered loudly with his ruler upon the clapboards there beside him. Very grim was this same schoolmaster, and unfortunate was the pupil who came into the room a laggard after that harsh summons had rung out across the fields and flats. There stood the schoolmaster—he could be seen from the Red Revenger—and it was not difficult even at that distance to imagine the ominous look upon his face. Again and again came forth the wooden call, and then the schoolmaster stepped out into the roadway. He looked about inquiringly. He came to the top of the hill from whence, off in the flats, the jumper and its load were plainly seen, and then he paused. It was clear that he was puzzled and was meditating. He called out hoarsely:

"What do you mean? What are you doing? Come in, and come now?"

There was no mistaking the quality of that sharp summons. It meant business, and in all probability it meant trouble, too, for somebody; trouble of strictly personal, as well as of a physical character. There was no reply for a moment, then Billy, the reprobate, grinning again at Jack and giving to his voice a tone intended to be a compound of profound respect, and something like unlimited despair, bawled out:

"We can't!"

The teacher descended the hill with all firmness and sedateness; he looked like a ramrod, or a poker, or anything stiff and straight, and suggestive of unpleasantness. He followed the roadway until just opposite the jumper, and then surveying the scene with an angry eye, commanded all to return to the schoolhouse on the moment. Here the situation became acute. It was Jack's turn to make things clear. That villain rose to the occasion gallantly. He shouted out an explanation of how the jumper had happened, by the merest accident in the world, to leave the roadway, and had gone out so far upon the India rubber ice, how the final catastrophe had taken place, and how helpless they all were in their present condition. The road could be reached only by a wade of a hundred yards through two feet deep of ice water—more in places—breaking the ice as an advance was made. It would be an awful undertaking, the death almost of the little children, and dangerous to all. What should they do? And the rascal's voice grew full of trouble and apprehension. Fortunately for him, the expression on his face the teacher was too far off to note.

The czar of winter did not wait long. He started off and was over the hill again and out of sight within the next three minutes, and it was clear that he was going somewhere for assistance. Then some of the other boys wanted to know what was to be done, and Billy looked at Jack inquiringly.

"Well, on account of the fix we're in, what's going to happen next?"

Jack, somehow, did not seem undetermined. He answered promptly: "What is going to happen is this: The teacher has gone over to Mapleson's for help. He might as well have stayed in the schoolhouse. They can't drive a wagon in here, and the ice is so thin, and is cracked so, they can't even put planks out upon it. They can't help us in any way. What shall we do? Why, we can't stay here all night and freeze. Somebody's got to break a path to the shore, that's all, and

then we've got to wade out, and the sooner we do it the better."

The smaller children began to cry; the older boys growled; the big girls shuddered; Billy grinned.

"There is no reason why everybody should get wet," broke out Jack suddenly. "Here! I'll break a way to the road myself, and carry one of the youngsters. We'll see how it goes."

He caught up one of the little children and stepped off into the ice packed water. Ugh! but it was cold and he set his teeth hard. He floundered over to where the unbroken ice began, and then, raising his feet alternately above its edge, he crushed it downwards. It was not, physically, a great task for this strong fellow, but it was not a swift one and the water was deadly cold. His blood was chilling but the roadway was reached at last. He sat the child down quickly, told it to run to the schoolhouse and stand beside the stove, and then himself began running up and down the road to get his blood in fuller circulation. Into the water he plunged again and reached the Red Revenger. "Here," he said, "each one of you big fellows carry some one ashore. Jump in, quick!"

The boys hesitated and went into the water in a gingerly way, but did very well, the plunge once taken, and Jack apportioned to each of them his burden. The procession waded off boisterously but shudderingly. As for Jack himself he got one youngster clinging about his neck and another perched upon each hip, and then waded off with the rest. There were left on the jumper but two more of the small children, and Jennie. That was Jack's shrewdness. He was well spent and shaky when he reached the shore this time.

He put the children down and turned to Bill: "B-b-illy," he chattered, "will you go back with me, and will you bring ashore those two kids?"

Billy looked a trifle dismal. He had just set down upon the roadway the girl he liked best, and he wanted to go to the schoolhouse with her. Added to this he was awfully cold. But he was faithful.

"On account of you've done more than your share I'll go you," he decided.

They went out again, out through that dreadful hundred yards of icy flood, and Billy marched off with the children and then Jack reached out his hands, though hesitatingly. He was bashful still, despite the emergency his villainy had made. As for Jennie, she did not hesitate. She stepped up close to him, was taken in his arms like a baby and the journey began. What a trip it was for Jack! There she was, clinging fast to him, and he with his arms close about her! Who said that the water was cold? It was just right—never was more delightful water! And she didn't seem to dislike the journey either. She even seemed to cuddle a little. He wished it were a mile to land. Hooray!

And the road was reached at last, and the blushing and beaming young lady set down upon her feet. She didn't say anything but reached out her hand to Jack, and led him on a run to the school house. The fire had been kindled into roaring strength by those first to reach the place and all the soaked ones gathered about the stove, and steamed there into relative degrees of dryness. Jack steamed with the rest, but he was in a dream. One of the blissful type.

In time, the teacher returned, and with him a farmer and his hired man, and a team and a wagon load of plank, too late for aid, even had aid been practicable. There was no school that afternoon. The teacher could not accuse any one of fault, nor blame the pupils that they had hesitated when he called them, while, on the other hand, he was deterred from saying anything commendatory of the waders. He suspected something, he couldn't tell exactly what, and he didn't propose to commit himself. The most he could do was to recognize the fact that the big boys should get to their homes as soon as possible and dry their boots and stockings. He dismissed the pupils, and so that eventful day was ended. Jack's boots were full of water still, and his feet were chilly, but, as he walked home, he walked on air.

The succeeding night was one of bitter cold, and the morning saw the ice upon the flats no longer yielding, but so thick and solid that wagons might be driven upon it anywhere without a risk. Even the lately opened space about the partly submerged jumper was frozen over, and the top of the Red Revenger showed where that interesting but ill-fated craft was fixed for some time to come. "On account of she's in so deep, we'd better let 'er stay there," commented Billy, and so coasting, save upon ordinary sleds, was discontinued for the season. It was pretty near spring anyhow.

The frost-decorated windows of the school house blazed in the morning sun, and was a glory on the heads of the girls. But no head was so bright, in the opinion of Jack Burrows, as that of Jennie Orton. Her brown hair gleamed like gold, and as for the rest of her—well

he thought as he looked across the room, there was nothing to improve. It seemed hardly possible that only the afternoon before he had held that creature in his arms and carried her three hundred feet or more. It was all true, though, and Jennie had smiled at him just now. He was more deeply in love than ever, but his timidity had somehow much abated. She was as beautiful as ever, but she seemed more human. He felt that he could speak to her, make love to her, as he might to another girl. Of course he couldn't do it very confidently, but he could venture, and he resolved to ask leave to bring her to the spelling school that evening. He did so, pluckily, at recess, and she consented.

As they were walking home that night, they fell naturally to talking of the gruesome adventure of the day before. And Jennie asked Jack, innocently, to explain to her the method by which he and Billy were accustomed to steer the Red Revenger. He explained fluently and with some pride, and she listened with close attention. When he had done she remained silent for a few moments, and then said quietly:

"You did it on purpose."

The young man was dazed. He could say nothing at first, but managed finally to blunder out:

"How did you know that?"

"I saw you and Billy look at each other and saw you push down hard on the stake. Why did you do it?"

Jack was truthful at least, and, furthermore, he had perception keen enough to see that in his present strait was afforded opportunity for speaking to the point on a subject he had feared to venture. He was reckless now.

"I wanted to carry you ashore in my arms," he said.

There was, as any thoughtful girl would admit, really nothing in all this for Jennie to get very angry over, and, to do her credit, it must be added that she showed no anger at all. Of the details of what more was said, information is unfortunately and absolutely lacking, but certain it is that before Jennie's home was reached Jack's arm had found a place not very far from that which it had occupied the afternoon before.

They marry young in the country, but seventeen and eighteen are ages, which, even on the farm, are not considered sufficiently advanced for such grave venture, and so, though Jack's wooing prospered famously, there was no wedding in the spring. There was the most trustful and delightful of understandings though, and three years later Jennie came from the town to live permanently on the farm, and her name was changed to Burrows.

"On account of the Red Revenger was a pirat craft, and took to the water naturally, Jack got braced up to begin his courting and so got married," said Billy, in explanation of the event.

A Story of a Masterpiece.

Mouldering away on the wall of the old monastery in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Like every masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, and as a result of that labor it is perfect in its naturalness of expression and sublime in its story of love. In addition to these qualities it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little towards making it the great teacher that it is. It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of the Apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture he could find none that would satisfy his conception; the face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity and majestic in its sweetness. After several years of careful search the painter happened to meet one Pietro Bandinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the painting of the face of Jesus. All was done most carefully and reverently, but the picture was as yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter, with the zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said, "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling, had fallen into shameful dissipation and crime. The face that now was the model for the face of Judas had once been the model for the face of Christ.—The New World.

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MATE PALMER, Editor.

NEW FACTOR IN TEMPERANCE WORK.

THE total abstinence requirements of employers form the most powerful factor in the temperance work of the present time. On this one subject there is no question of fairness, no demand for arbitration. In other matters employers sometimes find their way blocked by differences of opinion about salaries, or a lack of harmony about the number of hours that constitute a working day. But no one ever questions their right to demand absolute sobriety on the part of every employee.

Even the ones most affected by such stringency have a sufficient sense of justice to conceal their resentment at any fancied curtailment of so-called personal liberty. For unless a man has gone beyond the power of his own will to control his habits of life, he will hesitate long before he will risk the loss of a lucrative position.

Competition is so close and the unemployed are so numerous that the inefficient and the inadequately equipped are being crowded out of every trade and profession. The "survival of the fittest" is constant exemplification in the demands of the "fittest" is never the man whose sense is partially obscured by the haze of alcohol, or whose perceptive faculties are dulled by the mists of moderate drinking.

The country is teeming with strong men of clean habits and active brains, who need employment and who seek advancement, and they will crowd every drinking man from the fields of active endeavor unless his unfortunate addiction is speedily overcome.

Railroad officials were first to enforce rigid rules prohibiting the use of intoxicants by their employees. Sad experience had taught them that a large per cent of accidents to life and property were the result of the use of liquor. They recognized the fact that alcohol obscures the sense of color and diminishes rapidity of thought—two points of vital importance when it is considered that failure to distinguish the color of a danger signal, or the delay of a few seconds, may mean death to scores of passengers.

The railroads protected the public from danger or loss by requiring absolute sobriety on the part of employees. And gradually business men came to realize that the same accuracy and clearness of perception were necessary in their work, and a new order was promulgated which practically bars the drinking man from desirable positions.

It is a new branch of temperance work. It does not assume any philanthropic airs, but it accomplishes the results. It is an advantage to the employer, but it is a far greater advantage to the employee, for in many instances it is the only temperance lecture he would listen to—the only temperance pledge he ever would keep.

Sometimes, however, the warning comes too late, and the employee realizes that it is not a question

of will power; that he is the victim of an overpowering demand for alcohol, and, struggle as he may, he must either endure the tortures of a constant craving, or suffer the penalty for its gratification.

Happily, for such men science has furnished an unflinching remedy. If they have passed beyond the danger line, where the habit of drinking is merged in the disease of inebriety, they need to be cured instead of reforming.

With business requirements as an incentive, and the Keeley Cure as a remedy, there is no reason why every capable man who has lost hope and position through strong drink may not be restored to a condition of sobriety and usefulness.

DEATH OF CANON FLEMING.

ON the morning of September 1, 1908, Canon Fleming died in London after an exceedingly brief illness. He is deeply mourned throughout Great Britain, where his long and active life was of the greatest usefulness. Canon Fleming was a high dignitary of the Church of England, having been Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, the King, Canon Residentiary and Precentor of York, and Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, London. Canon Fleming was the favorite clergyman of Queen Alexandra and he was greatly esteemed by the royal family and nobility of England, as well as by all others who had the good fortune to come in contact with him. Notwithstanding the fact that Canon Fleming was sought after by those in high places, he had the welfare of the masses, as well as of unfortunate humanity generally, at heart and sought by every means in his power to alleviate unfavorable conditions.

His attention was early called to the evil of drunkenness and the inadequacy of ordinary methods of dealing with the problem. When Doctor Keeley visited England in 1891 he met Canon Fleming and succeeded in converting him to the belief that drunkenness was a disease and should be treated as such. He watched the establishment of the Keeley Institute of London, and its work for a year, with great interest and then consented to be chairman of a committee to investigate the results. All of the patients who could be reached and who were willing to testify came before the committee or sent letters, and the result of the investigation of the committee was embodied in its first report, which was dated Nov. 29, 1892, which report, together with all others since made by the committee, will be found in another part of the paper.

Canon Fleming never lost his interest in the Keeley work, and every year without fail the committee has held a session, has investigated the results of the work accomplished at the Keeley Institute and has made an annual report. Considering the other duties which naturally belonged to Canon Fleming, this devotion to the cause of the drunkard is truly remarkable. The other members of the committee have changed from time to time, but Canon Fleming was always chairman from the beginning. At the time of Canon Fleming's death the committee consisted of the following members: Lord Bray; Lord Montagu, of Beaulieu; H. W. Forster, Esq., M. P.; Rev. R. J. Campbell, M. A.; W. Hind-Smith, Esq.

The last report of this committee was made on June 18, 1908, and the report itself has an added significance considering the fact that it was the last word written by Canon Fleming in relation to the Keeley Cure after nearly sixteen years of personal observation.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to be engaged in a work which enlists the sympathy and aid of men like Canon Fleming, who was our friend for sixteen consecutive years; his loss to Great Britain is great, but as far as the drunkard is concerned, his work will live after him.

A KEELEY INSTITUTE IN MEXICO.

DR. ALBERTO O'FARRILL, of the Keeley Institute of Puebla, Mex., has written an interesting letter describing the opening of the Keeley Institute there. It seems that Doctor O'Farrill got together at the Institute his colleagues in the medical profession as well as the prominent business men of Puebla and read a paper setting forth the claims of the Keeley Treatment and what had been accomplished by it during the past twenty-eight years at Dwight and elsewhere. The audience was very deeply impressed and it is claimed for the Institute there that it will start off with the united support of the prominent people of the city. A photograph has been received of the gathering, but unfortunately it is not distinct enough to make a good halftone. The BANNER OF GOLD is promised some photographs, however, which will give an idea of this establishment and which will have a place in the next number of the BANNER.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE.

EVERY one who is interested in practical temperance should give the following letters a careful reading. They were written by men who are well known in their respective communities, and whose word may be accepted with perfect confidence. As will be seen, they are in a position to judge of the necessities of the drinking man from actual knowledge. Their opinions are founded on their own experience. They know how the drinking man deludes himself with the belief that he can let liquor alone. They know how he struggles and suffers and fails. They know what it means to fight physical craving with weakened will power. But they know that when every effort failed the Keeley Cure destroyed their craving and restored them to health. They know that what it did for them it will do for every man who will give it a trial, and they tell their experience in the hope that those who are bound by drink will learn how easily they can be cured of their addictions and have a new chance in life:

A Graduate of Seventeen Years—Young and Strong at Seventy-Seven.

NEVADA, Mo., September 21, 1908.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—As usual, I am behind on my annual letter about three weeks, I think, caused somewhat by removal to this place. It is now seventeen years since I graduated at Dwight, and still stay cured of the drink habit. And although nearly seventy-seven years of age, I attend to business as usual—walking to and from my office three times a day—the office being six blocks from my residence. To show my "get above-ness" and as an answer to those who contend the "Dwight Treatment" weakens the physical powers of the subject, I will relate a little of my personal experience. I spent two and a half months, beginning the 10th of last June, on a tour of the Pacific coast, visiting among other places, the petrified forests and Grand Canyon of Arizona, San Diego, Los Angeles, Catalina Islands, Yosemite Valley, San Francisco and various suburban towns, Portland, Oregon, Yellow Stone Park, Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs, etc.

This involved sailing on the Pacific, climbing mountains to a high altitude, at one time 10,390 feet above sea level, passing around precipices of dizzy height, a rapid transition from sea level to these high altitudes, yet I could not discover any uncomfortable feelings in myself. Many of the different parties we fell in with, young enough to be my grandchildren, succumbed to sea-sickness and collapsed on reaching high altitudes, while I escaped these discomforts. In fact, so well did I "keep up with the procession" I was by these youngsters dubbed "the kid."

This was a pretty strenuous life for ten weeks, for we were continually on the move, yet I, a Dwight graduate, came through it all as well as the best of them and better than many of them. So that in my case, at least, the theory of Dwight Treatment weakening the physical powers does not hold good. I was somewhat surprised myself at my power of endurance; for you know I wrote you several years ago that when I was forty years of age, life insurance companies refused to insure my life.

Wishing you all success, I remain,

Yours truly,
H. CLAY COCKEILL.
302 South Clay street.

From a Veteran Who Took the Cure Seventeen Years Ago.

CRAFTON, PA., October 26, 1908.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—It has been more than seventeen years since I took the Keeley Cure, and several years since I first wrote to THE BANNER OF GOLD, telling what the cure had done for me. But I am still O. K. and I hope to live a number of years, and trust that I shall be able to write to the same effect each year. After the close of the Civil War, with many boon companions, I was trying to learn how to drink whiskey and at the same time keep sober and attend to business engagements. It turned out as all such efforts invariably do, in dismal failure. For fifteen years this was continued, with the thought "It's nobody's business but my own." But finally I realized that the man who drinks alcoholic stimulants injures not only himself and his immediate family and friends, but every one with whom he is brought in contact—and especially the younger generation, by his baneful example. I therefore determined to give up the use of intoxicants, and then there the struggle began;—whisky would not give me up. For ten years more we fought; moral suasion, pledge signing, swearing off, mental and physical sufferings indescribable, all urging for total abstinence on the one hand, and the devilish burning thirst and craving for liquor luring to destruction on the other. In the popular vernacularism of the day, I may say I found myself "up against a terribly hard proposition," and learned, and fully believed, that inebriety is a disease; but I did not believe it could be cured.

During those dark days of penitence, sorrow, and despondency, a ray of light penetrated the gloom, from the pen of my old friend and comrade in arms, "Ras Wilson, the 'Quiet Observer.'" After reading several of his articles, together with literature procured from the Leslie E. Keeley Company, I decided that Dwight

should be the Mecca from which I might possibly receive help, health, and strength for the future. I went there seventeen years ago and said to the physicians in charge: "I am a periodical drinker, and have been for twenty-five years. I want to stop. Can you cure me?" They replied that they could cure me; and they did cure me. And now after seventeen years of sobriety, seventeen years of upright living, seventeen years of peace and happiness that passeth all understanding of the man that drinks, seventeen years of realization that life is worth living, I feel deeply grateful for the cure, and therefore qualified to testify that the Keeley Remedies are an absolute cure for liquor and drug addictions.

Since my cure I have had the pleasure of influencing a number of personal friends to take the treatment, and they are all leading sober, happy and prosperous lives today. I therefore feel assured that every person afflicted with drug or liquor diseases can be cured, and those who give the treatment the serious consideration which it merits need have no fear of relapsing to their former diseased condition. Very truly yours,
95 Union avenue. A. M. BRYAN.

Experience of a Well-Known Publisher.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 24, 1908.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—I want to tell you how much I appreciate your paper. I read every copy from cover to cover and derive great benefit from its pages. When I went to Dwight in February, 1906, my relatives and friends had about given me up as a hopeless case. While the word "Drunkard" is a harsh one, yet I was classed as such. The Keeley Treatment cured me absolutely. They built up my system as well as eradicated that awful craving for alcohol and I want to say from my personal experience, that it is my honest belief that the Keeley Cure is the greatest man-saving institution on earth. Never for a minute have I been ashamed of my trip to Dwight. Of course, I am sorry that such a step was necessary, but when a man becomes addicted to drink, Dwight is the place to go. There are thousands and thousands of men here in the city of Chicago and elsewhere who ought to go to the Keeley Institute, and would without a moment's hesitation if they could only be reached or made to know the great benefit they would derive from the Keeley Treatment. They ought to take it not only for the good they would derive individually, but also for the great blessing they would bestow upon their families, relatives and friends.

In conclusion I will add, that my earnest and heartfelt advice to every man or woman who may have become a slave to drink is: Take the Keeley Cure. Don't hesitate or put it off, but go, and go at once; not a single one who means well or wants to do right will ever regret it.

Very sincerely yours,
121 Plymouth place. W. R. VANSANT.

Good Advice from a Graduate of Fourteen Years.

ROSCOMMON, MICH., October 30, 1894—October 30, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—The above dates, particularly the former, are commemorative of an eventful epoch in my career, as it was on October 30, 1894, that I took my last drink of liquor at that court of last resort, the Keeley Institute at Dwight. And now, on the morning of the fourteenth anniversary, as I look out of my window at the snow flying, the clouds scurrying by, and the general gloom pertaining to a stormy fall day, I am reminded of the general gloom in which I was engulfed previous to that eventful day of emancipation from the slavery of liquor, and now once more, after having reached another mile post on my journey in sobriety, I am going to perpetuate my annual custom by writing you a few lines in commemoration of the event in the hope of cheering up those who have just started on the course I started on October 30, 1894, and also for the purpose of reminding those of the "boys" with whom I was associated in line at Dwight that I am still alive and among the 95 per cent.

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the experience that a man undergoes who is a slave to liquor, for every one of us who has been "through the mill" already knows that to a nifty, but to the boys now in line, I wish to say that those experiences will soon be a dim memory to you after taking your cure and returning to your homes and daily occupations, and they will remain a dim memory as long as you use common sense, and good judgment. Do not allow yourselves to become overconfident, for many a man has fallen who has acquired the mistaken idea that now he was cured and the appetite for liquor gone, that he could take a light drink or two and control himself. Take no chances whatever!—Therein lies your safety. Be on your guard, and do not be ashamed to say, "No," nor to proclaim the fact that you have taken the Keeley Cure when asked to take a drink.

I have had now fourteen years of plain, clear sailing along the paths of sobriety, with never a moment's desire or inclination to again resume the use of alcoholic stimulants, thanks to the treatment received at Dwight, combined with the excellent advice given me while there, and heeding the admonitions given me for the protection of my cure. I fully realized when I left Dwight that the Keeley Company had fulfilled their agreement with me, and I knew it was "up to me" to carry out the balance. Consequently, as each year passes by I find myself more firmly set in the paths of sobriety, and gaining enthusiasm all the time concerning the Keeley Cure. So may it be with you!

In a previous letter written to THE BANNER OF GOLD I gave my theories as to the protection of my cure, and it may be apropos to give them again. In protecting the cure a man receives at the Keeley Institute no will

power need be used whatever—only common sense. No desire or craving being experienced, no effort will need to be put forth to refrain from the use of liquor. Common sense being used, a man will necessarily take no chances in any manner whatsoever wherein he might possibly revive the old appetite, for while the craving has been destroyed and alcohol eliminated from one's system, still the physical make up and constitution of a man remains the same, and there is where many a man makes his mistake after taking the cure, in thinking that as his craving has been destroyed he can once more use liquor and control his appetite. This fallacy has been exploded. The first introduction of alcohol into the system immediately arouses or resurrects the former irritation or sensitiveness of the nerve cells diseased in the past, and before a man knows it he is back where he was before. My theory of the arousing of this irritation of the nerve cells is on the same basis of that of an old wound, or injury, that the parts having once been injured, no matter how well they may have healed, will always be more tender and susceptible than formerly, or previous to receiving the injury, consequently more care must be taken to protect the old scar than the rest of one's anatomy. I find it difficult to explain my theories and reasons for self-protection; but the fact remains that I am a living example of the success of the Keeley Cure, and am satisfied that no man living need be otherwise after taking the cure and protecting it by the use of a little common sense.

I wish I could hear from some of the "boys" who were in line with me in October and November, 1894. As memories constantly arise in connection with the pleasant time I spent at Dwight during those memorable four weeks; the congenial surroundings, the pleasant comradeship, and, far more, the happy contemplation of a future free from slavery, now being realized. Such thoughts often bring to mind this one and that one with whom I was associated at that time, and I wonder what has become of them.

Trusting that I have not taken up too much of your valuable space and in all probability bidding you adieu, until another year rolls by, I am,

Yours for sobriety,

CHAS. W. COLE.

Kenwood Cottage, Higgins Lake, Mich.
Address for the winter, 203½ East Carpenter street, Springfield, Ill.

Fourteen Years of Freedom from the Drink Crave.

LA PORTE, IND., October 8, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—In January, 1909, I will have been for fourteen years a cured man by the Keeley system of treatment. Regarding my desire for intoxicating drinks, I will say positively that I have not the slightest desire for them. If I were to state the amount of whisky I drank the day I went to Dwight to begin the treatment no one would believe me; so I will refrain from stating it. I can not possibly tell you one-tenth of the benefit that I have received from the greatest godsend (the Keeley Cure) that suffering man ever could have. At the time I went to the Institute I was a detriment to my family in every sense of the word. Three years later my wife died, leaving me with four small children. But I have kept those children, and have had a comfortable and peaceful home for them; a thing which any man who has had the least experience with excessive drinking will admit that I could not have done had I not taken the cure. I have kept them in school, and the oldest has been graduated from the high school. You may rest assured that I frequently think, how could I have done this had I continued as I formerly did.

There is not sufficient money to hire me to take a drink—not even cider. The longer the time the more I appreciate the treatment, and I can abstain from drink with no trouble whatever.

Hoping that THE BANNER OF GOLD will prosper, and that the Keeley Company will continue to help those who are suffering through drink, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

R. R. S.

FRANK LEROY.

Took the Keeley Cure Fifteen Years Ago.

TORONTO, CAN., November 1, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your esteemed favor of October 23 was sent me here, where I am located for this winter. I am taking a post-graduate course in the Ontario Veterinary College here, or my third year.

It was fifteen years last July, the 23d, since I took the Keeley Cure, and I have yet to have my first desire for any intoxicating drinks of any kind and have never taken any. My health is fine. I am not ashamed of my cure and never have been, and would gladly answer any question any interested person might care to ask me about the cure and its results on myself or others whom I have known.

The Keeley Cure is all that is claimed. It doesn't put new brains into a man's head, but it does get the cobwebs out of his eyes, and takes away that awful desire for rum. It puts a man on his feet, if he has sense enough to appreciate his cure, and to realize that he should be a sober man. Have backbone enough to refuse a drink! Tell everybody that asks you to drink that you have taken the Keeley Cure and don't have to drink. Interest men in the cure if you think they need it. Don't be ashamed of your cure, and you will always be on deck in a sober condition. Don't shun your old chums, but reach out your hand and help them to the cure. You could do no better deed in this world. With your will power fully restored you can say "no" when asked to drink just as easy as you

used to say "yes."

I do not believe that a man or woman ever left a Keeley Institute who went there with the intention of being cured that was not cured in every sense of the word. I know of no excuse for a man returning to drink after he has taken the Keeley Cure.

I think very much of THE BANNER OF GOLD and believe every graduate should enroll himself as a subscriber, and by so doing keep in touch with the good work the cure is doing in this world. It is useless for me to remind you of the happy homes this cure has made that were once made dark by rum.

Wishing you success in the work you are doing, I remain,

Your lifelong friend, GEORGE D. WOOD.

Home address, Hartland, Vt. Present address, until April 1, 1909, 304 Richmond street, West, Toronto.

Seventeen Years of the "Sober Habit."

LA CROSSE, WIS., October 24, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Another month of October has nearly passed, making seventeen since I visited Dwight, Ill., for treatment for the "liquor habit." It does not seem so long, for the years have passed swiftly, bringing so much of peace, happiness and prosperity since I traded the "liquor habit" for this "sober habit."

When I compare my seventeen years of drinking with the past seventeen years of not drinking, it causes feelings of sadness and of joy. Sadness for the years of my life spent so foolishly, so unproductive, so worthless. Joy for the fact that I am still alive, have had fair success in my endeavors to provide for the necessities of old age, and that this "sober habit" is far more enjoyable than the "liquor habit."

We have trials and troubles enough in this life without the "liquor habit," which adds a hundred fold, and if the "drinker," the "one of the gang," the "rounder" would only be a candidate for the "sober habit" by means of the "Keeley Cure," he would find that his years would be lengthened and filled with joy, contentment, usefulness and prosperity.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the Keeley Cure is all right, all that is claimed for it, for my "sober habit" of seventeen years speaks for itself.

With good wishes and hope for your success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

H. E. ROGERS,
Class of October, '91.

929 Miss. street.

Has Stood the Test of Seventeen Years.

BLISSFIELD, MICH., November 24, 1908.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It was seventeen years the third day of last August since I went to Dwight to take the Keeley Cure, and I am just as free from the craving for liquor as I was on the day that I left the Institute. I never have had the slightest desire for it since I took the treatment. I am the happiest man in the world, because I know that I am permanently cured, and I can say in the best of faith that the Keeley Cure has been the making of me, for it has stood the test of more than seventeen years.

Very respectfully yours,

P. O. Box 107.

A. J. FISHER.

Good Bye, Forever, to Whisky.

CHICAGO, ILL., November 8, 1908.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—I take great pleasure in again letting you and my numerous friends of the class of August, 1904, know that I am still wearing the Keeley button, and I am proud to say that I have not felt like touching a drop of anything intoxicating since the 11th of August, 1904, when Doctor Hamilton gave me a two-ounce bottle and told me to drink it and bid whisky good-bye forever. I did as he told me about bidding it good-bye, but I did not drink the contents of the bottle, for I did not want it then, and never have since and have no idea that I ever shall. I am where liquor is every day and work with people who frequently use it, but it does not bother me in the least. For the benefit of the doubting ones I want to say that if they really want to be cured of the habit, there is nothing on earth that will so completely cure them as the Keeley Cure, and you can refer any of them to me. I think that there can not be too much said in praise of the cure, and I take pleasure in reading all letters from graduates that are published in THE BANNER OF GOLD, as well as all other matter, and look forward to its arrival.

If you see fit to publish this letter, or any part of it, you are at liberty to do so, and if it is the means of helping one unfortunate, I shall be well repaid. With best wishes for your success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

A. W. DUNK.

24 South Richmond street.

A Son Writes of His Father's Cure.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 28, 1908.

THE BANNER OF GOLD:—DEAR EDITOR:—It is a great pleasure for me to speak a good word for the Keeley Cure. Our experience has been very gratifying, as my father graduated from the Keeley Institute at Dwight in August, 1902, and is still in the water wagon and says he is there to stay. He is enjoying the best of health and is always ready to say a good word for the cure, and for the courteous treatment he received at Dwight. The Keeley Remedies can not be praised too highly for the wonderful cures effected by them proves that the Keeley Institute is the best place in the world

for the cure of those who are suffering from the use of intoxicating liquors.

Your letter was forwarded to me from Moscow Mills, Mo., as I am now with the Peoples Gas Light & Coke Company of this city.

Hoping that this letter may be of some assistance to some sufferer, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

FRED ECKSTEIN.

THE KEELEY CURE IN LONDON.

RESULTS OF THE KEELEY WORK IN ENGLAND—SIXTEEN YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT—ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION.

IN another column appears an article in relation to the death of Canon Fleming, the chairman of the London committee which carefully investigated the results of the Keeley Cure for several successive years in London. Readers of THE BANNER OF GOLD are familiar with Canon Fleming's work in behalf of the inebriate and the stand he took and maintained to the last in relation to the Keeley Treatment. For the benefit of new readers, however, we append hereto the several annual reports, omitting the stenographic report of the investigation of the individual cases; these reports are in pamphlet form and are exceedingly interesting, but are too bulky for republication in THE BANNER:

First Report of Standing Committee.

The committee appointed to inquire and report as to the results of Doctor Keeley's treatment for inebriety reports as follows:

1. The committee have been afforded ample opportunities for investigation, and have received full explanations at the Keeley Institute, No. 5, Portland Place, W., London.

2. The committee have held six meetings, all at 5 Portland Place.

3. The committee or its various members have interviewed twenty patients—victims of either alcohol or morphia—who were then under treatment at the Keeley Institute in London, or had recently been cured there. The names and addresses of all these patients have been given to the committee, but not for publication.

4. Letters and communications have been received from physicians whose patients have been under treatment at 5 Portland Place; from General Neal Dow of Portland, Maine, U. S. A., in reply to a request from Doctor Edmunds, on behalf of the committee, for such experience and observation of results as he could afford of the Keeley Treatment in Maine; and from other persons. Full explanations of the patients' cases have also been given by Doctor De Wolf, the Medical Director of the Keeley Institute in London.

5. The committee are unanimously of opinion:

(a) That all the patients whom they have interviewed had genuine cases of long-standing inebriety.

(b) The patients all speak warmly of the care and kindness with which they have been treated at the Keeley Institute.

(c) In no case have the remedies used produced any pain, inconvenience, or affection.

(d) In no case has any patient been put under restraint of any kind.

(e) The patients all affirm positively that in periods varying from three to seven days they lost the craving for alcohol and ceased to take it without any restraint in that respect being imposed upon them.

(f) In all cases the patients affirm that their health, mental and physical strength have improved greatly under the treatment.

The committee unanimously report that the results of the Keeley Treatment as they have seen it at 5 Portland Place are good, and offer promise of extended and permanent usefulness.

This report as now printed has been separately considered and approved of in writing by each member of the committee.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

JAMES FLEMING, Chairman.

St. Michael's Vicarage, Ebury Square, S. W.

February 9, 1893.

Second Annual Report of Standing Committee.

In January, 1894, one year after the publication of the above report, the committee met again at the Keeley Institute, 6 Grenville Place, Cromwell Road, in order to ascertain the then condition of the twenty patients previously reported on. There were present the Rev. Canon Fleming, Mr. Jas. H. Raper, Mr. W. Hind-Smith, Mr. Amos Schofield, and Dr. Donald Baynes.

On February 24, 1894, the following additional report was made:

"We, the undersigned, members of the committee formed at a public meeting in November, 1892, to inquire into the results of the Keeley Treatment for inebriety, and who made a report in 1893, after many sittings of committee, wish to make this further report for the information of all interested in the cure of inebriety:

"That all the patients under treatment in December, 1892, and January, 1893, passed under our close observation, and were twenty in number; and that we held a meeting on January 31, 1894, when a number of these twenty cases appeared before us. We were deeply interested in their personal testimony to the fact that they were all cured, and that the old craving for drink had entirely left them, while their moral will and power to say 'No' had returned.

"Letters were submitted to us from the patients who were unable to appear before us, or from their rela-

tives, testifying to similar results. And the very satisfactory result is that we are able to report that at the end of the first year eighteen out of the twenty cases have stood firm, two only having lapsed, and that all are in good mental and physical health.

"It is the intention of the committee to hold another investigation of results at the end of the second year, and to make a further report in 1895.

"Signed on behalf of the committee,

"JAMES FLEMING, Chairman.

"January, 1894."

Third Annual Report of the Standing Committee.

Two years have now elapsed since this committee commenced its work, in connection with the Keeley Treatment for inebriety.

During that time the results have been closely watched by the committee; and in order to test these results in the fullest manner, it was proposed to hold an annual meeting, at which all the patients who have undergone the treatment since the committee was formed should, if possible, appear, and in the presence of the committee give their own personal testimony as to the permanence of the cure.

This testimony in every case was that the craving for drink or morphia was gone, that even under circumstances of strong and frequent temptation there was no inclination to touch that which was formerly irresistible, and that the physical health was completely re-established, and the moral will to say "No" entirely restored.

Letters were submitted to the committee from the patients unable to be present, or in some instances from the relatives, testifying to the same happy results; and the very satisfactory task is again accorded to the committee of being able to report that, at the end of the second year, eighteen out of the twenty cases appearing before them in December, 1892, and January, 1893, have stood firm, two only having lapsed in the first year, and none in the second.

This experience of two years has immensely strengthened the confidence of the committee in the results of the Keeley Cure. They think the treatment worthy the sympathy of all temperance reformers. They hope that it may meet with fair and unprejudiced consideration in this country; and they trust that it may become far more widely known.

It is the intention of the committee to hold another investigation of results at the end of the third year, and to make a further report in 1896.

"Signed on behalf of the committee,

JAMES FLEMING, Chairman.

February 28, 1895.

Fourth Annual Report of the Standing Committee.

On February 5, 1896, the fourth annual meeting of the committee was held at 6 Grenville Place, S. W., Canon Fleming in the chair.

The committee feel that the results of the Keeley Treatment justify their most sanguine hopes. They are fully aware that it is a standing rule in the medical profession that any man who discovers a remedy for disease is expected to make it known, and sooner or later this is the case with everything that is for the good of humanity. But this decision does not fall within the province of this committee, which was formed in November, 1892, simply to watch the results of the treatment, and to report impartially on them to the public. These results are intensely interesting to all engaged in temperance reformation; for when cases remain cured after one, two, three, four years, they become irrefutable facts.

The committee sat for three hours engaged in seeing those who had been treated. They saw many more who had appeared before them at former annual meetings, but as they only confirmed their former testimony that they continue quite well, their evidence is not repeated. There were nearly fifty cases ready to appear before the committee, and letters were received from those who were unavoidably prevented from coming to the annual meeting. These letters have been verified in every case by the committee. It is the intention of the committee to sit each year, and to report the results to the public. The committee intend to add to the strength of the committee. Some well-known gentlemen are willing to join, and they think the time has come to make such benefits of the Keeley Treatment widely known.

(Signed) JAMES FLEMING, Chairman.

March, 1896.

Fifth Annual Report of the Standing Committee.

On March 4, 1897, the fifth annual meeting of the committee was held at 6 Grenville Place, S. W., Canon Fleming in the chair.

The committee was formed in 1892, and still continues, its office being to watch and test the results of the Keeley Treatment, and after each annual meeting to report those results. They feel the time has come when those results should be more widely known.

The committee have pleasure in stating that each annual meeting not only increases their intense interest, but justifies their growing confidence in the remarkable results of the treatment.

The committee sat for three hours, engaged upon the preceding most remarkable cases. They saw others

who only confirmed their former testimony, and showed by their vigorous and healthy condition that they continued quite well.

It is the intention of the committee to sit in the spring of each year, and to report faithfully to the public the results of each annual meeting.

The committee desire to record their admiration of the devotion with which Dr. Oscar De Wolf pursues his arduous duties. He is a true friend to his patients. They all speak warmly of the kind care, good food, and comfortable rooms they enjoy at the Institute.

Signed for himself and the committee,

JAS. FLEMING, Chairman.

March 4, 1897.

Sixth Annual Report of the Standing Committee.

On February 1, 1898, the sixth annual meeting of the committee was held at 6, Grenville Place, S. W., Canon Fleming in the chair.

The committee desire to record a sense of the loss they have sustained since they last met, by the death of James H. Raper, Esq., who is an irreparable loss to the temperance cause in all its fields of work. Mr. Raper had watched the Keeley Treatment with deep interest ever since its inception in London, in 1892, and had full confidence in its results.

The committee feel that the Keeley Treatment has now established a claim on the consideration of the public, and on the confidence of all interested in temperance reformation, which is justified by results. It is not too much to say of the six years' work in London, which is recorded, that "success has been the rule and failure has been the exception."

These results are rendered doubly valuable by the fact that they are based upon the direct personal words of patients, who are glad in most cases to come forward and bear testimony to the results of the treatment on themselves, or to do so by their letters, some of which are printed by their permission, after being verified by the chairman, Canon Fleming. It is now felt to be unnecessary, after six years' results, to add a detailed list of cases which, either by personal testimony or by letter, came before the committee in the present year, but they were more than sixty in number. Extracts from some of the letters received from patients unable to be present are added to this report.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

JAS. FLEMING, Chairman.

March, 1898.

Seventh Annual Report of the Standing Committee.

Seven has always been regarded as a complete number. The committee have now closely watched the results of the Keeley Treatment for seven consecutive years. In 1892 they approached the work simply as a Committee of Observation, to watch results with an unbiased mind, and to report them year by year.

They now give to the public their Seventh Report, and they are more than ever impressed with the success of the treatment.

Doctor Keeley has said: "I cannot give a man a moral will—the Creator does that; but if a man has not sinned away that moral will entirely, I can help him to say 'No'."

These words seem to the committee to be a key to results. The cases that are recovered are those in which some moral will is still left, those who still desire to stand up sober before God and man. In all such cases the cure is permanent. The "failures" can not be laid upon the treatment, but are the result of entire loss of moral will.

The committee sat an entire afternoon, March 13th, with the same happy results as on former years. A large number of recovered patients appeared before them, and others, whose letters are verified by the committee, wrote; and the confidence of the committee is stronger than ever in the Keeley Treatment. They think it worthy of the sympathy of all temperance reformers.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

JAMES FLEMING, Chairman.

April 20, 1899.

Eighth Annual Report of the Standing Committee.

On June 6th the eighth annual meeting of the standing committee was held at the Keeley Institute, 6 Grenville Place, S. W., Canon Fleming in the chair.

Each year of experience and results confirms the feeling of the committee that the Keeley Treatment deserves the confidence of all temperance reformers, for each year is a record of success in many fresh cases cured; and the number of those treated from three to six years ago who appeared before the committee in the best of health, continuing free from the least appetite for alcohol or morphia, is the best testimony the public can receive of the continuous success of the cure. At this meeting a large number of cases appeared before the committee bearing unanimous testimony to the absolute removal of all appetite for that which had previously proved their ruin.

After nearly nine years of careful observation and record of the work of the Keeley Institute in London, it is the unanimous feeling of the committee that the advantages of the Keeley Treatment should be more

widely known and appreciated, and that many more should avail themselves of its benefits.

The committee can not close this report without expressing their deep sense of the great loss sustained by the death of Doctor Keeley, and desire to convey to Mrs. Keeley their sincere sympathy, and their gratification in the information that the work of Doctor Keeley is to be carried on, with even more extended usefulness.

They consider that by the discovery of so marvelous a cure for alcohol and drug inebriety he was a benefactor of mankind.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

July, 1900.

JAMES FLEMING,
Chairman of the Committee.

Ninth Annual Report of the Standing Committee.

The most important meeting yet held by the Committee of Observation on the Keeley Treatment was held at the new Keeley Institute, 8 and 9 West Bolton Gardens, on the 3d of February, 1903, Canon Fleming in the chair.

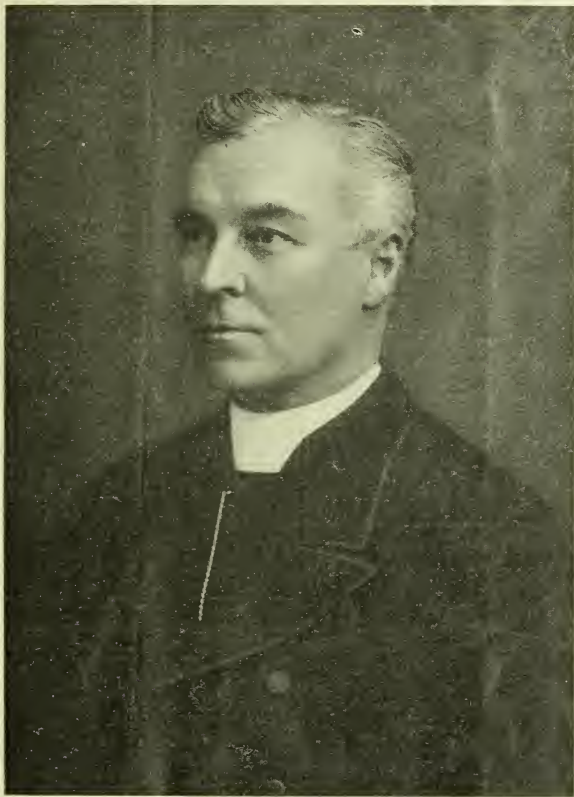
Our committee feel that the transference of the work

of patients who had taken the Keeley Cure from one to eleven years before, and now perfectly cured of either the drink or drug habit, and some of both.

The chairman then read a number of letters from patients, unable to be present, speaking of their cure and of their gratitude to the Keeley Treatment for their deliverance from the drink and drug habit.

The chairman, in concluding the business of the meeting, said, "how deeply interested all the committee present had been in the result of the day's testimonies from so many of varied age and occupation, but all restored to health and mental power, some of them carrying on more successfully their businesses than they had ever done before."

He hoped that all those who had appeared before the committee would by their example, and in every possible way, commend this treatment to others who needed similar help. He said he was himself more deeply impressed every year with the wonderful results of this treatment, where it received honest and fair trial. If a man came with no desire to be freed from his habit, it was likely that no good result would ensue.



REV. CANON FLEMING, B. D.

to the new houses is likely to prove a new development of its advantages to many patients.

A large number of patients who consented to appear before the committee were called and carefully examined, during a sitting of two hours.

Is it any wonder that a committee which for ten years has heard such histories as these, verified by the repeated appearances of the recovered patients at our annual meetings, and also by a large number of letters from the patients themselves or their nearest relations, should have strong faith in the cure for inebriety which Doctor Keeley discovered and should believe that it not only cures inebriety but restores will power, recovers the health, and rehabilitates manhood and womanhood. They recommend all who are interested in our efforts to solve the drink problem to apply for the reports and pamphlets issued by the Institute. They can vouch for the truth of all the cases in those reports, and they believe that all who approach the question, laying aside prejudice and guided by the unimpeachable evidence of results, will be convinced that Doctor Keeley's method is destined to prove every year a larger blessing to the community.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

February 3, 1903. JAMES FLEMING, Chairman.

Tenth Annual Meeting of the Standing Committee.

Held at 9 West Bolton Gardens, 11th May, 1904, the Rev. Canon Fleming, B. D., in the chair.

The committee sat three hours listening to the report

of patients who had taken the Keeley Cure from one to eleven years before, and now perfectly cured of either the drink or drug habit, and some of both. But if a man comes, desiring to stand up once more before God and man freed from his old habits, he believed that this treatment would enable him to say "No," and to exercise his moral will in the future in a way which he had never yet been able to do in the past.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

May 11, 1904. JAMES FLEMING, Chairman.

Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Standing Committee.

The eleventh annual meeting of the standing committee of the Keeley Institute was held at the Institute, 8 and 9 West Bolton Gardens, Old Brompton Road, S. W., on Monday, May 29, 1905, at 3 o'clock P. M. Rev. Canon James Fleming, B. D., in the chair.

Canon Fleming: I think the testimonies have been remarkable today. I am sure we have never had before us twenty cases equal to those we have had today. The word "absolutely" has come over and over again from the patients' own lips;—it is quite a record, and there have been so many ladies. It has been, without exception, the very best meeting we have ever had since the Institute was first established.

JAS. FLEMING, Honorary Chairman.

On Behalf of the Committee.

Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Standing Committee.

The twelfth annual meeting of the standing committee of the Keeley Institute was held at the Institute, 8 and 9 West Bolton Gardens, Old Brompton Road, S. W., on Thursday, May 23, 1906, at 3 o'clock P. M. Rev. Canon James Fleming, B. D., in the chair.

The committee sat for nearly four hours, as the number of cases that appeared before them were, without exception, of intense interest. In no year have more satisfactory and encouraging results come to light. Each year strengthens their confidence in the genuine permanence of the Keeley Treatment, where it is honestly undergone.

Opposition and prejudice are passing away, and the committee believe that the more widely this marvelous cure for drink and drugs becomes known to the public, the larger must be its benefits to the community.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

JAS. FLEMING, Honorary Chairman.

Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Standing Committee.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the standing committee of the Keeley Institute was held at the Institute, 8 and 9 West Bolton Gardens, Old Brompton Road, S. W., on Thursday, November 21, 1907.

Canon Fleming: I can not say more than I have said in the past, but no person could listen to the testimony we have heard today without being convinced of the efficacy of the Keeley Cure.

Each annual meeting not only increases the interest of the committee in the work, but their desire that the public should know that the cure is all that is claimed for it.

The many letters we have received and read are all full of that heartfelt thankfulness which comes spontaneously from those who have escaped a dire calamity, and in every sentence breathe hope and confidence in the future.

To receive such testimony and letters as these must, indeed, give zest and courage to those engaged in this meritorious work, and, we would add, their crowning reward.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

JAS. FLEMING, Honorary Chairman.
December, 1907.

Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Standing Committee.

For nearly sixteen years I have closely watched the results of the Keeley Treatment in England, and both my interest and my wonder grow, as case after case comes before our committee, with perfect recovery the rule, and lapsing again into old habits the exception.

The cases that have appeared before us at the late annual meeting are all "record successes." My confidence in the treatment is complete.

If man or woman really desires once more to stand up sober in the sight of God and man, I only court a fuller publicity of the Keeley Treatment.

I now feel after sixteen years of successful treatment of inebriety that every person of fair and unprejudiced mind is in its favor.

The many letters we have received and read today are of the strongest corroborative evidence we could have, all coming from cured patients who were unable to attend the meeting.

Signed on behalf of the committee,

JAMES FLEMING, Honorary Chairman.
June 18, 1908.

Will Take What Papa Takes.

The best way to cause a sober and upright nation to spring up in the next generation is to teach the evil effects of alcohol in the schools and the homes of the present day. It is a common custom among some classes of people to take liquor in small quantities on special occasions, such as on New Year's Day, when visiting, before or after meals, or as part of the social life. Children, at all times most observant, watch this handing round of the sparkling liquor, and notice that after taking it their friends and relations grow gay, are jolly and less restrained in their conversation. Noting these effects, the child argues "that it is good for me," and in a short time asks for it. The parent in whose home liquor is habitually kept could not have any sustaining force to back his statements to the child that the liquor is not good for him, and later the child would find out for himself just what this thing is.—Archbishop Bruchesi, Montreal.

Alcohol the Worst Poison in Whiskey.

Julius Hortvet, Minnesota's state chemist, has just completed an examination of a miscellaneous collection of liquors which have been sent in for analysis on the ground that they contained many adulterations more harmful than the alcohol itself. In his report, Mr. Hortvet declares that alcohol is without doubt the worst poison in whiskey, whether "pure" or "blended."

Art Department

EDITED BY MARY BADOLLET POWELL

PATIENCE.

BY ELIZABETH A. REED.

"Ye have need of patience."—Heb. X, 36.

YE have great need, O weary hand
When sunset's cloud shall flood the land
And find thy daily task undone
While evening shadows slowly come;
But rest is here and rest is thine.
It shall be light at evening time.

Ye have great need, O watchful eye
So often raised to One on high
Watching for light to rift the cloud
While earth is wrapt in earth's dark shroud,
Though tears shall fall like ceaseless rain
Thine eye shall brighten soon again.

Ye have great need, O weary feet
Whose restless fevered pulses beat
O'er thorny path and rocky height
In noon tide's heat or starless night;
But on the crystal river's shore
Is peace and rest forever more.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait for Him,"
Though days be dark and hope be dim
Through martyr fires with naked feet
Be loyal still while heart shall beat
For hope and promise both are thine,
It shall be light at evening time.

WHAT CHRISTMAS REALLY MEANS.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON AND REV. JENKIN LLOYD JONES—
A HELPFUL AND BEAUTIFUL SERMON.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS! Merry Christmas!"
Once more the whole earth resounds with these happy words. Once more the whole world is encircled with love as we celebrate the coming of the "King of Love"—The Christ-Child.

How fast the milestones roll along! Before we have thought it time to begin doing the things we resolve to do each New Year, the year has gotten behind us, and the good deeds and loving thoughts have gone unperformed and unexpressed.

Another year with its opportunities and losses, its growths and its failures, its happinesses and its griefs, has passed over our heads, and we stand, many of us, with bowed heads and aching hearts over our misspent opportunities for speaking "the good word" as we have passed each other in our busy lives.

So, as we now sing out the season's greeting and show our love for our friends in some simple, thoughtful manner, let us resolve once more to try to order our lives more after the pattern of the One whose

name is Jesus Christ.

At Christmas time; I like the bustle

and the hurry when you enter the room un-

expectedly; the private consultations of the several

members of a family that you are likely to inter-

rupt, and, above all, I like the homecomings and the

"family dinner." But it must all be done in love, in

joy and gratitude, or the true significance of the time

is utterly lost sight of. Unless every act and gift is

the expression of love, the day has lost its meaning

and become, instead of a happy, joyous one, a burden

both physically and financially.

Doubtless it was from knowledge of the prevalence

of the *wrong* sort of celebration that the idea was born

out of which grew a book of which I am going to tell

you today instead of our regular Madonna Christmas

story. The idea sprang from the fertile brain of

John T. McCutcheon, took body in one of his cartoons

in the Chicago Tribune, and matured into a sermon,

preached by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his pulpit

in All Souls Church, December, 1907, one year after its

appearance in the newspaper. Mr. Jones frequently

refers to the eminent cartoonist as "Chicago's greatest

preacher," so highly does he estimate the work of Mr.

McCutcheon, and specially when his pencil touches on

any question of morality or principle.

The cartoon represented a little boy seated, "boy

fashion" on his mother's lap; for the first time in all

her little son's life, perhaps, the mother had felt her

responsibility toward him and had asked him the ques-

tion, "Do you know what Christmas really means,

dear?" The child answered according to his knowl-

edge, which, alas, had been of the sort of Christmas

observances that the world is now too full of: "We

have lots of good things to eat, and papa says how much

money it costs him, and you get all worried and tired

out shopping." And then the mother begins to instruct

her little son and tells him of the birth of the little

boy a long time ago, "ever so poor, and He—"

And there is where the cartoon-preacher left off, and

the preaching-pracher began, and made such a beau-

tiful, helpful sermon that many of his hearers sur-

rounded the pulpit at the close of the service to beg

that the sermon be put into permanent form for dis-

tribution. No promise could then be exacted, but as

the clamors became more insistent, with the consent

"and the blessing" of the cartoonist for the use of his

share of the idea, the book came into being and makes one

of the most beautiful, simple and appropriate gifts for

either young or old that one could wish. It is in green

board cover, with colored reproduction of original car-

toon, illuminated title page and initial letter. It con-

sists of but twenty-two pages, with ornamented border

in green, but in these twenty-two pages of conversation

between mother and child the REAL story of the

Christ-Child is so beautifully woven that "Christmas"

forevermore takes on a new meaning. The exquisite

little book is published by the Unity Publishing Com-

pany, at Lincoln Centre, Chicago, and the price is but

fifty cents.

The following is the story in part:

Let me try to finish the story which John T. Mc-

Cutcheon has so cleverly introduced by his winsome

picture of a young mother, the "new woman" in the

best sense of the word. This mother, touched with the

refinement, the culture, and the conscience of today,

looks into the eyes of her child after the excitement

of the Christmas festival is over, with the strain of the

bargaining, the perplexities of the Christmas-tree de-

corations, the dangers of the illumination, and the pain-

ful recollections of the Christmas misfits, omissions and

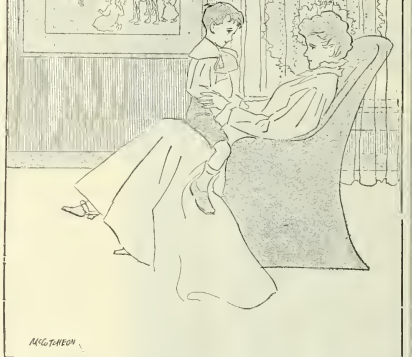
unconscious neglects.

The artist, as you see, leaves the story untold, his

dash passing it over to the imagination of the reader.

Perhaps it is better so, but the preacher, with a more

reckless hand, will try to fill out the blank.



"Do you know what Christmas really means, dear?"

"O, yes, mamma. That's when Santa comes, and we all get

lots of presents."

"Is that all it means?"

"Why, no. We all have lots of good things to eat, and papa

says how much money it cost him, and you get all worried and

tired out shopping."

"Doesn't it mean something more than that?"

"O, yes. We don't have to go to school, or nothing, and

brother comes home and goes to all the dances and everything."

"Listen, dear, and I'll tell you what Christmas really means.

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there was a little

boy, O, ever so poor, and He—"

"worked in his father's carpenter shop and helped his

mother feed, clothe and care for several little brothers

and sisters younger than he was, until he grew to be a

man, a loving, earnest man, who liked to help others.

He attended the sick; he thought of the poor; he was

kind to the neglected and forlorn; he befriended even

the wicked, and he gathered around him some common

people, mostly fishermen, because he lived near a beau-

tiful lake, and they went about from place to place

teaching people to be kind and true, persuading them

not to be angry with one another or to be cruel to any

living thing.

"At first people loved him much and followed him

from place to place; they loved to hear him teach.

But after a while, some of the people who were proud

and wealthy and very 'strict' and 'proper,' you know,

those who thought their church was the only church,

began to find fault with him. Then the office-holders

became jealous of his popularity, afraid he would teach

people to be too independent, to care more for their

rights and their liberty than for their rulers and their

regulations. So they made trouble; they stirred up a

feeling against him and finally they arrested him and,

good man as he was, they found him guilty of some-
thing or other and they put him to death cruelly by
nailing him to a cross. But because he taught kind-

ness, because he loved everybody, because he was a

friend of the poor, and because he trusted in God, for-

gave his enemies and prayed even for those who put

him to death, those who knew and loved him when

alive loved him the more after he was gone. Now they

understood him the better, and they believed more than

ever in his teachings and in him, and they went around

telling people about him. After a while they wrote

down what they could remember of his sayings, and

the story of his many good deeds got abroad, and his

power spread from one country to another, until now,

all over the world, his name is honored, his lessons are

taught, good men and good women try to practice his

precepts and to follow his example, and once in a year

we celebrate his birthday. And this is what Christmas

really is, my child."

"Tell me some more, mamma! Where, when, and

whom did he teach?"

"Tomorrow I will show you in the geography a coun-

try that lies away off on the other side of the globe, in

Asia; a little country not bigger than New Hampshire;

we call it Palestine. It was the old home of the Jewish

people; the people whose story is told in the Bible

where I read the stories that I tell you about the

prophets and the priests. In this book I find the sto-

ries that you like so much about Ruth and Esther and

Daniel and Jonah. Here I find the verses I teach you,

the hymns and psalms Grandma likes to read, and the

great speeches of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and other great

preachers that Grandma likes to talk about.

"This little boy was born about nineteen hundred

years ago in a Jewish home away up in the north

country in a very small town, ten or twelve miles from

a beautiful lake around which were clustered some fish-

ing villages and perhaps one or two military camps

where there were some Roman soldiers and where

Roman officers and tax-collectors lived. * * *

"Tell me some more, mamma! What did this little

boy teach when he grew up?"

"I cannot tell you everything he taught. There are

many things we should like to know that we never can

know because up there in the back country there were

no scholars to write down what he said, no newspapers

to report his addresses, no books and no libraries. You

know it was very long ago and very far away, and that

country since then has been over-run by many soldiers

and devastated by war and famine, and different races

have followed one another. But we are sure he loved

to teach about God as a father rather than as a cruel

king, a good God who loved everybody because he was

the father of everybody, even of those who did not

talk the same language or worship in the same way;

the rich and the poor, the bad and the good, he thought

were all brothers and sisters. And then of course he

taught that such a God was not only to be worshiped

in the church, but everywhere. This teacher loved the

great out-of-doors; he was very fond of birds and

flowers, and he liked best to preach by telling stories.

The lilies that grew by the lakeside, the sparrows that

hopped along the roadside, the man in the field sowing

seed, the woman making bread, the shepherd taking care

of his sheep, the woman sweeping her house, all these

he put into little stories that made easy sermons so

that the common people, the working men and women,

understood them, and children loved him and his stories.

"Perhaps the thing that made this teacher most unlike

other great teachers we know about, was the way he

loved little children. One time in the crowd and crush,

mothers wanted to bring their little boys and girls to

him that he might speak to them. But his disciples

said, 'Go away, he is too busy.' But he overheard them

and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and

forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

He was fond of taking little children in his arms and

blessing them, and once it is said he took a little boy

and put him in the midst of grown-up men and said,

'Verily I say unto you, unless you become as one of

these little ones you may not enter the kingdom of

heaven.'"

"Tell me some more, mamma! What did he mean

by the kingdom of heaven?"

"That is one of the things he is very fond of talking

about. It is hard for the preachers to agree on just

what he meant by the kingdom of heaven. Sometimes

our ministers preach a very long, learned sermon about

it. But it seems to me that the kingdom of heaven is

just the life of good will and kindness, when people

do the right and are not only fair and kind to one

another, but are helpful to one another, and when they

all work together for the common good.

"The great law of the kingdom is what we call the

Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them

do unto you.' * * *

"Tell me some more, mamma! If this man was so

good, why did they kill him?"

"Because he was too great to be understood; he was

Sunday-school. These prove that he must have been a very beautiful man. Do you not think so? So beautiful that for nearly two thousand years men have called these life stories, of which we have four in the New Testament, Gospels—a word which means 'Good News.' So beautiful that the artists have never been able to paint a face that is great enough and strong enough to satisfy his friends.

"And then, we know that although he lived so long ago, men and women for nineteen hundred years have been growing more and more fond of his story and of his sayings. They have made thousands and thousands of people kind; they have made nations more helpful; they have inspired people to take care of the sick and the orphans; to be merciful to dogs and horses; to build beautiful schools in which to teach the right, beautiful churches in which to worship the Father,—God,—he talked of."

"Tell me some more, mamma! What was his name, and who were his father and mother?"

"His name was Jesus; his father's name was Joseph, the carpenter, and his mother's name was Mary. But after he was dead and people began to honor him and to think of his wonderful story and all that he did, they called him 'The Christ,' which means the king's anointed, the specially chosen teacher and messenger; they called his followers 'Christians,' that is, followers of Christ, and they called his birthday festival 'Christmas,' that is Christ-mass, the Christ Thanksgiving."

"Tell me some more, mamma! Why don't we all go together if we want to do as Jesus did?"

"I cannot explain that to you, my child. Some day I think we shall. Perhaps when you grow to be a man you will help people to see how much better it is for men and women to go together than it is to stay apart; and how many beautiful things they might do together, and how much happier we should all be if we helped one another; if instead of trying to get ahead of one another we tried to help the hindmost to keep up with us. Perhaps you will do something of that kind when you grow up. Would you like to be a minister, to preach about these stories of the good carpenter of Galilee, perhaps find other stories and make some of your own, and teach little children to be kind and to say beautiful prayers that would help them to be gentle and true?"

"Yes, mamma, I think I would like to be a minister of that kind, but if I do that I'm afraid I can't have a lot of money, a big farm, lots of horses and a great big red automobile. Aunt Mary told how they gave their minister a 'donation party' because he was so poor. I think I would like better to earn my own living; wouldn't you rather have me?"

"Well, perhaps so. When you grow older we will talk more about it. But one thing I am sure of, my little boy, a lot of money will not necessarily make you either very happy or very useful. Many people who have big farms and lots of horses and automobiles are not much beloved while alive and will soon be forgotten when dead, while the good carpenter, of whom the book says 'He had not where to lay his head,' has his birthday celebrated with a Christmas holiday all around the world, although it is over nineteen hundred years since he was born. He said, 'Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God; Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' I am sure there is something finer to live for than money, farms and horses. But I would like to have you think about it at Christmas time.

"But now I must put you to bed, for it is past your bed time. How long we have talked about this dear little boy who grew up to be great and good so long, long ago!"

"Yes, mamma, but I'm not a bit tired. This is the best Christmas story you ever told me; I like this good man better than Santa Claus!"

"My dear child, he is Santa Claus. He has been the really truly Santa Claus to millions and millions of little children. He has helped many times to make many people very, very happy, and, what is perhaps still better, he has made many people sorry for other people's troubles. He has made many hearts kind. Perhaps even little boys like you are big enough to understand that it is better to be pitiful than joyful; that it is better to want to help than to want to get things; or, as he is reported to have said, 'It is better to give than to receive.'"

"Mamma, why don't you give some of my playthings to Billy? I have so many and he has hardly anything at all!"

"Perhaps you would like to give him some of your old ones."

"But would that be very nice? He is a nice boy, just as nice as I am, and helps his mother ever so much. Why should I have new toys and he the old ones?"

"I do not know, my child; we will think about it, will we not, and perhaps next Christmas we will do it differently?"

"But, mamma, must I wait until next Christmas before you tell me some more stories about this good man? Why didn't you tell me some of these stories before?"

"I do not know, my child. I am afraid I am not good enough to have such a nice little boy as you are."

"Yes, yes, you are; you are just as nice as Jesus, every bit."

"No, my dear, but I really will try harder than ever to be good, like Jesus. I am going to try to be a wiser mother to you, and I will try to talk to you more about these things. Perhaps I thought you were not quite old enough to understand about them yet, and perhaps I was ashamed to talk to you about so good a man because I have been so selfish myself, so careless about teaching you of these beautiful things. I have studied them too little myself and so neglected to do the right things that I ought and could have done."

"O mamma, don't cry! I think you are awful good."

But I can understand; this is not nearly so hard as some of the lessons I have to get in school. Will you tell me some more about him?"

"Yes, my child, but before I can tell you much more I must study and think more about these things myself; papa and I must talk about them more, and perhaps we will go to church a little more regularly, for perhaps that will help us to feel as well as to understand the great stories and the noble life. At any rate, we must all of us, papa and I and your big brother and little sister, try to be less selfish, and proud and anxious to get ahead of others; and be more willing to help, more ready to divide with others; more kind, quiet, gentle, strong and simple children of our heavenly Father, like the good carpenter who, as the books says, 'went about doing good.' But now, my dear little boy, you must kiss me good-night and go to bed."

That night the little boy in his dreams not only shared his toys with Billy but mingled his tears with those of the beggar child on the street. And the "new woman," the "modern mother," whose life was touched with refinement, the bright college graduate, the happy wife, the traveled lady, the favored and popular leader, the busy woman of society, lay awake a long while pondering over the Christmas mystery, brooding over the story of the Galilean carpenter, the story which never before unfolded itself in such subtle convincing, persuasive fashion; never before did she realize such a personal, immediate meaning to the strangely beautiful old text, "A little child shall lead them."

At last a great peace, like that of the Master's, the peace that delights in closet worship, the peace that seeks the solitudes of nature and the still profounder solitudes of the soul, which says, "Why of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" crept over her and she fell asleep, and as she slept she smiled and murmured in her sleep, "Yes, my boy, we will do it differently next Christmas; yes, we will!"

DOING HIS BEST.

I somehow seems little enough when you say

That a fellow "Is doing his best."

It means that he toils and he hopes day by day

That Heaven will attend to the rest.

He is jostled aside by the hurrying crowd,

Unthought by the lonely, forgot by the proud,

He earns what he gets, and no more is allowed

To the fellow who's "doing his best."

But whenever a crisis arises, we look

To the man who is doing his best.

The prince with his splendor, the sage with his book,

Full oft fail to answer the test.

And when there's a home or a country to serve,

We turn to the man with the heart and the nerve,

The man whom adversity's touch could not swerve,

The man who kept doing his best.

—Washington Star.

HOGARTH AND CHURCHILL.

BY THE LATE JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

IN the Georgian period of our literary history no names are found more intimately associated than those of John Wilkes, Charles Churchill and William Hogarth. For years they were warm personal friends, and then they became bitter enemies.

Few poets have achieved a greater contemporary fame than Churchill. He was a satirist, feared as few poets have been, but his verses are now hopelessly forgotten. Twenty years after Churchill's death, Cowper wrote: "It is a great thing to be indeed a poet, and does not happen to more than one man in a century. Churchill, the great Churchill, deserved the name of poet. I have read him twice, and some of his pieces three times over, and the last time with more pleasure than the first." But no one reads him even once now, except as students. And yet it is in the pages of the satirist that we find a portrayal of the customs and manners of a people such as historians do not always succeed in giving, and for that reason, if for no other, Churchill's poems will always have a place in literature. Hogarth's pencil and Churchill's pen give us views of English life that we elsewhere search for in vain.

Churchill was born in 1731, and was educated at Westminster school, where he had for schoolfellows William Cowper, Warren Hastings, Richard Cumberland and George Colman. Without respect to his fitness, he was intended for the church, as he says in "The Author":

"Born to the church, and for gown decreed
Ere it was known that he should learn to read."

Certainly no one ever entered holy orders with fewer qualifications than Charles Churchill. To add to his difficulties he contracted a clandestine marriage when he was eighteen, a misstep in life from which he never recovered. At twenty-one he was given a small curacy, the pitiful income of which he endeavored to eke out in various ways, without much success. After struggling in this way for a number of years, unhappy in his domestic life and dissipated in his habits, he went to London, intending to follow literature as a profession. He offered several poems to the booksellers without success, and then in desperation published "The Rosciad" at his own expense. This is a satire on the

actors of the day, all of whom, except Garrick and Quin, were unsparingly ridiculed. The poem met with immense success, and the satirized actors threatened the author with personal violence, but when they saw the man they changed their minds. In one of his poems Churchill describes his personal appearance as follows:

"Vast were his bones his muscles twisted strong.

His face was short, but broader than 'twas long.

His arms were two twin oaks; his legs so stout

That they might bear a mansion house about;

Nor were they, look but at his body there,

Designed by fate a much less weight to bear."

His next poem was "The Apology," and was a reply to his critics, Smollett particularly receiving a tremendous castigation.

These poems brought him both reputation and money, his first success in life. He gave up his profession, which he despised, and separated from his wife, whom he hated, though he made adequate provision for her maintenance. He became a man of fashion and a boon companion of Wilkes, then noted as one of the most dissolute men of the time. He was a member of parliament and a radical. When George III. succeeded to the throne, Wilkes opposed the ministry of Lord Bute, and started a newspaper, *The North Briton*, that became famous for the audacity of its attacks on the king and the government. Churchill joined with Wilkes in writing for the new paper, and his powerful satires contributed greatly to its success. Wilkes was arrested for libel, fined and imprisoned and expelled from the house of commons. As often as he was expelled the people re-elected him and subscribed large sums of money to assist him. He was elected an alderman of the city, then sheriff and finally lord mayor. The warfare raged for years and Wilkes was finally successful though Churchill did not live to see the end.

Among those who supported the king were Hogarth and Johnson. Wilkes endeavored to obtain Hogarth's aid, but the latter declared for the ministry, and published his well known caricature in which Pitt, Temple, Wilkes and Churchill are shown as incendiaries, while Lord Bute is endeavoring to put out the flames. Thereupon a bitter attack upon the artist appeared in *The North Briton*, written by Wilkes. The artist's retort was the most famous of his caricatures in which Wilkes is represented as sitting in a chair with a mountebank's grin on his face, twirling the cap of liberty (a fool's cap) on the end of a stick. Wilkes had probably the ugliest features ever possessed by a human being. His forehead was low and short, his nose shorter and lower, his upper lip long and projecting and his eyes sunken and crossed. Hogarth could not exaggerate these, but he drew the likeness so faithfully that it set all London in a roar. Churchill responded with his "Epistle to William Hogarth," the most savage and slashing of his satires. To this Hogarth rejoined with a print entitled "The Bruiser C. Churchill (once the reverend), in the character of a Russian Hercules regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricatura that so severely galled his virtuous friend, the heaven-born Wilkes." The poet is delineated as a bear with torn clerical bands and ruffles, hugging a knotted club and drinking a pot of porter.

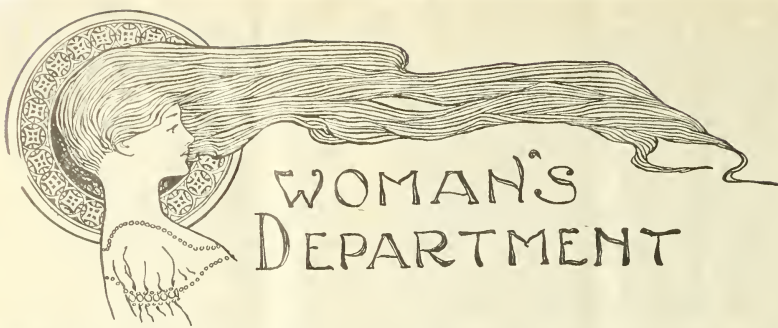
Churchill attacked Johnson also in a poem called "The Ghost," in which Johnson as Pomposo is ridiculed for his credulity in the Cock Lane ghost affair.

Neither Hogarth nor Churchill lived to continue the battle. They both died in 1765, the latter being in his thirty-fourth year.

Despite his homeliness Wilkes was one of the most agreeable of men. All who ever came in contact with him have but one report to make of his cultivated and fascinating manners. He lived to become reconciled to all his political enemies, even George III. himself. The story of his dining in company with Doctor Johnson is one of the most delightful in Boswell's book, but it must be read in its original setting to be thoroughly enjoyed. It was Boswell's crowning triumph to bring these two old enemies together, and his report of it is one of his best performances. Johnson wrote a good humored letter to Mrs. Thrale about it. He says: "For my part I begin to settle and keep company with grave aldermen. I dined yesterday with Alderman Wilkes and Alderman Lee, and Counsellor Lee, his brother. There you sat the while thinking 'What is Johnson doing?' What should he be doing? He is breaking jokes with Jack Wilkes upon the Scotch. Such, madame, are the vicissitudes of things."

Johnson and Wilkes remained on friendly terms and met several times afterwards, and Johnson often spoke of his former enemy with kindness.

Hogarth's pencil has left a more enduring record of that time than Churchill's pen. He has left a gallery of pictures that will point a moral while the world stands.



Written for THE BANNER OF GOLD.

GOD'S SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

JOB XXXV, 10.

'TIS easy to sing when the sun is shining
When the heart beats high with joy;
To give sweet voice to the spirit's gladness
Is surely a blest employ.
But sing when sorrow and woe oppress thee,
For Christ will thy burdens bear;
And sing when thy heart overflows with rapture,
That others thy joy may share.

Sing, sing when the clouds hang darkly o'er thee,
When grief rends thy stricken soul;
Sing even when passing through deepest waters,
Whose billows o'erwhelm thy roll.
Aye, sing in the sunshine and sing in shadow,
For thy God giveth thee a song!
Though here thou sing in the night time lonely,
Heaven's day shall be glad and long.

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS.

AT this season of the year self-sacrifice is easy and generosity holds high carnival. Christmas is coming and the happiness of others is the chief consideration. The millionaire, whose gifts to his petted darlings would furnish food for hundreds of starving wretches, and the day laborer, whose little ones are jubilant over the painted dolls and penny whistles which represent weeks of hard savings; the woman of wealth whose exquisite taste finds expression in costly gifts, and the poor mother, who filches from her hours of sleep that she may eke out the modest presents for her loved ones, are all actuated by the same purpose, the desire to bestow happiness. The spirit of good cheer is everywhere, and every one is swayed by its softening influence.

The worth of a gift cannot be measured by its cost. Its true value lies in the loving thought it expresses. At the same time it is a good plan to take one's selections with judgment to the end that they may not appear ludicrous through incongruity. The pretty waitress, who hoped that her friends would be "shy" on gold pencils, as she already had a fine collection that she never used, and the young man with the misfit slippers might be pardoned some friendly criticism.

Well meaning individuals sometimes ruin the day for those they wish to make happy by giving them useless presents, when the same money would have paid for just what they wanted. Where the income is small there is always something that is needed and cannot be afforded, and the coveted article has a double value if received at Christmas.

There is a bit of humor in the plan adopted by a couple of sisters who for several years have made a practice of swapping a couple of ten-dollar bills and calling it a Christmas present. When some one suggested that they might as well spend the money at first hand, they defended their position by saying that they spent their own money for necessities, but the money that came as a present they used for things they wanted and couldn't afford.

Many people make a burden of Christmas by trying to do more than they are able, either financially or physically. Such practices are unfair to both giver and recipient. Whenever Christmas giving is allowed to become a hardship it ceases to be a symbol of peace and good will, and degenerates into a mere question of barter and trade. To fulfill its glorious mission Christmas must be a day of loving consideration for others, and every plan for its coming must be an expression of hearty good will.

While we are remembering our family and our

friends with Christmas tokens it is a good time to think of the needy ones in this great world. Many people solace their consciences with assurances of the things they would do if they were rich, and miss the little philanthropies that are within their reach.

The average individual has wider resources than he realizes. It is not necessary to have wealth to set the joy bells ringing in some less favored home. The usual woman in moderate circumstances has enough clothing stored away to make the hearts of several needy ones glad for a whole winter.

The thrifty housewife has a superstitious dread of throwing away anything that might some time be useful, and trunks and attics are stored with cast-off garments. There is warmth and comfort for those who are too poor to buy in that discarded clothing. Let them have it. Give away every garment that is not in actual use. It may seem like extravagance, but it is the kind of extravagance that pays big dividends in the knowledge that some one is benefited.

When your wardrobe is sifted of superfluities, go through your books. You will find stories that have served their purpose of recreation and diversion. They are not the standard books that help to make a valuable library. They gave you some pleasant evenings when they were new, but you will not read them again. Give them away. They have fulfilled their mission in your life; pass them along to bring sunshine into homes where a new book is a luxury.

Then there are the magazines that you have stored away—shelf after shelf loaded with them. They all contain some special article that you liked; but you could not recall the subjects of those special articles if you should try. You haven't time to keep up with the current magazines, much less to hunt through dusty old files. And you never will have time for them; for every day will bring new duties and new reading matter.

But there are many homes where there are no new magazines—homes where bright boys and girls are eager for the periodicals that they cannot afford to buy. Look over your old magazines. Sort them out and give them in appropriate parcels where they are best adapted.

Do all these things before Christmas. They will brighten the day in many homes and bring joy to many hearts.

CHICAGO WOMAN'S KEELEY LEAGUE.

THE Chicago Woman's Keeley Rescue League held its annual meeting, Tuesday, November 3. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. William Dye; vice-president, Mrs. Edward H. Scanlan; secretary, Mrs. C. H. Mason; treasurer, Mrs. F. H. Thomas.

The annual reports were most encouraging, and showed that those who have been assisted during the past year have proved to be worthy and are making excellent progress in their respective lines of work. The treasurer's report showed the league to be in good financial condition, and plans for the new year were discussed.

For the information of those who do not understand the work of the league, it should be stated that the Woman's Keeley Rescue League is an organization which has for its sole object the curing of inebriates or drug users. Some of its members have never experienced any of the sorrow that comes through drink, and some have known the blessings that come through the Keeley Cure in their own homes. But all recognize the need of some practical means to help those who are trying to conquer an overmastering addiction. When a

man realizes that he needs the Keeley Cure it often happens that he has no money to pay for it. It was to reach such cases that the league was organized. If an applicant is found worthy, money is loaned to him to pay for his treatment, and he is allowed to pay it back in small installments, after he returns from Dwight. The league is not, however, connected with any Keeley Institute, and its members receive no salary. It is simply their method of doing temperance work. And they believe in it because it brings satisfactory results.

Any one desiring further information should apply to the president, Mrs. William Dye, 253 Jackson Park Terrace, or to the treasurer, Mrs. F. H. Thomas, 62 Woodland Park.

NEEDLESS WORRY.

IT is true that work rarely kills but unnecessary worry. Care and thought are one thing and must be in most lives, but crossing bridges before one comes to them or any other form of unnecessary worry is what saps the life and vitality of so many, and sometimes injures health permanently.

A strong will, mental self-control, and cultivating a certain amount of optimism are the best means for overcoming the worry that breaks people down if it does not actually kill. The people in this world, although they are few, blessed with great self-control, ability to learn by watching the lives of others, and benefit by good advice are not apt to worry too much.

Common sense and a just view of life in general teaches every man and woman possessed of intelligence the utter folly of brooding and worry, especially over wrongs, fancied or real.

There are certain general conditions which are apt to enter into every life more or less.

Many people are not as strong or able as they would like to be, others have not had as much money as fate might have allowed them, or as great educational advantages. Fault finding and worry are sometimes closely allied.

Why not take the mind and body and do the best that each one can? Let it go at that, trying to cultivate the philosophy and calm which do not interfere at all with good work.—Boston Ideas.

"THE DESTROYER."

"THE Destroyer," a recent book by Henry Knott, forms a valuable addition to temperance literature, and should find many advocates among parents who are striving to teach their children that total abstinence is the only safe course for the young man or woman who hopes to make any advancement in life.

The book is clean and wholesome, but it shows the dangers of the social glass and portrays the awful destruction and the unspeakable anguish that drink brings to its victims. It tells the story of a young man of superior attainments and fine personal endowments, whose early life gave promise of great usefulness, but whose career was ruined and his hopes blasted by strong drink.

John Watson was the son of well-to-do parents, of sterling principle, and his home training was along strict lines of sobriety that were his rule of action throughout his years in college, and, had his business life begun under different influences he doubtless would have realized the ambitions of his youth in usefulness and prosperity.

He secured a position as draftsman in the construction department of a large establishment, where he made rapid progress and where there were many opportunities for achievement; but he became associated with a young man whose friendship proved to be most disastrous for him. Through his influence young Watson began to experiment with strong drink, quieting his conscience by the fool's argument that he supposed he ought to know what effect it produced in order to be a good judge for the future. But unfortunately John Watson was one of those men who are peculiarly susceptible to the poison of alcohol. There was no half-way course for him. Although he made many efforts and at times was able to resist the craving for months, he was sure to fall again.

His mother grieved over his downfall, but she tried to shield him from blame. He married a beautiful girl, and for a time it seemed as if his reformation had been accomplished. But the respite was brief. *Facilis descensus Averno*. The story covers a period of only a few years, but in those years John Watson passed from a position of honor and trust to a murderer's cell, and brought ruin and desolation to all who were dear to him.

It is a vivid picture of the devastation and misery

caused by drink. It should be read by every one who is interested in safeguarding the young. [Published by W. R. Vansant & Co., 121-127 Plymouth place, Chicago. Price 75 cents.]

OVER A GLASS OF WINE.

THE MESSAGE.

THEY had been introduced, of course, but he spoke to her first at dinner.

"May I pour you a little wine?" he asked.

"Thank you," she said, simply, "a little claret. I drink only claret."

"You don't care for the sweet wines?"

"I don't think I really care for any wine, but this is what we drink at home. You did not pour any for yourself," she added, a moment later.

He smiled.

"It would be for the first time in my life if I had." "How strange!" She looked at him point-blank with a pair of clear and very kind blue eyes. "Have you scruples? Do you think it is wrong?"

"Well"—he drew a long breath—"hardly. Yet for me it would be wrong."

The color deepened on her cheek a little. He saw her check back a word from her lips, and the shadow that swept over her face was sweeter than any brightness. But he could not appropriate her unmerited sympathy.

"No—no," he declared, laughing slightly. "It is not at all a temptation to me. I have never known the taste of any sort of liquor. I think I have a great advantage against fate in this, and—I mean to keep it."

"Then you are afraid, after all?"

"Sometimes we recognize danger though we do not fear it."

"If it be danger, you must fear it. You do, or you would not take precautions."

He looked down and met her earnest glance. She was forgetting her dinner.

"If you were not afraid," she went on, impulsively, "wine would seem to you as harmless as water. It is because you have a fear that you will not touch it."

He was at a loss just there.

It was difficult to meet her candor without a touch of seeming discourtesy. "Suppose I drink to your better courage," she said. A roguish dimple showed itself. "The deadly cup has no terror for me."

He raised his crystal goblet and drank to her in sparkling water, saying gently, "But of my cup no one need be afraid."

There was a pause. She had not lifted the wine to her lips.

A servant came to remove the course, and some one spoke to her across the table. When he could claim her attention again he was ready with a bright remark about the beauty of some roses in a vase near them.

"Yes—so pretty—pretty," she said vaguely, and then, with promise in her tone: "We had not exhausted our topic, I think. May I ask—is it your conviction that liquor should not be used in any form?"

"You are unmerciful," he deprecated. "Think how ungracious it would seem to object to anything under such surroundings."

"Never mind about being complimentary," she replied gravely. "I am trying to reflect—to decide. I have never before given one serious thought to this question of temperance. The people I live among—and they are all upright, intelligent and refined—regard the moderate use of liquor as indispensable. Surely you must admit that there are thousands and thousands who are not in any way injured by its use."

"I know," he said, quickly, "but there are millions and millions—the jails will tell you—the hospitals—"

He stopped abruptly.

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "yes. But why not take the good and avoid the evil? We need not become drunkards because we use liquor."

He met the appeal of her earnest eyes with a look as earnest.

"Since you desire it," he answered steadily, "let me say one word, and then, I think I will say no more. If you never touch liquor you not only need not, you cannot become a drunkard. But if it once cross your lips the first step is made."

There was a long silence between them. The rest of the guests went on talking gaily. Presently she spoke, but so low that he had to bend his ear to listen.

"You have given me a wonderful message," she said. She set aside her glass of wine, and in the simple act he knew there was consecration.—Ladies' Home Journal.

"You may try to do many a day's worry, but you can only do one day's work at a time."

THINGS YOU LEAVE UNDONE.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear;
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which everyone may find—
They come in night and silence—
Each child, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great;
So suffer our great compassion
That tarries until too late:
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Philadelphia Enquirer.

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

BY HELEN HALE.

THE life of Miss Anna Ballard, singer, journalist, traveler, and scholar, whose eighth birthday the Woman's Press Association of Chicago has just celebrated, is remarkable for its ambitions and accomplishments. The story of a woman who says, after four score years of hard work and wonderful experience, "I shall never grow old, I am eternally young," ought to be an inspiration to all women. It is just one more case of "aspiring, for the marble waiteth."

Anna Ballard's dream of doing "big" things in this world began when she was just a young girl attending Dr. David Nelson's Mission Institute near her father's home at Quincy, Ill. In his day Dr. Nelson was a unique character. His aim was to evangelize the whole world by educating missionaries, and during the rather short existence of his school he succeeded in qualifying a number of students for the mission field, among them being John Rankin, Henry Platt, John Rendell and the Rev. E. T. Doane. But Quincy was only a country town and the mission had its limitations, so the restless spirit of the girl began to clamor for "more knowledge," "more life." In her throat was a voice which longed to sing better, and yet better, and the only way to give it a chance was to go to Boston and study. Boston was then believed to be the intellectual center of the country and the best of all good things came from its midst. Working diligently at her music, and paying her way by church and hall engagements, she still found time to hear the great men of that day. The brilliant eloquence of Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison and Charles Sumner sank into her very soul, and through their influence she was stimulated to wider reading and study, thus laying the foundation of a literary career. As her whole life shows, she did not believe in developing but the one talent. She reached far out for every good gift, and was sure of her right to have them all. Still following her career as a singer she joined an Italian opera company, managed by Patti's brother, and traveled with them through the United States and South America. It was her privilege to lift the little Adelina Patti off the table when she sang her first song in public. As second donna in Emma Abbott's company, she saw that noted singer go over one part forty times at a rehearsal. With Charlotte Cushman and Clara Louise Kellogg, she had many delightful hours, enjoying their mental accomplishments fully as well as their musical ability.

For three years Miss Ballard taught music at Vassar College. Of course, this famous school was rather different then from what it is now. Parents were just beginning to appreciate the higher education of women and felt a little timid about sending their daughters away from home, so no matter how learned the young woman, a teacher had always to accompany her on a trip to Poughkeepsie if it was only to buy a spool of thread. There was also the regular lecture on "Etiquette," and other boarding school ideas, which, carried out, would make the modern college girl throw up her hands in horror. At Vassar Miss Ballard en-

joyed an intimate friendship with the great astronomer, Maria Mitchell, who it seems did not always live among the clouds, but came down often enough to give delightful little tea parties in the observatory and do exquisite needle work, of which she was very fond. One of Miss Ballard's vocal pupils was a daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and later, in New York, she saw much of this noted woman lecturer, and her companions in the Woman's Suffrage Movement, Susan B. Anthony, Lillie Devereaux Blake and others.

In spite of the delightful atmosphere of culture at Vassar, Miss Ballard longed for a wider sphere, and it was through the institution's president that she received a letter to Joseph Howard, who has just passed away, who was then managing editor of the New York Star. Howard sent her to the "Sun," managed by Charles Dana, and she then became the first all around woman reporter in the great metropolitan city. Journalism has never been very easy work for women; it is fascinating, absorbing and exciting, but it is a self-sinking occupation, with small financial returns, and is peculiarly hard on the physical strength of the so-called "weaker sex." In those days the Sun was considered the most difficult of all the New York papers to write on. It was small, with limited space, and every paragraph had to be condensed to a fine point. No literary flourishes or exaggerations were allowed, nothing but the plain facts were ever printed, and all writers were paid at space rates. Woman's affairs were given little prominence and a department on how to take the freckles off, or how to associate discreetly with masculine attaches, was unheard of. Miss Ballard's work was to "cover" philanthropic, educational and legal affairs, and as reporters did not use shorthand then, she had to cultivate a keen memory.

Dana sent her all through the east on very important assignments. She reported the first Spiritualistic Camp Meeting ever held, which lasted two weeks. She was present at the death-bed of Mrs. Horace Greeley, who was quite as remarkable as was her famous husband. "Greeley," says Miss Ballard, "was very different from Dana. The former was loved by his staff and the latter feared. Dana was the great hater of his time; when once he held a grudge against one he never let up on it."

Perhaps the greatest victory of Miss Ballard's career was her admission into the New York Press Club, a social organization composed of only the brightest men of the day—Thomas Edison, Cyrus Field, Stephen Fiske, Hilary Bell, and others equally famous. Her entrance was vigorously opposed by some of the members, but on January 6, 1877, amid great cheering and tremendous excitement, she was elected, which fact, by the way, was recorded in every paper and periodical in the country. Soon after this she took all her savings and went abroad for two years, traveling through Europe and the Holy Land, and continually corresponding for American papers. When her funds gave out, she returned to her old desk at the Sun office, where she stayed until one beautiful day Collis P. Huntington furnished her the transportation to Hong Kong. In China she lived a year with Miss Noyes, of the Presbyterian Board, who designed and built the mission at Canton. Another year was spent with English missionaries at Ceylon. In Burma she stayed two years teaching English in a Burmese family. And so ten years of life in the Orient passed by for this ambitious woman, who was studying and writing constantly.

Since her return to her own country, she has lectured before many prominent women's clubs and kept up great mental activity. "If I could do it all over again," said she, "I would make sure of two or three years in Greece, learning Greek fluently, and studying the architecture of that beautiful land. I am looking forward now to a little home in southern California, where I can teach a few dear young people some of the truths I have learned from life."

From Miss Ballard's dark bright eyes there shines eternal youth, her voice has all the assurance of one who knows, and her step the firmness of one who has conquered. Long may she live and continue to be the inspiration of her fellow men and women.—The Advance.

Happiness.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, if thou should be bound to give it back immediately; if thou hast to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—Marcus Aurelius.

ALCOHOL AND THE INDIVIDUAL

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M. D., LL. D.

[Under the above head McClure's Magazine for October publishes an article which should be given the widest publicity. It is a powerful arraignment of Alcohol and shows the menace of its habitual use even in small quantities. We copy it in part as follows:]

SOME very puzzling differences of opinion about the use of alcoholic beverages find expression. This is natural enough, since alcohol is a very curious drug, and the human organism a very complex mechanism. The effects of this drug upon this mechanism are often very mystifying. Not many persons are competent to analyze these effects in their totality. Still fewer can examine any of them quite without prejudice. But in recent years a large number of scientific investigators have attempted to substitute knowledge for guesswork as to the effects of alcohol through the institution of definitive experiments. Some have tested its effects on the digestive apparatus; others, its power over the heart and voluntary muscles; still others, its influence upon the brain. On the whole, the results of these experiments are singularly consistent. Undoubtedly they tend to upset a good many time-honored preconceptions. But they give better grounds for judgment as to what is the rational attitude toward alcohol than have hitherto been available.

The traditional rôle of alcohol is that of a stimulant. It has been supposed to stimulate digestion and assimilation; to stimulate the heart's action; to stimulate muscular activity and strength; to stimulate the mind. The new evidence seems to show that, in the final analysis, alcohol stimulates none of these activities; that its final effect is everywhere depressive and inhibitory (at any rate, as regards higher functions) rather than stimulative; that, in short, it is properly to be classed with the anesthetics and narcotics. The grounds for this view should be of interest to every user of alcohol; of interest, for that matter, to every citizen, considering that more than one thousand million gallons of alcoholic beverages are consumed in the United States each year.

I should like to present the new evidence far more fully than space will permit. I shall attempt, however, to describe some of the more significant observations and experiments in sufficient detail to enable the reader to draw his own conclusions. To make room for this, I must deal with other portions of the testimony in a very summary manner. As regards digestion, for example, I must be content to note that the experiments show that alcohol does indeed stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, but that it also tends to interfere with their normal action; so that ordinarily one effect neutralizes the other. As regards the action on the heart, I shall merely state that the ultimate effect of alcohol is to depress, in large doses to paralyze, that organ. These, after all, are matters that concern the physician rather than the general reader.

The effect of alcohol on muscular activity has been of popular interest; indeed, it is a question of great practicality. The experiments show that alcohol does not increase the capacity to do muscular work, but distinctly decreases it. Doubtless this seems at variance with many a man's observation of himself; but the explanation is found in the fact that alcohol blurs the judgment. As Voit remarks, it gives, not strength, but, at most, the feeling of strength. A man may think he is working faster and better under the influence of alcohol than he would otherwise do; but rigidly conducted experiments do not confirm this opinion. "Both science and the experience of life," says Dr. John J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins University, "have exploded the pernicious theory that alcohol gives any persistent increase of muscular power. The disappearance of this universal error will greatly reduce the consumption of alcohol among laboring men. It is well understood by all who control large bodies of men engaged in physical labor that alcohol and effective work are incompatible."

It is even questionable whether the energy derived from the oxidation of alcohol in the body can be directly used at all as a source of muscular energy. Such competent observers as Schumberg and Scheffer independently reached the conclusion that it cannot. Doctor Abel inclines to the same opinion. He suggests that "alcohol is not a food in the sense in which fats and carbohydrates are food; it should be defined as an easily oxidizable drug with numerous untoward effects which inevitably appear when a certain minimum dose is exceeded." He thinks that alcohol should be classed "with the more or less dangerous stimulants and narcotics, such as ha-heesh, tobacco, etc., rather than with truly sustaining foodstuffs." * * *

The celebrated physicist, Von Helmholtz, one of the foremost thinkers of the nineteenth century, declared that the very smallest quantity of alcohol served ef-

fectively, while its influence lasted, to banish from his mind all possibility of creative effort; all capacity to solve an abstruse problem. The result of recent experiments in the field of physiological psychology convince one that the same thing is true in some measure of every other mind capable of creative thinking. Certainly, all the evidence goes to show that no mind is capable of its best efforts when influenced by even small quantities of alcohol. * * *

THE EFFECT OF A BOTTLE OF WINE A DAY.

When a single dose of alcohol is administered its effects gradually disappear, as a matter of course. But they are far more persistent than might be supposed. Some experiments conducted by Fürer are illuminative as to this. He tested a person for several days, at a given hour, as to reaction-time, the association of ideas, the capacity to memorize, and facility in adding. The subject was then allowed to drink two litres of beer in the course of a day. No intoxicating effects whatever were to be discovered by ordinary methods. The psychological tests, however, showed marked disturbance of all the reactions, a diminished capacity to memorize, decreased facility in adding, etc., not merely on the day when the alcohol was taken, but on succeeding days as well. Not until the third day was there a gradual restoration to complete normality; although the subject himself—and this should be particularly noted—felt absolutely fresh and free from after effects of alcohol on the day following that on which the beer was taken. Similarly Rüdin found the effects of a single dose of alcohol to persist, as regards some forms of mental disturbance, for twelve hours, for other forms twenty-four hours, and for yet others thirty-six hours and more. But Rüdin's experiments bring out another aspect of the subject, which no one who considers the alcohol question in any of its phases should overlook; the fact, namely, that individuals differ greatly in their response to a given quantity of the drug. Thus, of four healthy young students who formed the subjects of Rüdin's experiment, two showed very marked disturbance of the mental functions for more than forty-eight hours, whereas the third was influenced for a shorter time, and the fourth was scarcely affected at all. The student who was least affected was not, as might be supposed, one who had been accustomed to take alcoholics habitually, but on the contrary, one who for six years had been a total abstainer.

Noting thus that the effects of a single dose of alcohol may persist for two or three days, one is led to inquire what the result will be if the dose is repeated day after day. Will there then be a cumulative effect, or will the system become tolerant of the drug and hence unresponsive? Some experiments of Smith, and others of Kürz and Kraepelin have been directed toward the solution of this all-important question. The results of the experiments show a piling up of the disturbing effects of the alcohol. Kürz and Kraepelin estimate that after giving eighty grams per day to an individual for twelve successive days, the working capacity of that individual's mind was lessened by from twenty-five to forty per cent. Smith found an impairment of the power to add, after twelve days, amounting to forty per cent; the power to memorize was reduced by about seventy per cent.

Forty to eighty grams of alcohol, the amounts used in producing these astounding results, is no more than the quantity contained in one to two litres of beer or in a half-bottle to a bottle of ordinary wine. Professor Aschaffenburg, commenting on these experiments, points the obvious moral that the so-called moderate drinker, who consumes his bottle of wine as a matter of course each day with his dinner—and who doubtless would declare that he is never under the influence of liquor—is in reality never actually sober from one week's end to another. Neither in bodily nor in mental activity is he ever up to what should be his normal level.

* * * * *

IS ALCOHOL A POISON?

It is perhaps hardly necessary to cite further experiments directly showing the depressing effects of alcohol, even in small quantities, upon the mental activities. Whoever examines the evidence in its entirety will scarcely avoid the conclusion reached by Smith, as the result of his experiments already referred to, which Doctor Abel summarizes thus: "One-half to one bottle of wine, or two to four glasses of beer a day, not only counteract the beneficial effects of 'practice' in any given occupation, but also depress every form of intellectual activity; therefore every man, who, according to his own notions, is only a moderate drinker places himself by this indulgence on a lower intellectual level and opposes the full and complete utilization of his intellectual powers." I content myself with repeating that, to the thoughtful man, the beer and the wine must seem dear at such a price.

To any one who may reply that he is willing to pay this price for the sake of the pleasurable emotions and passions that are sometimes permitted to hold sway in the absence of those higher faculties of reason which alcohol tends to banish, I would suggest that there is still another aspect of the account which we have not as yet examined. We have seen that alcohol may be a potent disturber of the functions of digestion, of muscular activity, and of mental energizing. But we have spoken all along of function and not of structure. We have not even raised a question as to what might be the tangible effects of this disturber of functions upon the physical organism through which these functions are manifested. We must complete our inquiry by asking whether alcohol, in disturbing digestion, may not leave its mark upon the digestive apparatus; whether in disturbing the circulation it may not put its stamp upon heart and blood vessels; whether in disturbing the mind it may not leave some indelible record on the tissues of the brain.

Stated otherwise, the question is this: Is alcohol a poison to the animal organism? A poison being, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, an agent that may injuriously affect the tissues of the body, and tend to shorten life.

Students of pathology answer this question with no uncertain voice. The matter is presented in a nutshell by the Professor of Pathology at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. William H. Welch, when he says: "Alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable." To that unequivocal pronouncement there is, I believe, no dissenting voice, except that a word-quibble was at one time raised over the claim that alcohol in exceedingly small doses might be harmless. The obvious answer is that the same thing is true of any and every poison whatsoever. Arsenic and strychnine, in appropriate doses, are recognized by all physicians as admirable tonics; but no one argues in consequence that they are not virulent poisons.

Open any work on the practice of medicine quite at random, and whether you chance to read of diseased stomach or heart or blood-vessels or liver or kidneys or muscles or connective tissues or nerves or brain—it is all one; in any case you will learn that alcohol may be an active factor in the causation, and a retarding factor in the cure, of some, at least, of the important diseases of the organ or set of organs about which you are reading. You will rise with the conviction that alcohol is not merely a poison, but the most subtle, the most far-reaching, and, judged by its ultimate effects, incomparably the most virulent of all poisons.

ALCOHOL AND DISEASE.

Here are a few corroborative facts, stated baldly, almost at random: * * * Cowan finds that alcoholic cases "bear acute diseases badly, failure of the heart always ensuing at an earlier period than one would anticipate." Bollinger found the beer-drinkers of Munich so subject to hypertrophied or dilated hearts as to justify Liebe in declaring that "one man in sixteen in Munich drinks himself to death."

Dr. Sims Woodhead, Professor of Pathology in the University of Cambridge, says of the effect of alcohol on the heart: "In addition to the fatty degeneration of the heart that is so frequently met with in chronic alcoholics, there appears in some cases to be an increase of fibrous tissue between the muscle fibers, accompanied by wasting of these tissues. * * * Heart failure, one of the most frequent causes of death in people of adult and advanced years, is often due to fatty degeneration, and a patient who suffers from alcoholic degeneration necessarily runs a much greater risk of heart failure during the course of acute fevers or from overwork, exhaustion, and an overloaded stomach, and the like, than does the man with a strong, healthy heart unaffected by alcohol or similar poisons."

It must be obvious that these words give a clue to the agency of alcohol in shortening the lives of tens of thousands of persons with whose decease the name of alcohol is never associated in the minds of their friends or in the death certificates.

Doctor Woodhead has this to say about the blood-vessels: "In chronic alcoholism in which the poison is acting continuously, over a long period, a peculiar fibrous condition of the vessels is met with; this, apparently, is the result of a slight irritation of the connective tissue of the walls of these vessels. The wall of the vessel may become thickened throughout its whole extent or irregularly, and the muscular coat may waste away as a new fibrous or scar-like tissue is formed. The wasting muscles may undergo fatty degeneration, and, in these, lime salts may be deposited; the rigid, brittle, so-called pipe-stem vessels are the result." Referring to these degenerated arteries, Doctor Welch says: "In this way alcoholic excess may stand in a causative relation to cerebral disorders, such as

apoplexy and paralysis, and also the diseases of the heart and kidneys."

From our present standpoint it is particularly worthy of remark that Professor Woodhead states that this calcification of the blood-vessels is likely to occur in persons who have never been either habitual or occasional drunkards, but who have taken only "what they are pleased to call 'moderate' quantities of alcohol." Similarly, Doctor Welch declares that "alcoholic diseases are certainly not limited to persons recognized as drunkards. Instances have been recorded in increasing number in recent years of the occurrence of diseases of the circulatory, renal, and nervous systems, reasonably or positively attributable to the use of alcoholic liquors, in persons who never became really intoxicated and were regarded by themselves and by others as 'moderate drinkers'."

"It is well established," adds Doctor Welch, "that the general mortality from diseases of the liver, kidney, heart, blood-vessels, and nervous system is much higher in those following occupations which expose them to the temptation of drinking than in others." Strumpell declares that chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels is almost exclusively of alcoholic origin; and that when a man in the prime of life dies of certain chronic kidney affections, one may safely infer that he has been a lover of beer and other alcoholic drinks. Similarly, cirrhosis of the liver is universally recognized as being, nine times in ten, of alcoholic origin. The nervous affections of like origin are numerous and important, implicating both brain cells and peripheral fibres.

HOW THE POISON WORKS.

Without going into further details as to the precise changes that alcohol may effect in the various organs of the body, we may note that these pathological changes are everywhere of the same general type. There is an ever-present tendency to destroy the higher form of cells—those that are directly concerned with the vital processes—and to replace them with useless or harmful connective tissue. "Whether this scar tissue formation goes on in the heart, in the kidneys, in the liver, in the blood-vessels, or in the nerves," says Woodhead, "the process is essentially the same, and it must be associated with the accumulation of poisonous or waste products in the lymph spaces through which the nutrient fluids pass to the tissues. The contracting scar tissue of a wound has its exact homologue in the contracting scar tissue that is met with in the liver, in the kidney, and in the brain."

It is not altogether pleasant to think that one's bodily tissues—from the brain to the remotest nerve fibril, from the heart to the minutest arteriole—may perhaps be undergoing day by day such changes as these. Yet that is the possibility which every habitual drinker of alcoholic beverages—"moderate drinker" though he be—must face. * * *

ALCOHOL AND THE "MODERATE" DRINKER.

It requires no scientific experiments to prove that one of the subtlest effects of this many-sided drug is to produce a craving for itself, while weakening the will that could resist that craving. But beyond noting that this is precisely in line with what we have everywhere seen to be the typical effect of alcohol—the weakening of higher functions and faculties, with corresponding exaggeration of lower ones—I shall not comment here upon this all too familiar phase of the alcohol problem. Throughout this paper I have had in mind the hidden cumulative effects of relatively small quantities of alcohol rather than the patent effects of excessive indulgence. I have had in mind the voluntary "social" drinker, rather than the drunkard. I have wished to raise a question in the mind of each and every habitual user of alcohol in "moderation" who chances to read this article, as to whether he is acting wisely in using alcohol habitually in any quantity whatever.

If in reply the reader shall say: "There is some quantity of alcohol that constitutes actual moderation; some quantity that will give me pleasure and yet not menace me with these evils," I answer thus:

Conceivably that is true, though it is not proved. But in any event, no man can tell you what the safe quantity is—if safe quantity there be—in any individual case. We have seen how widely individuals differ in susceptibility. In the laboratory some animals are killed by doses that seem harmless to their companions. These are matters of temperament that as yet elude explanation. But this much I can predict with confidence: whatever the "safe" quantity of alcohol for you to take, you will unquestionably at times exceed it. In a tolerably wide experience of men of many nations, I have never known an habitual drinker who did not sometimes take more alcohol than even the most liberal scientific estimate could claim as harmless. Therefore I believe that you must do the same.

So I am bound to believe, on the evidence, that if you take alcohol habitually, in any quantity whatever, it is to some extent a menace to you. I am bound to believe, in the light of what science has revealed: (1) that you are tangibly threatening the physical structures of your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your heart, your blood-vessels, your nerves, your brain; (2) that you are unequivocally decreasing your capacity for work in any field, be it physical, intellectual, or artistic; (3) that you are in some measure lowering the grade of your mind, dulling your higher esthetic sense, and taking the finer edge off your morals; (4) that you are distinctly lessening your chances of maintaining health and attaining longevity; and (5) that you may be entailing upon your descendants yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery.

Such, I am bound to believe, is the probable cost of your "moderate" indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Part of that cost you must pay in person; the balance will be the heritage of future generations. As a mere business proposition: Is your glass of beer, your bottle of wine, your high-ball, or your cocktail worth such a price?

DOINGS AT DWIGHT.

Rather an amusing incident occurred recently in Dwight in which Mike, the friend of the newcomer, figured conspicuously. The Alton Limited, which reaches Dwight at 1:10 P. M., stopped as usual and the conductor beckoned hastily to Mike and told him that he had an intoxicated patient for the Institute. Investigation showed that there was a man on the train minus his hat and some other accessories, who boarded the train at Chicago and who had no ticket. Someone who helped him aboard the train remarked that he was a candidate for Dwight, probably speaking speculatively rather than with any knowledge of exact conditions. The man was in a helpless condition and had to be assisted to the platform, was taken thence to the Institute, and not being in a condition to give a history of himself, was taken to the hotel and placed in charge of an attendant; he was undressed, put to bed and received a personal visit from one of the Keeley Institute Staff. About eight o'clock in the evening he woke up and after ascertaining where he was, insisted strenuously that he had no idea of coming to Dwight or of taking the Keeley Cure; that he had started for St. Louis, had no recollection of taking the train or of what happened thereafter. He paid for the new hat which had been bought for him, paid for the attendant who had bestowed such careful attention upon him during the afternoon, ascertained that he owed nothing to the Institute and departed on the night train for St. Louis. He informed Mike that he had often objected to coming to Dwight, but considering his involuntary experience, if the necessity should arise, he would have no hesitation hereafter in coming as a patient. Meanwhile Mike has had many explanations to make to patients, as well as others, and Mike in turn has referred all inquirers to the conductor of the train.

Mr. Seumas MacManus lectured in the Dwight opera

house on November 5th, his subject being "Irish Life and Character." Mr. MacManus is familiar with his topic, being a resident of the County of Donegal in Ireland; this is his fifth lecture tour in the United States. Each patient in line was presented with a ticket to the lecture; though not largely attended because of other entertainments on the same evening, a most enjoyable time was had by those who did attend.

There is not as much sadness at Dwight on Thanksgiving Day or other holidays as might be supposed. Of course, on such days families like to be together and it is quite probable that many family parties were incomplete because one member happened to be at Dwight; but there are compensations in nearly every case and there certainly were in these. The family was looking forward to the return of the absent member under conditions much more favorable than when he left. As far as the individual himself is concerned, he is not so much an object of sympathy; he, of course, has his regrets, but he knows that he is *cured*, and that hereafter for him there is to be no loss of time, sickness nor disgrace because of drink; he is looking forward to the time of his return, when he can take his proper place not only with his family, but in society also. As far as the observance of the day was concerned, nothing was left undone here; the traditional turkey was in evidence at all the hotels and at the Livingston a special menu was provided, tempting enough for anyone. Altogether there is much happiness in spending a Thanksgiving at Dwight; both the family and the patient have so much to be thankful for.

Certainly the weather at Dwight this season has been remarkable. During November there have been few nights with frost and for two weeks there has hardly been a sign of it; light rains, warm days and a spring-like air have been in evidence nearly every day; in fact in some of the gardens the currant bushes have begun to sprout, a bad sign, and an example which it is hoped will not be followed generally. Patients have, however, been enthusiastic about the weather and there is in consequence no trouble about getting them to take exercise in the open air.

DECISION CONFIRMED BY SUPREME COURT.

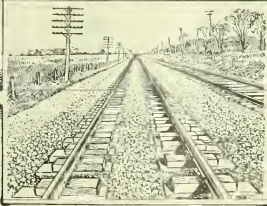
Another claimant to the Keeley rights has had his quietus from the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. The case of The Leslie E. Keeley Co. vs. F. B. Hargreaves and others has been decided after having been in the courts for nearly five years. Hargreaves claimed to have been a partner of the late Dr. Leslie E. Keeley; that he knew the Keeley formula, in fact helped to discover it and that he had the right to manufacture and sell remedies and represent to the public that they were the same as the Keeley remedies. These claims were thrashed out before a Master in Chancery, who decided against Hargreaves; the Circuit Court confirmed the Master's report and in an incisive decision said there was no evidence that Mr. Hargreaves had any such rights as he claims, and now the Supreme Court has confirmed both these decisions and in language too plain to be misunderstood. There have always been people who wished to share not only in the glory to which Doctor Keeley's name was entitled by reason of his discovery, but also in the prosperity which has followed the sale and administration of his remedies; they have, however, one by one been disposed of. It is too much to expect that there will be no others, but these repeated attempts to break into the Keeley citadel are a voluntary testimonial to the efficacy of the Keeley remedies.

A Lesson from A Child.

"I remember that the greatest lesson I have ever learned in my life," said the bystander, "was pointed out to me by my little daughter. I had never been a drinking man; but sometimes after the theater, I am ashamed to confess, that I came home many a night slightly the worse for wear and liquor. The habit grew on me, in spite of tearful entreaties from my wife. I took a bottle of whiskey home one afternoon. After dinner I made for the bottle, which I had left in my study, poured out a glass and raised it to my lips, when I caught a reflection in the polished woodwork of the wall. I turned quickly, and there was my little daughter standing in the doorway looking at me. I could never describe the expression on her face. If one might say it of a child, it was a commingling of reproach, pity and disgust. Probably she had overheard conversations between her mother and myself; perhaps the mother had instilled that feeling; perhaps it was instinct. I have not taken another drink from that day to this.—Home Herald.

Know thyself, and your own place in the universe about you. Fear no phantoms, but face realities.—Grant Allen.

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They can't rot or get out of line. They are another illustration that

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General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE KEELEY CURE.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

PEOPLE WHO TAKE THE CURE—EFFECT ON THE GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—PRICE OF TREATMENT, ETC.

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition. The Keeley Remedies are absolutely a specific for this disease.

How Long Does It Take?

The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and, hence, there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival a patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness caused by the treatment, and the physical condition improves from the start.

At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved, mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright and complexion clear; morally changed because of his disgust for his former life, and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear a Keeley patient say, "I feel ten years younger."

Opium, Morphine, Etc.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, and other similar or kindred drugs, when used continuously, induce diseases, each of which is characteristic of the substance used. The definite symptom is always the necessity for repeated doses, which is commonly designated as "craving." The use of these drugs is usually begun to induce sleep or to relieve pain, and the victim has the disease firmly fastened on him before he realizes his condition. It is then discovered that the desire for the accustomed "dose" dominates all other desires, and even death itself is scarcely more to be dreaded than the cutting off of the usual supply. These diseases have been considered incurable, but Doctor Keeley has demonstrated otherwise. They yield to scientific treatment, and from four to six weeks only are required to complete a cure. This statement may seem startling, but it is true. We will gladly refer you to people who have been cured and who have standing that will bear investigation. Send for printed matter on opium and other drug using.

No Confinement.

One feature of the Keeley Treatment that commends it to those needing it, is that there is absolutely no confinement. Patients are required to take the remedies with the utmost regularity, and are expected to attend the lectures, but the remainder of each day is disposed of as the patient pleases. It is needless to say that no improper conduct is permitted, and that liberty does not mean license. No one visiting Dwight would suppose, unless informed, that the fine-looking, quiet, well-behaved people observed at the hotels and on the street are there for treatment—yet such is the case. They appear in all respects to be temporary residents of the village, and are so recognized. Lifelong friendships are formed and good comradeship prevails.

Effect on the General Health.

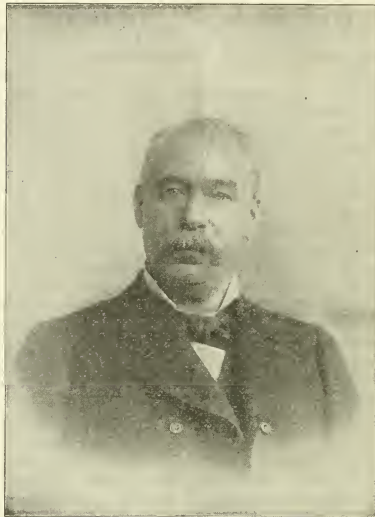
There can be but one truthful answer and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness caused by our treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients or graduates; they know and will tell

you truthfully. Do not ask a saloon-keeper, or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-six years of age—time enough, the most captious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business more than twenty years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients?

What Our Remedies Do.

These remedies are reconstructive nerve tonics which restore the nerve cells to a normal, healthy condition, the same as before being poisoned by alcohol or toxic drugs. When this is done the "craving" disappears because, as has been proved, that is a symptom of a diseased condition of these cells. A parallel case is that of a cough, which indicates a diseased condition of throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs; when the cause is ascertained and removed, the cough disappears.

Owing to lack of space these diseases and additions, their causes and cure, cannot be fully described, but



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

literature upon any and all of these subjects will be sent free upon application. We will consider it a favor to be permitted to prove our assertions.

Who Takes the Keeley Cure?

We have cured thousands of veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the National Soldiers' Homes of the country, whose ages range from fifty to eighty years.

We have cured several children under five years of age who were addicted to morphine and opium, such addictions having been acquired through the mother's own addiction or direct administration. No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

We have cured hundreds of soldiers in the Regular Army of the United States, and have letters from officers of all ranks, from Major-Generals to Lieutenants, commending the Keeley Cure in the highest terms.

We have cured senators, congressmen, lawyers, clergymen, business men, merchants, laborers, men of all occupations and of no occupation, to the number of more than 300,000. Among them are 17,000 physicians.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

All who have taken our treatment are perfectly satisfied with the results. This is a broad statement and would hardly be made if not true. Nine-tenths of all our patients come to us accompanied by, or through the influence of, our graduates, and this is the best evidence of the efficacy of our cure. In fact, Keeley graduates are so enthusiastic about their condition that some 30,000 of them have formed an organization known as "The Keeley League." This is the only temperance society in the world composed exclusively of men who have been drunkards. Men and women who have taken the cure are the best judges of its effects, and there are more than 300,000 of these. We will refer you to reliable and well-known people in your immediate vicinity if you ask us to. Send for "Evidence and Proof from Reliable Sources."

The Livingston Hotel.

The magnificent new Livingston Hotel is owned by The Leslie E. Keeley Co., and is maintained primarily for the accommodation of patients taking treatment at the Institute. This hotel is three stories in height, and is equipped with every modern convenience. The style of architecture is colonial, insuring broad, cool verandas and spacious rooms. The electric lights, steam heat, and hot water are supplied by our own plant adjacent to the hotel. The hotel itself is absolutely the most thoroughly fireproof hotel in the country, as there is no woodwork in the construction except the doors and window-frames, the floors being tile, mosaic, or monolith. Every precaution is taken to insure cleanliness and a thorough sanitary condition. The plumbing is the most modern and practical system, and absolutely precludes the possibility of any danger from this source. The Livingston is arranged upon such a plan that patients can have, if they so desire, the absolute privacy of a home. There are several entrances, a ladies' parlor, a reception room, an amusement room, besides one for correspondence and reading, private baths and lavatories, a telephone in each room, in fact everything needful to minister to the comfort and convenience of guests. A feature which pleases all, is a well-selected library of standard works for the free use of patients. The dining-room is a marvel of beauty and good taste, elegant decorations, beautiful highly polished columns, mosaic floor and fine service, while the kitchen is equipped with every appliance to secure excellent results, as far as fare is concerned; the construction and arrangement insures absolute cleanliness at all times and under all circumstances. The office is spacious and elegant, with a colonial mantel and open fireplace, mosaic floor and all modern appointments.

Lady patients will find that residence in the Livingston will insure them any degree of privacy which they desire; our attendants and nurses are under the same roof, and thus will be always within call. Each lady receives treatment in her own room and there is no reason why, if she does not mention the fact herself, that she will be regarded otherwise than as a visitor at the hotel. No pains or expense has been spared to add to the comfort of patients and make their brief residence in Dwight pleasant as well as beneficial. Send for pamphlet containing illustrations of Livingston Hotel and attractive features of Dwight.

Send for printed matter pertaining to the Home Treatment of the Tobacco Habit and neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion.

DWIGHT is the home of the Keeley Cure. It is on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, 73 miles from Chicago, 36 miles from Joliet, 81 miles from Peoria, 52 miles from Bloomington, 111 miles from Springfield, Ill., and has direct railroad communication with all these cities. It is accessible, healthy, progressive and "wide awake." All communications confidential and literature free on application. Address

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.,
Dwight, Illinois.

Chicago Office

Suite 906 Rector Building
122 Monroe Street

Long Distance and Local Telephone, Central 3355

PRINTED matter on Alcoholic Inebriety, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and other drug addictions, Tobacco using and Neurasthenia, as well as any information regarding the Keeley Cure may be obtained at our Chicago Office.

All arrangements for the treatment of patients at Dwight may be made at the Chicago Office, and patients will be visited and accompanied to Dwight if desired.

Patients en route to Dwight will be directed as to trains, etc.

The Leslie E. Keeley Company



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Authorized Keeley Institutes

The following is an authentic list of the Institutes established under and by authority of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY Co., and which are known by the uniform name of "THE KEELEY INSTITUTE." In each of these establishments the remedies used are prepared in our laboratory at Dwight, Illinois, and they are administered by physicians who have been specially instructed by us at Dwight in their administration and in the Keeley method of treating Inebriety, Drug and Narcotic addictions. The address of the Institute is given in each case, and this list will be corrected from time to time as may become necessary.

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THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Neurasthenia.

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THE LIVINGSTON HOTEL



LABORATORY AND OFFICES OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

THE BANNER OF GOLD



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THE WISHES AND THE DREAMS.

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.



WITHOUT the wishes and the dreams
What would we have of haunting songs
That bring to us the sunny gleams
Of olden days, in happy throngs?
The wishes may be unfulfilled,
But they are ours, though wished in vain—
And in our wishing hours we build
The castles that we have in Spain.

The dreams we have, the dreams we had—
Dreams that we know may not be true—
The fancies that have made us glad
And urged us on to dare and do!
Dreams blend of gentlest memories
We would not love them if we could,
For blessings are in each of these
And make the world about us good.

We sail our dream ships by no chart;
They beat to harbors fair and far,
For in the longing of the heart
No baffling tides nor gales there are,
And we may close our eyes and dream
And have the joys of every land—
Rose-blossomed ways and singing stream
Are ever waiting near at hand.

They bring content in discontent,
They set new stars in sullen skies;
From dull misfortune's clutch uplift,
Upon their spreading wings we rise—
Without them where would be the light
That on hope's altar ever gleams?
Where were the peace of day or night
Without the wishes and the dreams?
—Chicago Evening Post.

HUGH SPRAGUE'S DISCOVERY

BY JOSEPHINE DAY HILL.



DOZEN or more log houses clustered together near one of the large iron mines of northern Michigan. Pigs, chickens, dogs and babies seemed indigenous to the soil, for every doorway and yard was alive with them. No vegetation was visible. Over beyond the gray-blue rocks glistened in the sun, guarding their secrets through the ages in stolid silence, yet now listening to the thunder of the destroying dynamite hundreds of feet below.

Past the cabins the street of red ore wound in and out along the edges of dizzy cliffs, to finally run in an almost straight line through beautiful woods, past smiling lakes, ending abruptly in a deep forest where the woodsmen were busy felling the complaining trees to feed the charcoal furnaces that, like giant beehives, loomed up by the wayside.

Drawn by a broken-down, old white horse, a moving wagon paused, as though too exhausted to go farther, before the only uninhabited cabin on the location. A man and woman with a little boy, whose hair was golden and curly, opened the rickety gate (disturbing a sleeping pig that got up with a snort of disgust), stepped over the decayed threshold and disappeared within.

A few household goods were carried in the next day and the man went to work in the mine. His name was William Weston. It was noticed that his hands were white as those of a woman, that he handled mining tools awkwardly and discouraged friendly advances. Mrs. Weston also refused all neighborly offers of help, performing the evidently unaccustomed task of housework without complaint. At twilight she usually sat in the doorway, singing her child to sleep with a voice so sweet and clear that the doors and windows of the neighboring cabins were filled with wondering listeners. Sometimes the voice was soft and tender as faraway notes of an Eolian harp, then again full and triumphant until the cliffs around echoed the melody. Sometimes "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me" fell from tremulous lips. Again operatic airs were trilled that, to the ignorant audience, seemed like many voices blending.

One evening Mrs. Weston had just ceased her song to lay down the sleeping child, when she was startled by a frightful crash, followed by a deep and awful rumbling that shook the very cabin and aroused the sleeping child. Opening the door, she saw a dense cloud of smoke spreading over the star-lit sky. It was in the direction of the mine. All the place was aroused; every shanty on the location discharged its women and children, each filled with a nameless dread. "The mine! the mine!" all cried, and mothers in frantic haste, bare-headed and wild, some with babies clinging to them, rushed in that direction; but one with fleet feet outstripped them all, reaching the shaft-house just as the skip was brought to the surface bearing its frightful burden. Tenderly the rough, ore-begrimed miners lifted a moaning, shattered man and carried him forth,

laying him on the ground, then returning for another, and still another. A woman, white as one in death, knelt by the side of her husband, whose heart had ceased to beat. Around her were frantic creatures, whose uncontrolled natures gave vent to loud lamentations as they discovered husband, son or father among the dead or injured.

All night the dreadful work went on; for a large fall of rock, caused by a premature explosion, buried many alive, and work as they might, it would be almost a miracle if one was saved. All the following day the mournful bell tolled and a solemn hush brooded over the mining community, broken now and then by the heartrending wail of widow or orphan. All day the quiet "Sisters of Charity" passed from house to house ministering with comforting words and helpful hands.

There was one on whose ears the gentle words fell unheeded. One who watched with great wistful eyes—too sad to weep—the preparations made for the burial of her loved one. The little boy—Hugh, too young to comprehend the sad import of it all—clung closely to her.

When the last sad rites were over the mother, exhausted with grief, lay like a crushed lily.

A week passed and Mrs. Sullivan, who lived in a shanty near by and who came in now every day to give the "blessed bye" his "wittles" and look after the sick woman, was filled with terror one morning on discovering that Mrs. Weston was unable to speak, but motioned her to come near. She tremblingly obeyed, and the dying mother, with a supreme effort, clasped her child and appealingly looked at the frightened woman, who hastened to say: "Indade, mem, ef it's the bye yees mane, he shall be like one of me own; he shall be treated like the gentleman he is, sure."

A grateful smile passed over the weary face, and once more the great eyes opened and looked in the direction of a trunk, the only article of value in the room. "Yes, the bye shall have the trunk, sure." Even as Mrs. Sullivan spoke, that sad young soul pressed through the golden bars "into the silent land."

The days that followed brought little sunshine to the orphan boy. The dirty cabin of the Sullivans, with its odor of cheap tobacco and boiled dimmers, sickened the child, and the noisy children frightened him. When the warm spring came he would steal off to the deserted home, and standing on the tips of his toes, peep in at the windows or try the latch, and sometimes he would stand gazing toward the mine that seemed to dimly bring to his recollection the form of his father.

As Hugh grew older he was allowed to attend school; but his path to knowledge was not strewn with roses, for Mrs. Sullivan was prone to indulge in a "wee drap too much," and at such times the boy took upon his young shoulders the responsibility of caring for the younger children, so he usually studied with one foot on the cradle—for there was always a baby in the Sullivan family—and his eyes on the cooking.

Sunday, when the father was home, he would scud off to some mine and return loaded with specimens. Once he was fortunate enough to find a fine block of amethyst, which he sold for an arithmetic. At the age of fifteen he was quite an expert in judging of ores, and his collection was becoming valuable. To be sure, his cabinet consisted of an old candle-box, with a pane of glass to keep out the dust. It hurt him when Mrs. Sullivan carelessly seated herself thereon to gossip with a neighbor as she smoked her pipe, or, worse yet, slopped her dishwater over the box as she passed. But hopefully he worked on, growing handsome and manly in appearance—a marked contrast to his surroundings.

One morning Mrs. Sullivan having indulged too freely in her favorite beverage found it impossible to attend to her household duties. The children, dirty and hungry, clamored for breakfast. Hugh fed and washed the baby, cut bread from a dry loaf, dipped it in some greasy gravy left over from Sunday dinner, scrubbed their faces amid roaring protests, then, with a parting injunction to Patsy not to let the baby get burnt and to keep the coffee hot for his mother, he hurried to school, little dreaming that death would visit the desolate abode before he returned, for Mrs. Sullivan was found dead by a neighbor who happened in.

The day following the wake and the funeral, after the neighbors had cleaned up, while the children were out at play and the baby asleep Hugh thought of his mother's little trunk that he never yet had touched; he could see it under the rafters resting on two boards overhead. It was but a few minutes' work to climb a ladder from the outside and crawl through the little opening left for light. The trunk, covered with dust, opened readily to his eager pull and disclosed on top of neatly folded packages one addressed to himself. With trembling hands he tore off the wrappings and found a letter enveloped in soft fleecy lace, together with a handker-

chief of costly fabric. A picture of a beautiful woman fell from his hand unheeded while he read the letter ending, "Your loving mother." As Hugh read he learned with amazement that his father had been cashier of a bank in an eastern city; that he had been wrongfully accused of theft. His proud disposition and inability to prove his innocence had forced him to leave the charge undenied while he fled to hide in obscurity with wife and child. He learned from it that the father's exonerator was intrusted to him. Then were traced the names of city, bank and also his grandparents' address. He learned, too, that his mother was highly connected, educated and accomplished, and that Sprague was his father's name, not Weston. "Oh, mother, mother," he moaned as he picked up the fallen picture and pressed it to his lips, "how I would have worked for you if you had only lived," and bitter tears fell thick and fast. "My mother was a lady," he said over and over as he pressed the filmy handkerchief to his face and looked long and lovingly into the beautiful eyes that seemed to smile encouragement to him from the picture. Then he clenched his fist in boyish wrath as he thought, "Perhaps they still think that my father took that money. I will find out right away; I will write to that bank and learn just what to expect, then I will go there and then, and then"—the excited boy was brought back to stern reality by the wail of the awakening babe who now must have his undivided care, and he thought how helpless would be the effort to do anything while these motherless children depended on him. Very tenderly he unpacked the trunk, finding many beautiful souvenirs of his mother's former life, a few pictures in water color, her wedding dress of costly silk carefully preserved, and locked in a jeweled casket a tiny gold watch with several rings and other jewels of value. He also discovered a package of his father's letters written before marriage and a few choice books. With much care he replaced all these precious treasures except his mother's picture; that he put in his pocket, feeling that he must guard from prying eyes the secret of his discovery. He tied the trunk securely with an extra piece of rope, then with a heart full of new and strange emotions he descended to care for the baby.

Another year passed, and one day returning from an errand Hugh found that during his absence Mr. Sullivan had, without previous warning, brought home a young and handy bride.

Mrs. Sullivan No. 2 bore no resemblance to her predecessor. Her first act upon entering her new home was to doff her bridal finery, roll up her sleeves and give the old shanty such a cleaning as it had never before experienced. Next she turned her attention to the children, scrubbing and combing. When Hugh entered she was proceeding in the same business-like manner to prepare a bountiful supper for the admiring, yet awe-struck household. She paused at sight of Hugh and called out fiercely: "Why, Sullivan, did yees desave me? Yeess didn't mention that lubber—yeess swore there was only seven." "Didn't I?—well, that's the 'dopted kid,'" laughed the newly married spouse, good naturedly.

Hugh felt very much in the way and that night decided that he must leave the only shelter he had known since his parent's death; his heart warmed toward the little ones snoring so peacefully around him, and he resolved always to befriend them. He had now been in and around the mines so often that unconsciously he felt an affection for the gray old rocks and towering cliffs, and was never so happy as when exploring them, often in company with the surveyor and sometimes alone, familiarizing himself with different methods of work. How keenly all this time he felt the necessity of obtaining enough money to carry out the purpose formed while reading his mother's letter. What an incentive it was to work! How he longed to be rich that he might hire the best lawyer in America to prove his father's innocence. His ready eyes and longing soul soon opened the way. He had now a fine collection of minerals neatly and accurately labeled. They were stored in a little lean-to that he had built at the back of the cabin and kept securely locked. He sold them readily, and was surprised at the amount of money paid for them, for he found that now he would be able to begin a course in civil engineering.

II.

It was a perfect day in early fall; autumn had flung her glorious banner of many-tinted leaves over the hillsides. Around the mines unusual activity was apparent, for the surface ore must be made into pig-iron and sent to the docks before the northern winter rendered lake shipments impossible. It is true, the cars could be used, but that was the more expensive way.

A new superintendent had recently taken charge, and it is hard to realize that this handsome (self-contained gentleman was ever that "dopted Sullivan bye"

—who was always climbing around the rocks—exploring the mines and collecting specimens. He was very busy at his desk this morning and glanced impatiently toward the door as the sound of voices in earnest conversation reached his ears. "Tourists," he muttered, for they frequently called at his office for permits to go into the mine. He disliked to give them, especially to women. The voices drew near. "I tell you I will go; papa wouldn't care if he was here; you know he never refuses me anything," he heard in a sweet, girlish voice.

"Well, but this mine is unsafe, and you are in my care, and if anything should happen you—" remonstrated a voice sedate and middle-aged. "Dear me, nothing ever does happen and I'm going to ask the superintendent to let me go, and if you are so afraid—why, you just stay on top and pray—" Mr. Sprague (for he had assumed his father's name) looked up to see a flushed yet lovely face looking at him from the open doorway in a childish, appealing way that was hard to resist. A prim, maiden lady, anxious and vexed, entered the office with her and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but this young lady, entrusted to my care, is determined to explore the mine here; please persuade her not to." An amused smile lighted up his face for a moment, as he courteously arose and offered chairs. "Please don't mind Miss McFarland; she is always spoiling my plans. Of course, you don't care if I go into the mine, if I will be careful," she continued, coaxingly.

"It is not considered safe for ladies, but"—the disappointed look decided him—"if you have set your heart on it, possibly I may find time to go with you." Ina cast a look of triumph at her chaperone, who said, curtly: "Well, if anything happens, I wash my hands of all responsibility." So it was decided, and half an hour later Ina, enveloped in waterproof cloak, her pretty hair hid under a close-fitting hood and her feet encased in rubbers, stood with several other venturesome tourists and the superintendent in the cage waiting for the signal to descend. The signal was given. Then followed a sudden darkness, deep and black, a suffocating sense of foul air, and down, and down they fell into the depths at a giddy speed. Down 500 feet or more, until they reached the lower level of the mine and stepped out into a cold, drizzling, dripping of water from overhead, while under foot the rivulets played in and out among the rocks. A noise as of pandemonium rendered talking impossible, for a hundred men and more were hammering, banging and shoveling ore into the little cars pushed so rapidly over the narrow tramway that the visitors were obliged to press close against the dripping wall of rock to allow a passage. Hugh Sprague realized that it was a rash act to bring this beautiful girl where danger lurked on every side. He saw that she was very pale but pluckily insisted on seeing it all, so they picked their way cautiously, several times narrowly escaping a falling stone. Away off in the crevices of the rocks they could see the twinkling lights in the miners' caps, could hear the roar of falling rocks and the shouts of warning when they incautiously stood in a dangerous place. Several times their candles were extinguished. To Ina, accustomed to sunlight and luxury, this horrible life underground was a revelation and it was a very white face that came up out of the pit of darkness. Miss McFarland received her charge as though returned from the grave and declared that she never suffered so in her life. She ended by thanking Hugh profusely for his kindness and inviting him to call on Ina's father at the hotel, as they were expecting him the following day. Hugh, however, felt more than repaid for time and trouble when Ina put her little hand in his and laughing a little defiantly said: "I did see it all, didn't I? But I guess I won't care to try it again, but I thank you for taking such good care of me."

Hugh had been so absorbed in study and in living for a purpose, that purpose a sacred one, that he knew very little of the usages of polite society. So he had about decided not to call at the hotel, for, although Ina touched his heart and he found it difficult to keep her out of his thoughts, yet he felt that his only safe course would be to remain at work and not encourage a feeling that might distract him from his object in life. But the next morning a portly, opulent-looking gentleman, with very white hair and mustache, entered his office, introducing himself as Mr. Nolan—Ina's father—then he paused and stared at Hugh as though he had been a ghost. "I—I—beg your pardon, but, by George, you are the very image of a Sprague I knew years ago, a fine fellow, proud. He disappeared mysteriously, very painful, was innocent though, never found, would give half my fortune to find him."

Hugh had turned very pale and trembled visibly; he tried to speak, but choked by emotion he finally said: "If his name was Hugh Sprague he was my father." The old gentleman was equally overcome as he said:

"Where is he? Is he alive?" "No; killed in the mine." "And your mother?" "Died of a broken heart."

Mr. Nolan bowed his head on the table and great sobs shook his frame. As soon as he could control his face he said, slowly and sadly: "Your father was my boyhood friend, whom I idolized."

III.

It was a happy trio that met that evening in the parlor of the best hotel in the little mining village of Ishpeming when Hugh was told all about the terrible trouble that ruined his father. He learned that the man who had stolen the money afterwards committed suicide, leaving a letter confessing his guilt.

A beautiful home overlooking a crystal lake is pointed out to the stranger as the summer residence of the Hon. Hugh Sprague. A lovely little woman is sitting near the window this sunny morning looking over the contents of a jewel case and smiles as Hugh places a costly ring on her finger and says: "Ina, when but a boy I resolved that no one should ever wear the jewelry in that casket but my wife."

THE AMERICAN INEBRIATE.

BY DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY.

[Reprinted from a series of articles written for THE BANNER OF GOLD.]

THE American inebriate is characteristic—just as much so as the American citizen. In this country—it being young, and developing rapidly, ambition and great mental and physical activity are dominant. The citizen lies awake nights planning how he may make his millions. During the day his every faculty is bent to accomplish the great end of life—the acquirement of riches. The cities are swarming with life as a beehive. The farming communities employ the best machinery—and throughout the country the scene is one of most intense and restless activity. "Life is short" is the adage, and it certainly is, for the character of American business and work is that it is incessant and has no rest.

In this country a man must be rich at 35. If he is not so at 40 years then the belief is that he never will be. The American is up with the lark and either at work or planning or on the way to work. In cities we see the typical American on the suburban train by seven o'clock—possibly half dressed, breakfast half eaten, half awake, less than half rested, but on the way to the day's work. Nothing prevents his work. If he has company—or is entertaining a friend, then the friend is with him. He cannot take a day off for a visit or entertainment, but his hospitality covers the railroad journey, the hours of labor, the down-town lunch, and the late evening at home follows.

Such is the life of the American citizen. It is an intense life. It is restless, ambitious and imperative. There is no time for rest. The restful are called lazy and the restful do not keep up in the race. The American inebriate partakes of this nature. He is an American. The cause of his inebriety is seldom self-indulgence; it is generally the result of illness or the alcoholic prescription, or business sociability, or club life.

When in a debauch he is usually about his business—very seldom making a business of it. He will follow the daily routine of business during the debauch, exposing and advertising himself as drunk to friends and foes. Even if entirely unable to transact business he will be found at the post of duty, in his chair by his desk—possibly asleep—but the intense automatism of work asserting itself until completely crushed out by alcohol. In America the inebriate in debauch is more likely to be found in his office than bed. He is above all things unconscious that he is drunk. He does not realize it, know it, or believe it. He cannot be persuaded to leave the post of duty and go home. Lawyers will appear in court, physicians will visit their patients, and instances have been known where learned judges, senators and even clergy have persisted in the line of duty during debauch, until unconscious or taken care of by friends.

It is the American inebriate who exhibits those most remarkable acts of drunken men which are performed after consciousness is extinct. In Europe a drinking man may remember the occurrences of his life from day to day. In America the man in debauch will do his usual day's work reasonably well, and the next day can remember nothing about it. Successful sales, great pleas in court, even surgical operations are made without the memory of either on the part of the drunken performer. The American inebriate will wake up from debauch and find himself a husband to his great chagrin and surprise, he will find himself sold out or given away, or that he has made contracts which are his ruin. His secrets are all in the open air, his plans of business are frustrated, or he has lost his business or position.

The end of his debauch is sickness. He will drink until his stomach and nerves can no longer bear the poison and rebel. If his remorse is heightened by business blunders during the debauch there is danger of tremens. But if not, his rebellious stomach unloads its poisoned contents—his mind dwells on the scenes of the few days with an agony that is intense, he rejects alcohol altogether, and after a few days of suffering resumes the active business of life—repentant, remorseful and full of resolutions, and with redoubled energy to work.

The American inebriate is not a brawler, a wife-beater—or despoiler of home. In fact, the typical periodical American inebriate, who is able to maintain a sober interval of a few months is often enough found with a happy family well provided for, well situated, and, barring this one thing, as happy as can be found. He makes more strenuous exertions to redeem himself in the eyes of family and friends. His struggles to hide and overcome his infirmity are heroic. Remorse softens his heart and keeps him loving and kind until the repeated onslaughts of disease—like the perpetual sea waves, wash away the rocks of affection which underlie the man's nature and make the foundations of his home.

American inebriety at large is closely limited to towns and cities. It occurs among the highly strung, nervous, overworked portion of the men. It will be noticed that it describes many types of rhythm. Beginning with the individuals who exhibit the usual types of periodicity, we see the tides of inebriety rise periodically and recede at very regular intervals. These tides are ascribed variously to the periodical changes in business prosperity, but there is no one cause which determines this feature. It is no doubt true, however, that the changes in business, and the occasional temperance agitations do much to maintain the periodical feature of public inebriety. The psychology of these alternate waves of temperance agitation and debauchery is an interesting subject, as a writer has well said—for it demonstrates a fact of nervous action, which is that any extreme is certain to be followed by a swing of all forces in the opposite direction sooner or later. This law always holds in politics in these countries which are governed by the people.

In America public inebriety rises highest during the general election. Following this it begins to decline and reaches the lowest ebb in about two years, when the careful watcher may see that the tide is again rising.

The American makes a business of inebriety as he does of all other things, at least to this extent, he drinks to most desperate degradation when he enters upon a debauch. One drink follows another in most desperate haste, and the poisonous effect is quickly brought on. The foreigner sits in his beer garden and sips leisurely while he smokes, talks, and eats, while the American drinks hastily from the bar. For these reasons the secondary diseases, accidental deaths, and fatal acute alcoholic poisonings are more prevalent in America.

Alcohol "Found Out."

Physiologically, alcohol has been "found out." Up to fifty years ago empiricism stamped it as food and stimulant. Since then science has been quietly at work stripping off these labels and putting on correct conceptions—namely, poison and narcotic. Before chloroform was discovered the medical profession availed itself of the deadening influence of alcohol by using it in surgical operations. In large doses alcohol has always been recognized as a narcotic poison, like chloroform, ether, morphia, etc., while, in small doses, it was imagined to be food and stimulant. Alcohol can not be classed with a food, it makes neither beer, bone, nor brain in the human anatomy. What little food there is in beer, wine, or spirits, is not due to alcohol, but to the small amount of malt, sugar, etc., and the large amount of water present. We occasionally hear of an invalid living a week on champagne. To be accurate, the patient lived on the sugar and water in the champagne, and not on the alcohol it contained. Men have been known to live on water for thirty or forty days. To talk of intoxicating beverages as food is sheer nonsense.—Dr. V. H. Rutherford, M. P.

In reply to Professor Muensterberg's argument that spirituous liquors stimulate the imagination and cause it to be creative, and for that reason liquors are valuable, Prof. Samuel Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, declares that an inspiration of oxygen is better than an inspiration of alcohol. He says: "Heahty and vitality demand not more food and more drink, but purer air. If you want inspiration, go where winds blow the freshest, not where wines flow the freest. Sun, air and exercise are sources of inspiration placed within our reach by modern conditions."

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THE BANNER OF GOLD,

122 Monroe Street. CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

MATE PALMER, Editor.

WHY MEN DO NOT STOP DRINKING.

EVERYONE knows something of the effects of whisky along the lines of vice and crime. But men who drink to excess are not all vicious and comparatively few are criminals.

Everyone knows of the poverty and misery that follow in the wake of drunkenness. But men who drink are not invariably poor; neither do they all neglect their families.

Inebriety in itself is not a question of morals or economics. It is a question of physical condition. It may lead to different complications with different individuals. But there is one point that must be common ground with all men who drink to excess, and that is the physical effect.

Unquestionably the crime and misery that are justly attributed to whisky have much to do with the false ideas concerning it. These things are too often looked upon as the whole of inebriety, instead of as one of its factors. And the man whose potations are not characterized by such manifestations is apt to think it is because he drinks more moderately, rather than to attribute it to its true cause of a difference in temperament.

He doesn't like to be mentioned in the same connection with the man who drinks to excess, and if his family or friends venture to suggest that liquor is getting too strong a hold on him he resents it very quickly.

It is unfortunate that whisky is not more uniform in its visible results. For it is hopelessly alike in its real effect on every person who drinks it. Whether its use is commenced as a social diversion or a physician's prescription, if it is continued it will lead to disease and suffering.

Alcohol is distinctly a poison. And poisons cannot be taken indiscriminately without causing disease. The poison of alcohol causes a diseased condition of the nerve cells. They become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under its influence that they are dependent on it and will not perform those functions painlessly without it. This cell necessity constitutes the disease of inebriety, and the craving for liquor is merely a symptom of the disease.

Some constitutions are more susceptible to the poison of alcohol than others, just as some constitutions are more susceptible to the poison of different diseases than others. But the difference is not a question of intellect or will. It is a physical difference. Two men may begin to drink under similar circumstances, and one may remain a moderate drinker while the other becomes a drunkard. But the man who becomes the drunkard may be the one with the brightest intellect and the strongest will.

There is no advance test of possibilities in this particular. And if there were, the moderate drinker is liable at any time to cross the somewhat indefinite and elastic line that is supposed to stretch between himself and the confirmed drunkard. Of course he does not intend to. No one ever willingly became an inebriate.

No one deliberately plans to destroy his health, ruin his happiness or wreck his business.

But whisky will do all these things. It is more insidious than any other poison. It is more treacherous than any other enemy. It promises strength to the feeble, and success to the discouraged. But it breaks every promise. And it does this so shrewdly that its victim does not know he is being cheated.

Whisky dulls a man's perception so that he cannot discriminate between advantages and disadvantages. It paralyzes his will, and when some glimmering of his true condition finally dawns on his benumbed consciousness and he tries to give up the drink that has caused his undoing he finds that he is powerless to do so. Whisky has controlled his actions like a relentless demon. But that is only a small part of its work. It has created a diseased condition that he cannot overcome. He is a sick man. And the strange feature of the case is that he must have the whisky. It has produced a condition that demands its continuance.

He doesn't understand the philosophy of it, but if he tries to do without liquor he suffers torture. His friends may advise, and his family may implore. He drinks because he must. He cannot cure disease by means of a diseased and weakened will.

* * *

EVERY man likes to feel that he is master of himself. Even the man who drinks because his associations are depraved wants to think that he can stop when he chooses. But there is something more than a mere question of preference involved in most cases. Business requirements have made sobriety a necessity. A drinking man cannot secure a position. The first question that greets his application for work will determine his fitness in that respect. Does he drink? Everything seems to hinge on that. If he drinks a little—occasionally, socially, or in any other manner he may as well not go on with his application. No one wants him. It is a question of total abstinence or no job. Or at least a very undesirable job.

The demand for sobriety in industrial positions has been a great promoter of temperance reforms. Men who would not stop drinking through principle have made desperate efforts to stop for business reasons. Sometimes they have succeeded. But they have suffered much in doing so.

What is the use of suffering when it can be avoided? Will power does not restore diseased nerve cells to their normal condition. It does not eliminate the poison of alcohol from the system. It does not build up the failing strength. Inebriety is a disease. It cannot be cured without appropriate remedies. The Keeley Cure is such a remedy. It enables the drinking man to give up whisky without suffering.

FROM THE FINANCIAL SIDE.

IN all this excitement over the liquor question, the practical, non-sentimental hardpan side of it should not be overlooked. The value of the temperate man in cold dollars and cents has got to come into the full discussion of the proposition. Gen. Fred Grant put it there in New York, the other day, says the Cleveland Leader, when the findings of a court-martial were brought to him for approval. An officer had been found guilty of such gross intemperance that he had been sent to the military hospital with delirium tremens. The members of the court-martial had sentenced the offending officer to lose thirty-five files in his chances for promotion. General Grant found this punishment inadequate and trivial for so grave an offense. And he reinforced his personal views as follows: "Under modern conditions there does not exist in the United States a large corporation engaged in industry, manufacturing or transportation that would retain in its employ in a position of trust and responsibility a man with the personal habits of intemperance such as is proved the accused has had. The standard of efficiency in the army, instead of being lower, should be higher than that required by the most perfectly organized corporation, and the evil effects upon discipline of an example of chronic alcoholism in one selected for command are too great to be tolerated."

This is putting the conditions altogether too mildly. Long ago the big corporations banished the men who drank to excess. Now, the great majority of them—the leading railroad companies, the big mills and factories, the shops where millions of dollars' worth of goods are sold each year—draw the line still closer. The man occasionally under the influence of liquor has to go as well. Human life is too precious, on the one hand, to be at the disposition of a man who may be muddled only slightly; business profits are too valuable to be hazarded in the slightest degree, in these days of keen, incessant, and often merciless competition.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.

ACTUAL experience is the most convincing of all arguments. It is because of the necessity for positive proof,—for evidence that can not be disputed, that in every issue of the BANNER OF GOLD we publish testimonials from men who have been cured of liquor and drug addictions. There are thousands who are in need of such help, but who either do not know that there is a cure for such habits, or do not believe in its efficacy. These testimonials are written for the sole purpose of helping such people. The men who write them are in a position to judge of their needs. They have passed through the same suffering. They know all about the struggles, the discouragements, and the hopelessness of the drinking man and the drug user. They know what it means to fight physical craving with weakened will power. But they know that when every other means fails, the Keeley Cure will destroy the diseased craving for alcoholic stimulants or narcotics, and give a man a new chance in life. They have proved it by a test of many years, and they tell their experience for the benefit of those who are still afflicted. Many who read these letters will not be interested in them from a personal standpoint, but there are few who cannot think of some one to whom such information might prove a blessing:

From a Member of Congress Who Took the Cure Seventeen Years Ago.

GEORGETOWN, Ky., January 2, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I have a warm place in my heart for Dwight. I owe all that I have to the treatment I received there, and I always am glad to do or say anything that will advance the Keeley work. I am not ashamed to testify publicly or privately to the great good the Keeley Cure has done for me, and will do for others who will give it an opportunity. Although only thirty-eight years of age the people of the old Ashland District (7th Ky.) elected me to Congress last fall by a majority of more than six thousand votes.—The first step in that direction was when I went to Dwight seventeen years ago, and I have never touched a drop of liquor in all that time.

The Keeley Cure has saved more homes and accomplished more good than any discovery of the century. God bless the memory of the old Doctor.

With best wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

J. CAMPBELL CANTRILL.

Has Made \$200,000 Since He Took the Keeley Cure

BLISS, IDAHO, December 5, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—I can't say enough for your institution and its wonderful and successful cures. I am a graduate of 1900, and when I was in your care at your Institution I had my last suit of clothes on my back, and had borrowed the money for railroad fare, hotel and treatment. I owed every man who would trust me, and was always more than willing to owe when I was drinking. Now I could clear up and probably show close to two hundred thousand dollars. My brother and I came west at the time I left your institution on borrowed money and landed in Salt Lake broke. We are now paying monthly for labor from \$40,000 to \$60,000 a month. Your cure has caused many gloomy homes to be turned into homes of sunshine and happiness.

After taking your treatment I gathered my courage together, and in the course of two years I had my stride, and, thank God, I have managed to maintain it ever since. I used to listen to the lectures at the Institute, and sit in the Livingston Hotel, dead broke financially, but not broken in spirit, and say to myself, "Oh, how thankful I am to be myself once more," for while there I learned to know that inebriety is a disease and not a habit, as I had supposed.

I am sending my nephew to you for treatment, and enclose check for his expenses. He is a boy of fine ability and some day I hope to have him in our company.

When a man leaves your institution thinking that he has lost something by being cured he is mistaken. On the contrary he has gained everything.

You can use this letter to benefit my brother students, or in any other manner you may see fit. If it helps some other fellow a fraction as much as your cure has helped me I shall be glad indeed.

Yours very truly,

W. B. SLICK.

Cured of Liquor and Cigarette Addictions.

CHICAGO, ILL., January 1, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It has been customary with me since I left the Keeley Institute on September 15, 1900, to write an annual letter to you, stating therein just how I am getting along, and how I am keeping my cure. I will this time give you a concise statement of the facts in my case and you are at perfect liberty to publish same in your paper or refer any doubting person to me personally, and I assure you I can convince him in five minutes that the Keeley Cure

and the results obtained from same are a godsend to the drunkard as well as his family.

For ten years I was drunk all the time and was the worst cigarette fiend, I dare say, in Chicago. I had lost a good position through whisky, and was on the verge of losing another, when some friends of mine induced me to try the Keeley Cure. I arrived in Dwight on August 21, 1900 (how easy it is now to remember dates), and expected to find drunken men lying all around, but was agreeably surprised to find the class of men that I did, and the best part of it was that everybody realized that he was no better than the rest, for we were all there to be cured of some addiction, and were striving to be men once more.

I took my last drink on August 22d and smoked my last cigarette (on the sly) on the 23d day of August; and from that date to this I have never touched one drink of any kind of liquor or anything that contained alcohol, nor smoked a cigarette. I never met a nicer lot of gentlemen than the physicians and manager of the Institute, and I think the timely advice which they give leads the graduate to become a moral man.

While at Dwight I became acquainted with quite a number of people, in fact, I met my wife there, and one year from the date I quit drinking we were married and now have a nice home and two darling little daughters. I am now in business for myself and am prospering; so you can see that Dwight and the Keeley Cure did wonders for me. I am not ashamed to tell anyone that I have been to Dwight and taken the cure, and should I live to be one thousand years old I would never drink again, and do not think it possible for anything to be invented that can wrest the laurels from the Keeley Cure as a godsend and benefit to all mankind.

Wishing the Keeley Cure and the BANNER OF GOLD long life and prosperity, I am

Yours very truly,
OLIVER F. GRIFFIN.

543 South 44th Court.

Seventy-Two Years Old and Took the Cure Sixteen Years Ago.

ILLINOIS CITY, ILL., January 11, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Another year has passed and I am still a sober man. It is going on sixteen years since I graduated at good old Dwight, and I never have tasted anything like beer or whisky since I left there. I have no desire for the cursed stuff—I don't need anything in that line. As for health, I am getting better every year. I am now almost seventy-two years old and am out hustling every day, and my friends tell me I am looking younger than I did twenty years ago. When I went to Dwight to take the treatment I weighed one hundred and fifty-seven pounds; now I weigh one hundred and eighty-seven—so my health was not ruined. When I used to get drunk I felt the next morning as if I had been crucified. A sober man doesn't feel that way. The longer I live the more I appreciate the Keeley Treatment; and what it has done for me it will do for others if they play fair with themselves. It has been so easy for me to stay cured that I don't see how anyone can go to drinking again after they have taken the treatment.—Why, the smell of whisky will make me sick yet.

I am glad to tell you that most of the boys who have gone to Dwight from here are still O. K. My old friends, Bruner, Sam Vickers, Gard Ricketts and Grant Leech, and several others who went there later on, are all right and doing well. I want to say to the boys in line, take your medicine, and when you go home let whisky alone. You will have come back to your senses, and you will realize how foolish you have been, and you will have a much better time than you ever had before. If I had put off going to Dwight one year longer I would not be here now, for I was about all in. If I ever take another drink of any kind of liquor I will have to lose what sense I have. It looks to me that when anyone has taken the Keeley Cure and then goes back to drinking it must be out of pure cussedness. Why, I would no more think of taking a drink of whisky than I would think of walking into a fiery furnace.

Wishing all who are connected with the work a happy new year, I remain,
Yours very truly,
JOHN F. HAYS.

Learned of the Cure in the Nick of Time.

WOODLAND, ILL., January 7, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—The new figure of the New Year marks the number of years since I was persuaded to take the Keeley Cure. I thank God I learned of the cure in the nick of time, for I certainly was in a very critical condition. I had used intoxicants until it seemed as if I could not drink any more, and yet I could not live without it. I had reached the stage where I was afraid to be without liquor, and miserable when full of the vile stuff. In company with a kind friend I arrived in Dwight the last day of June, 1900, and I believe I was one of the most wretched men that ever lived. God only knew my wretched condition. I had not eaten a morsel for five days, and it seemed to me that I would have been willing to change places with any human being that lived. The regular time to effect a cure for the alcoholic trouble is four weeks, but under my condition I remained five weeks. After I had been there long enough to be sure of a cure I think I was the happiest man on earth. While I was there I was not only cured of the drink habit, but I also quit blaspheming and card playing. When I was drinking I was a very sinful man, but I thank God today that I am a Christian. I think of the past with horror, and when I see anyone under the influence of liquor I try to help him to get rid of the terrible habit.

I am enjoying good health and am happy. I believe

I am safer from the dreadful evil than those who never drank, for I not only have no desire for liquor, but I have the lesson of the past ever before me. I advise everyone who is in need of the cure to take it at once and not put it off. And if anyone who is bound by the drink habit will write me I will be glad to verify all that I have said.

God bless the Keeley people! May their good work go on as long as men continue to drink.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN FANNING.

Only Safe and Sane Remedy for Liquor Addiction.

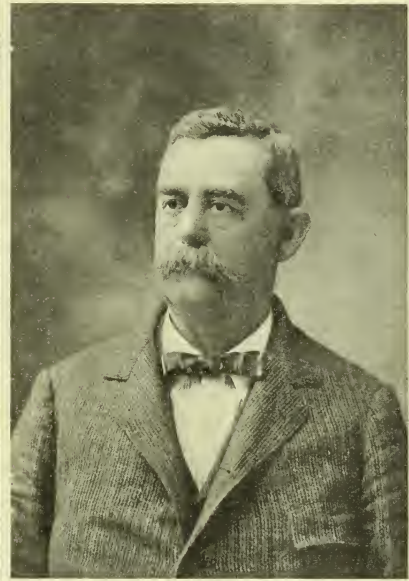
PERRYVILLE, IND., January 7, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Another year has passed since I last wrote you. During that time I have lost none of my faith in "The Keeley Cure."

On the contrary, I am more than ever impressed with its efficacy in curing that most common and fatal disease, alcoholic addiction. The only wonder to me is that more who are in need of the treatment do not avail themselves of the opportunity to be cured and restored to health and happiness.

I firmly believe it to be the only safe and sane remedy that will rid the afflicted one of the dread destroyer and once more make a man of him.

I am fully satisfied that the Keeley Company will do all they claim. They will cure the patient of the disease and place him in the same condition that he was in before he contracted the disease or began to drink.



MR. WALLACE WILLIAMS,
EDITOR MISSOURI TELEGRAPH, FULTON, MO.

Then if he again contracts the disease it is his own fault.

Never since leaving the Institute have I felt the least desire to drink nor has the craving appetite for liquor returned. It is now as easy for me to pass a saloon without entering as it used to be for me to go in and take a drink.

I would say to all who are suffering from alcoholic addiction and who feel that they have drank enough and wish to be cured, take the Keeley Cure by all means. But if you feel that you cannot let liquor alone and still wish to go out with the boys occasionally and have what we used to call "a good time," and think you can still tamper with liquor and drink a little on the sly, then do not take the cure until you feel that you can protect it when once it has been given to you.

I can not say too much of the members of the institution and of the faculty. They are all gentlemen of the highest type and do all in their power to make the patient's stay pleasant and profitable.

I take great pleasure in reading the letters from those who have been cured and should this meet the eye of any one who remembers me I should be pleased to hear from them personally, as I often think of many of them and wonder where they are.

With best wishes to THE BANNER OF GOLD, and wishing the Keeley Institute at Dwight success and a prosperous year, I am
Yours truly,

J. L. WEBSTER.

Protect Your Cure, Take No Chance.

FREDERICK, OKLA., December 15, 1908.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Dear Sirs:—My BANNER OF GOLD arrived this morning, and after reading it I thought I could not wait till the 24th to write my annual letter.

December 24th, 1899, I entered the Keeley Institute, and January 20th, 1900, I bade good-bye to Dwight and the Institute, since which time I have kept faith with my cure, and as a consequence am still one of the ninety-five per cent.

I love to read the letters of those who have taken the cure and kept it inviolate. In talking of how to protect one's cure I often illustrate my method by telling an old story, that to my mind fits the case. The story goes that a man whose mother-in-law had caused him a great deal of trouble, but who had finally gone on a visit, received a message from an undertaker stating that she had died, and asking, "Shall we cremate, embalm or bury?" He answered at once, "Cremate, embalm, bury; take no chances!"—I have followed the directions, "Take no chances," and have had no trouble.

I make no secret of the fact that I am a Keeley graduate, and "boozers" do not try to tempt me. I never miss an opportunity to recommend the Keeley Cure.

There is one factor in making drunkards, and also in causing relapses after the cure is taken, that is seldom mentioned. It is home influence. Many good men who can brave almost anything else will before a nagging or complaining family. Fault-finding wives make many inebriates, and cause men to relapse who have taken the cure in good faith.

In this respect I am exceedingly fortunate, as my better half is one of the best advocates of the Keeley Cure. She knows what it has done for at least one family, and she delights in defending it from all censure. I believe that if all graduates had such a wife as I have the per cent of relapses would be reduced by one-half. Neither myself nor anyone else could keep liquor in our place over night.—She "takes no chances."

Last year I wrote you of our sheriff, and the temperance platform on which he was elected, and of his promises to myself and others to do his best or resign. Well, while to my mind he is "off color" in politics I am glad I voted for him. He certainly is making himself hated by the "bootleggers" and their kind. He seems to be a regular bloodhound, that never sleeps, but is always after offenders of this class, with the result that our streets are being kept clean by a gang of these people with a chain dragging from one foot.

I pity a drunkard; but some way it does my eyes good to see a bootlegger cleaning ditches, and the sound of that chain clinking is sweet music to my ears.

With best wishes from myself and wife to those connected with the Institute and to the graduates, and again assuring you that I have not forgotten the favors I received while there, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

D. C. McCLURE.

Route 5, Box 1.

EXPERIENCE OF A PUBLISHER.

BY WALLACE WILLIAMS, EDITOR AND OWNER OF THE MISSOURI TELEGRAPH.

ALMOST eighteen years ago, one cold, snowy morning at four o'clock, a skeptical, doubting man and his faithful wife arrived in Dwight.

After a few hours' repose in the McPherson Hotel, and a hasty breakfast, I strolled out on the street, hoping to meet some one I had seen before, but no such good luck was in store for me then. In a few moments I spied the sign of a printing office and hastened toward it; knowing that a bond of fellowship always existed between members of the craft—felt that I would receive some word of consolation in my then disturbed state of mind, as to the efficacy of Doctor Keeley's treatment. At the office I met Mr. Zimmerman (whom I afterward became well acquainted with) and propounded the question: "Do you know Doctor Keeley, and is he a fraud?" Mr. Zimmerman replied: "Go, put yourself under Doctor Keeley's care, and the longer you stay with him the better you will like him."

I had never written to Doctor Keeley, nor read any of his circulars, because I had no faith in him; and, like all other drinking men, thought I could stop drinking whenever I chose, and had no need for his services.

I will digress a little in order to relate the experience of a reverend gentleman who is now one of the ablest divines in the Baptist Church. This gentleman was holding a series of meetings in Fulton, and took dinner with my family. (This was about three years before my visit to Dwight.) During the dinner the subject of whisky came up, as I thought, for my benefit; but the minister turned to me and said: "Do you know that I have fallen three times in thirteen years?" I was amazed to think that a "man of the cloth" would drink as I did, and could hardly believe his assertion, until our local pastor, who is a native of Virginia, verified his statement, and related how he had walked the streets of Baltimore with him when one of these "spells" would attack him, to keep him out of saloons. This was a revelation to me, and started me to thinking that probably whisky had gotten a hold on me and that I could not shake it off as easily as I had supposed.

Saturday morning, before I started for Dwight, I was sitting down at home with my head in my hands, and gave expression to my thoughts in words, not knowing that any one was near. In a few minutes my wife came to me, and in a surprised tone, asked: "What is troubling you?" I replied that I had said nothing, whereupon she remarked that I had said, "I am going to Dwight," and hastily donning her cloak and hat, she went to town, but returned in a short time, saying that if I was of the same opinion Monday we would start for Dwight.

Of course there was rejoicing in the family when it was learned that I had resolved to try the last resort. One brother-in-law, who had lost patience with me, came to see me before train time, and asked if there was anything I wanted, and as a test case I told him I wanted a quart of whisky and a pound of tobacco. In a few moments the desired and much-prized articles arrived and were in my possession, and with a half-pint in my hip pocket I left for the depot with a full determination to give Doctor Keeley's remedies a faithful trial.

On arriving at Doctor Keeley's office, a then large, square frame building, Doctor Milton Keeley met me at the door, requested my card or name, and being informed that I had never written to the Doctor, and that he did not know me, took a seat to await Doctor Keeley's welcome words, "Come in." After a few words, I said to Doctor Keeley, "I have come here full of doubt, but if you will take the desire for drink from me, I'll do the rest." He replied, "I will certainly comply with your wish, and you shall not suffer for anything while under treatment, and if I am not at the office, come to my house, as I am as well prepared to treat you there as here." And he made his words good in everything he promised during my stay in Dwight.

During my stay I became personally acquainted with all the patients there taking treatment, and now have a complete roll of them, and must say I never met a more intelligent lot of gentlemen at any place. There was not a single "tough" in line.

After a week's treatment, a man's entire system is revolutionized, and the craving for whisky is absent.

I found Doctor Keeley to be a kind, but firm man; I was in his private office daily, and soon learned to admire, yes, love him, for the good he had done me and others who were there for the same purpose. Many will agree with me when I say I never met a more fatherly man than Doctor Keeley.

As to treatment, it is the same now as then. We assembled at the office at 8:00, 12:00, 5:00 and 7:30 for treatment, and took a tonic internally every two hours when awake.

After living a life of sobriety for nearly eighteen years, we wonder why others do not go and take the Keeley remedies and be cured. There is no denying it, after a man's system is saturated with alcohol, he is diseased, and must take medicine to be relieved. Dear reader, whisky will kill, and beer is sure death.

A man who wants to live a sober life does not have to exert any great amount of will power after he has been treated at a Keeley Institute. As in my case—I am sometimes invited to take a drink by those who do not know that I am a "Keeley graduate," and it is no strain on me politely to say, "Thank you, I don't care for any." Those who know my past life never invite me, and no friend would ask me to return to the "Mud and Mire."

I am sorry to say that I have met some men who took treatment that have gone back to drink; but not one of them said he did so on account of a desire for whisky; but for trivial reasons. A Keeley graduate should never take the first drink, and if he never goes where whisky is, it will never come to him.

Previous to taking the Keeley Treatment I was a periodical drinker, and have gone eighteen months without whisky; but as the disease grew on me my drinking spells became more frequent and prolonged, which I believe is the case with every one of that class of drinkers. I have just as much fun, and enjoy life better than I did before taking treatment. I do not suffer now from rheumatism, and I have not had occasion to call in a doctor but once, and that was in a case of colic, since my return home. I eat three times a day and sleep all night, and do not get up feeling as I did in days gone by, but fresh and ready for any kind of work that may present itself at my office.

My sympathies go out to every man that drinks, for I know that he cannot stop until he takes the Keeley Cure; and my advice to all who have taken the Keeley Treatment is to hold their cure, and cherish it much more than they would riches.

I still wear my Keeley button, and have done so ever since they were approved by the doctor.

I am also happy to state that I have the honor and pleasure of knowing that more than fifty men have received treatment at different Keeley Institutes through my efforts. I am the oldest Keeley graduate in central Missouri, having graduated February 10, 1891, and am open at any and all times to interrogation on the Keeley Treatment, and will cheerfully answer all inquiries. After eighteen years of right living, I am conscientiously recombining the treatment to any one who needs it.

With my kindest regards, I am, with good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

WALLACE WILLIAMS.

Pultow, Mo., January 25, 1909.

L'ENVOIE.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

WHEN earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew.
And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas, with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to paint from, Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are.

—Selected.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR

BY GUY HAYLER, I. O. G. T.,—INTERNATIONAL ELECTORAL SUPERINTENDENT.

HOW often is it said, "When drink's in, wit's out!" But for this many of the terrible accidents which happen both on land and sea would never take place; the ordinary affairs of life would also go on much more smoothly, and less quarrels and separations take place.

The year was drawing to a close, and in every direction preparations were being made for the Christmas and New Year's festivities. The shop windows were decorated with holly and laden with seasonable presents, and everyone seemed on joy bent. The saloons at this time of the year—as, in fact, at all other seasons—were crowded, with the usual story that many were tempted, and drunkenness and disorder the result.

George Lofthouse was one of these—a young man, about twenty-eight years of age, who had never thought it wrong to drink a glass of wine or beer, but believed it beneficial and much more sociable. He could "take a glass and leave it." So he had declared many a time; but at these festive times the best of men, when on a slippery path, sometimes fall. It was so with George. At Easter, Whitsuntide and Bank Holiday he had gone "over the line." He admitted the fact, and declared, "You will not find me like that again," but that was easier said than done.

George for some time had been engaged to Mary Fielding, and the marriage had been fixed to take place at Christmas, on the condition that a suitable home was provided and paid for. Mary's parents were teetotalers, and knew that George was earning good wages, which, if properly expended, would provide a plain, comfortable home for them; but George had taken to spend a good deal of time and with it money at the "Lion and Cat," and thus became less and less able to comply with the condition laid down for the marriage. A suitable house had been taken, but every time Mary or her father mentioned anything about the furnishing, George would put them off with the remark, "Oh, there's plenty of time yet!"

Several times Mr. Fielding had suspected that George was getting "too fond of his glass," and now and then had heard things which greatly troubled him. Once or twice he had invited George to a teetotal meeting, but George was too busy. One night, however, as he was going home rather later than usual, he had to make a call which took him past the "Lion and Cat." The noise of a number of men attempting to sing a chorus attracted his attention, and he stopped to listen, wondering all the while how *men* could spend their time in such drunken revelry. What was his astonishment when, on the completion of the chorus, the voice of the soloist should be that of George Lofthouse. At first he could hardly believe his senses, but, sure enough, he was right. To be certain, he waited until closing time, when George and a number of other young men were turned drunken into the street. It was no use speaking to him in that condition, so Mr. Fielding took no notice of George, but turned home with a heavy and troubled heart. Much earnest conversation took place that night between Mr. and Mrs. Fielding and Mary, and all agreed that such a husband was very undesirable.

With the object of having a serious talk with George the next day, during the dinner hour, Mr. Fielding made it his business to call at his house. George had not arrived, so he was asked to await him.

"I wish you would speak to George about his drink-

ing," said Mrs. Lofthouse, "for I'm sure he is getting too fond of his glass."

George here entered the house, and was rather taken "That is just what I am here for," replied Mr. Fielding, aback at seeing Mr. Fielding, and the more so as he had had a glass or two since leaving work.

"I'm exceedingly sorry to see you in the state you are now in," said Mr. Fielding.

"Indeed," replied George, "and what business is it of yours? It is not your money I've been spending, I suppose."

"No, it is not my money, and yet I am exceedingly sorry to see you as you are. It shows me that what I came to say to you is all the more necessary, for until last night I had no idea that you had gone so far in drink, but to find you in this condition at this time of day is awful."

"You say I'm drunk!" exclaimed George, in great heat, rising from his chair. Mrs. Lofthouse frightened that blows might result, appealed to George to be quiet and be seated. Mr. Fielding was quite calm, and went on:

"You know, George, I and those belonging to me are all teetotalers, and you have repeatedly heard me say that none but teetotalers should marry into my family with my consent."

George listened very impatiently.

"And yet your conduct had been such that, so far as I knew, nothing could be said against you, and I felt I could not oppose the match. I see now that I should have been very wrong, for you would soon have loved the drink and the saloon more than Mary and your home, if that is not already the case, and thus you would not have made a suitable husband for my daughter; therefore I shall not allow you to make any further communications to Mary—"

"Indeed," sneered George.

"Allow me to finish. Until such time as you have once more made a man of yourself by renouncing the drink, and becoming a teetotaler."

With a "Good-day" to Mrs. Lofthouse and George, Mr. Fielding left the house, pondering over the evils of drink, and how best to save bright, intelligent young men like George, who, through drink, became eastaways and wrecks, ending in far too many cases in premature death.

Sore at the remarks of Mr. Fielding and the fact that he had lost Mary, George, without any further remarks from his mother, left the house, to have another glass before returning to work.

Outside the "Lion and Cat" stood a group of men, workmates of George.

"What say you, lads," said one, "if we make George stand treat?"

"Aye, aye," exclaimed those thus addressed, ever ready to sacrifice their independence for a drink.

"You seem very unanimous for once," said George, coming up to the group.

"Yes, yes; we're going to make you stand treat all round."

"You're going to what?" exclaimed George.

"Going to make you stand treat," replied the company in chorus.

"You might have asked first, I think," said George.

"Now, George, you are in the minority, four to one, so come along in and let's have the beer; a drink will do us all good."

"Not for me, lads," said George, who all could see was offended. "I'm not in the habit of being *made*." And without another word George walked right past the group amid the "Ha, ha, we've offended his highness!" On he went direct to his work instead of getting the glass of beer he had intended.

What an eventful dinner-hour that had been for George—angry with Mr. Fielding, with his mates, and, more particularly, with himself for want of character. Drink had certainly robbed him of providing the home he had intended to have for Mary, and now it had robbed him of Mary herself, and his workmates had thought he had sunk so low that they could *make* him stand treat.

"I'll stop this," said George, so instead of going to the "Lion and Cat" when work was over, he went to the home of the Temperance Society's secretary to sign the pledge.

The Temperance secretary was a good Christian man, whom everybody knew. He had been conspicuous in many a battle with the Liquor interest. In the Church he had been considered extreme, and even unchristian, because he refused to take alcoholic liquor at the Lord's table, but that was years ago. Unfermented wine had been adopted, when it was known that the minister had fallen through strong drink. In politics he had always been true to his Temperance principles, and therefore declined to vote for any man who refused to trust the people with the power to protect their homes from the temptation of the liquor shop.

So George went to the right man, who, hearing the case, was only too pleased to secure his name to the pledge book, after which the two knelt down, and God's blessing and help were invoked upon the step thus taken.

"Where hast thou been, lad?" asked his mother when he got home rather later than usual, for the secretary had also spent some time in talking to him for his good. "Drinking again, I should think," replied his father.

"No, father, you are wrong this time. By God's help, I'll never drink again. I've signed the pledge and become a teetotaler. If you are wise you and mother will also sign, for it was here with you and mother that I first got the liking to drink, and did not think it wrong to do in company that which I did at home."

Mr. and Mrs. Lofthouse saw the truth of what George said, and became abstainers, and thus greatly strengthened the wise resolutions of their son.

The Christmas festivities passed satisfactorily, and for the first time George learned that one could enjoy himself better without intoxicating liquors than with them.

The wedding, of course, did not take place, but Mary, with the consent of her parents, agreed that if George should keep his pledge until the next Christmas then there could be no just cause for delay. George remained true to his pledge, and when Christmas came round again a thoroughly teetotal wedding took place.

Years have passed since then, but George is never tired of saying that the threat of his workmates to make him stand treat made him think, and thus not only rescued him from drinking and made him a teetotaler, but gave him a loving and faithful wife and a happy home.—The National Advocate.

NEW YEAR'S IN MANILA.

A MIXTURE OF JULY WEATHER, MUSIC AND JAM.

TO OCCIDENTAL eyes New Year's Day in Manila is a strange olla podrida of Christmas, Easter and Fourth of July, says the New York Press. The day is ushered in with early mass, celebrated in the cathedral, which is attended by all the women attired in old clothes, and the poorer class barefooted and the wealthy in somber black, with black mantillas or shawls, shrouding their heads. But immediately after breakfast everybody begins to prink and preen for callers. Raven locks are plastered into elaborate coiffures with coconut oil and crowned with red or yellow blossoms, or in the case of a maiden who expects her lover to pay his respects to her on the New Year with the sweet starry flowers of the jessamine, which are called throughout the island the "flowers of San Paquita," who is the patron saint of lovers. Stiff, trailing skirts of gay brocade and antebellum cut are donned, wide flowing sleeves of embroidered pina gauze and ample neckerchiefs of the same filmy material are adjusted and there is a tinkling of many bangle bracelets as the fair ones seat themselves to wait the arrival of the first caller.

His entrance is the signal for the jam pot to be brought in. This takes the place of the steaming punch bowl of other lands, and is passed from hand to hand, each one taking a spoonful, no more, and everybody using the same spoon. It would be considered an unpardonable breach of etiquette to refuse to partake. The jam is followed by coffee, which is served very black and strong, and is half-sugar. Strong black cigars are next produced, and everybody lights up, including the hostess. It is a shock to the occidental mind to see young girls of fifteen or sixteen puffing away at long cigars, but every one smokes in the Philippines. The Spanish women usually confine themselves to cigarettes.

Many of the callers bring their guitars or mandolins, and there is always a little music. Some of the convent-bred girls are really excellent performers on the harp or piano, but pianos are always out of tune, owing to the damp climate. Impromptu concerts are organized, and occasionally there is skirt dancing, in which the Filipino women excel, many elderly dames who are "heavy-weights" executing the difficult native dances with grace, agility and ease.

A Great Secret.

Feeble natures live in their sorrows instead of converting them into apothegms of experience. They are saturated with them, and they consume themselves by sinking back each day into the misfortunes of the past. To forget is the great secret of strong and creative existence, to forget after the manner of Nature, which knows no past, and begins again every hour the mysteries of her indefatigable productiveness.—Balzac.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before the world.—Rochefoucauld.

THE DAY'S MESSAGE.

BY MARGARET E. SANISTER.

BY the glimmer of green and golden,
The leap and sparkle of spray;
By the heart of the rose unfolden
To the breath of the summer day;
By the shout and song of the reapers,
Binding the ripened sheaf;
By the sweet of the honey of lilies,
By the fall of the loosened leaf;
By the fields all brown and serene—
Through the march of the changing season.
We measure the passing year.

By the brave things thought or spoken,
By the true deeds simply done;
By the mean things crushed and conquered,
And the bloodless battles won;
By the days when the load was heavy,
Yet the heart grew strong to bear;
By the dearth, the dole and the labor,
The fullness, reward and cheer;
By the book of the angel's record,
We measured the passing year.

—Selected.

ISHMAEL, THE EXILE.

BY GRACE DUFFY BOYLAN.

I AM a wanderer; call me 'Ishmael,' he said, and father, resting his kindly eyes upon the dark, unhappy face, held out a welcoming hand and led the stranger in. He had found him leaning against a gray column of the wide piazza when he opened the door; a tall, weird figure in tattered, dust-covered garments, and with bare and bleeding feet. His hair, matted and unkempt, hung like a cowl sprinkled with ashes over his deep-set, smouldering eyes and half concealed the hole, where a bullet might have lain, above his brow. He started at the creaking of the hinges and straightened his weary form into a dignified posture.

"Why do you open your door?" he questioned, and the rags of his sleeve fluttered with an imperious gesture. "I did not knock. I only sought a few moments rest in the shade before pressing on. Does the city lie to the westward?"

He spoke with feverish anxiety, and his slight frame trembled as with an ague. Father, with a comprehending glance into his face, answered gently:

"The knock was at my breast. I knew that some one waited for the cup of cold water that I had to give. Come in. Rest and refresh yourself."

"But the city, the city?" The traveler's eyes were wild with delirium. Father, dear heart, in his tender pity, misunderstood his meaning. He lifted his eyes to the Olympian hills, royal in the purple and gold of sunset, and said solemnly:

"The city is just beyond."

The man looked at him anxiously, hesitated, passed his hand wearily across his forehead and fell fainting upon the white sanded floor of the little room; entering, unknown and unknown, the home where fate had kept a place for him, and where he was to remain for many years; becoming, as time passed, as much a source of affectionate pride as is the possession of some rare volume illuminated by a hand that centuries ago returned to dust and written in a long-forgotten tongue. We who became his friends, his family, knew nothing of his life beyond the chapter which began at our own door. In the long days of illness which followed his arrival, his piteous ravings were in a language unfamiliar to us all, and what father learned while watching over him, when life and death were struggling for the mastery, he never told.

"A man's life is his own," he said to us when we were curious to learn more of our fireside sharer: "who he was before he came to us we have no right to question. We are concerned only in what he is today. We have decided that: He is our friend."

We were not always quite satisfied, it is true, but that was father's way and we never thought of disputing him or choosing another; and now, after many years, I know that he was right, quite right.

"Ishmael," as he insisted on being called, came slowly out of the valley of the shadow of death and took his place, as naturally as though it had been planned, among us. We lived in a sparsely settled district of that glorious land "where rolls the Oregon," and school facilities were not what mother wished for her little flock. Father soon discovered that Ishmael's hand had touched the topmost branches of the tree of knowledge and was well fitted to bend some lower bough within our reach. We also observed that his manners, courtly and dignified as they were, had lost the imperiousness which offended us the day he stood footsore, wayworn and ragged at our door. He had become teacher, guide, philosopher and friend; a permanent member of our

household and father's unfailing adviser and assistant. Free from all restraint and apprehension, of any kind, he shone in all the beauty of splendid manhood, and yet in moments of repose his face would move us to tears, so full was it of utter loneliness.

The Indians of the locality held for him a strong interest, which deepened in time into affectionate regard. He made a study of their sign language, history and traditions, and felt the liveliest sympathy for them in their wrongs. One time a tribe from the extreme north-western portion of the territory camped in our valley for a week or more. There was a subdued excitement evident among them, and finally the chief, with whom Ishmael had become acquainted, told him the reason for it.

It was an impressive sight to see those two dark, stately figures standing face to face; and it must have been some hidden chord of kindred sorrow that drew them thus together.

The chief said that a number of his braves had been for some time along the northern waters of the Columbia, and had there discovered a most wonderful mirage which they had named the "Silent City." He declared that they had been able to distinguish streets, spires and buildings with startling distinctness and feared that a mighty city had risen in a night upon their own lands, and that they should return but to repeat the experiences which had so often been their own; to find a blue line of soldiery between them and their hunting grounds, ready to drive them "farther on" at point of gleaming bayonets. There was no city in Alaska of the beauty and magnitude of the one mirrored in the clouds and no one had been able to identify it.

Ishmael explained the phenomenon as best he could, by telling them that objects 10,000 miles distant might be transported in reflection as well as those of the immediate vicinity. The Indians, gifted in the lore of nature far beyond our comprehension, finally accepted his hypothesis and resumed their former confidence.

The years went by, and in the latter part of May, 1889, our family party set out for an extended trip along the palisaded Columbia, and up the blue Pacific into Alaska; Ishmael, of course, accompanying us. One afternoon in early June, as we were riding slowly along over the foothills to inspect a rumored Eldorado, we observed that a heavy mist was lifting like a silver veil from the scarred face of the great glacier and moving slowly up toward the perfect sky. Suddenly a ray of light, brilliant and scintillating as the wand of some fabled giant swept over it and left a wonderful mirage in the air. A city divided by a river and built with palaces, cathedrals, great public squares and gardens was photographed upon the clouds, presenting to our astonished gaze the streets, the architectural beauty, the very life of the strange metropolis in exact verisimilitude.

Ishmael was walking on a little in advance of us, one arm thrown over the neck of his burro and the other holding the folds of the gay Navajo blanket that hung like the mantle of a Roman senator over his shoulder. His head was bowed in thought and he did not share the illusion until attracted by our noisy delight. At a sign from one of us he lifted his eyes. For a moment he wavered as though in a dream, and then a light, vivid as the transforming scepter in the sky, flashed over his face. He gave a strong shout, ringing and exultant.

"St. Petersburg!" he cried. "St. Petersburg, my love! I could not go back to you but you have come to me."

He stretched his arms toward the vision in the clouds and murmured low, inarticulate words of joy and tenderness, his face working with intense emotion. He turned to my father:

"I am not Ishmael, but John," he said. "Behold a new apocalypse—St. Petersburg! St. Petersburg!"

He beat his hands against his breast as if to still the heart leaping against its prison walls, and, turning, ran a few steps in the direction of the fast vanishing towers and cathedrals above the glacier heights; then, with up-lifted arms, fell face downward upon the mountain path as he had fallen upon the floor of our little room so many years before.

We bent over him frantic with grief as father laid his hand upon his heart and pulse and faltered: "He is dead."

"Who was he?" we cried. "Tell us because we love him; tell us his name!"

Father raised the splendid head up to his breast and his manly tears fell fast as he passed a caressing hand over the furrow of the bullet in the wide white brow.

"He was a Russian and an exile," he said at last. "His secret we will leave with him in the strong fortresses of these northern hills, beneath the phantom of the city for whose sake he gave his all."

Remember, on every occasion which leads one to vexation, to apply this principle: That though this be a misfortune, to bear it nobly is good fortune.—Marcus Aurelius.

THE INEBRIATE AND HIS CONDITION.

BY CHAS. L. HAMILTON, M. D.

MUCH confusion exists not only in the minds of laymen, but of physicians as well, concerning the condition of the inebriate, and the question is often asked of the physician why it is that such a one continues in the drinking life when he could do so well and has such a fine personality when himself. It is so seldom that this question is answered correctly, because of lack of appreciation of the true situation in inebriety, that a short article upon the inebriate's condition may make easier the lot of the general practitioner who has not had sufficient experience in the treatment of such cases to answer the question intelligently.

THE CRAVING.

Several elements enter into the consideration of these cases. There is the "craving," "appetite," "physical necessity" or "cell crave," all of which refer to the same thing and imply a certain need on the part of the individual for the narcotic to which he is addicted. A large number of drugs, and the number is increasing every year, will produce a condition which calls for the continued use of the drug after a certain stage has been reached. Alcohol, of course, takes the first rank; then follow, probably in the order named, morphine, cocaine, heroin, opium, codeine, chloral, bromides, ether, chloroform, etc. Some of these produce a mild addiction only, yet cases are met with sufficiently often to give each drug a place in this list.

ALCOHOL A SEDATIVE.

I believe that alcohol owes its power over the inebriate primarily to its action as a sedative. I further believe that this effect is far more often the real explanation of its action as a medicine than is its so-called stimulating action. Certainly it can be used as a beverage until its action upon cell sensibility has become so marked that it can truly be said that a new normal condition has been established, namely, a condition of alcoholic sedation in which the patient is quieted, soothed, and "feels less," and to feel less is always to feel better.

CELL FUNCTION.

Through its action not only is the individual cell placed in a partially paralyzed condition as far as function is concerned, but through this partial paralysis there is brought about dilatation of the capillaries, an auto-intoxication due to impaired metabolism and to the generation within the system of other poisons which interfere with function and produce a nearasthenic condition which maintains to a degree in practically every case. There is a demand, particularly on the part of the nerves, for a continuance of the condition which caused the individual to feel better, and as he returns to what was his normal condition, there is more or less reaction which is communicated to the brain through the sensory nerves and is an indication for indulgence in more of the liquor for its anesthetic relief.

AUTO-INTOXICATION.

The auto-intoxication in turn causes disagreeable sensations which are also relieved by indulgence in alcohol, although the relief is of course temporary. Irregularities in the circulation due to the want of alcoholics are quickly relieved through their action on the vasomotor system, and this added to the benumbing, soothing effects upon the nervous system, quiets the restlessness and inconvenience, if not pain, due to the poisoned condition of the system.

It is, however, the mental phases of inebriety which largely determine the downward progress of the inebriate. These have in the past been little understood, even by the profession, and a thorough understanding concerning them explains much which can be made plain by the physician to the family of the unfortunate victim of drink.

THE INTELLECT.

We are told that the brain cell receives impressions from the periphery, interprets them and sends out motor impulses, and that it also gives us intellect, and through the exercise of intellect comes the moral nature and the will power. Alcohol retards the conductivity of the nerve fibre, benumbs the brain cell and in that way dulls intellectual power, preventing the inebriate from thinking in that clear, normal way which characterized him before he became addicted to alcoholics. This impairment of the intellect is observed by the intelligent physician as well as the business partner of the inebriate, who sees that he does not grasp business matters as he once did, that it takes him longer to arrive at a decision and that this decision is likely to be faulty.

Indecision causes him to vacillate and to show this mental weakness as blunted perception and perverted sensations become more and more pronounced.

THE MORAL NATURE.

However good the victim's moral makeup may have been before he began drinking, the time soon arrives when his attitude toward things moral undergoes a complete change; his judgment as to right and wrong is warped and twisted and he says and does things, therefore, which he would not have thought of saying or doing before the moral nature became impaired through drink. While he may know that it is wrong to drink, admits it at times and feels it acutely, perverted sensation and the suffering due to the condition of auto-intoxication and to the reaction of the nerves cause him to ignore past experiences and he justifies himself for continued indulgence because he thinks it is right to relieve his desire, his disordered sensation, his suffering, etc. In fact, "self" dominates the actions of the man to the exclusion of the rights and feelings of others. This explains why confirmed cases of alcoholic inebriety will lie and even steal to obtain the drink which is now so necessary to their comfort and well-being.

THE EMOTIONS.

The inebriate is also beset by morbid broodings over his inability to abstain, his conduct while under drink, his loss of business acumen, self-respect, reputation and character. He is filled with forebodings, fears and suspicions and his emotions have full sway; he gives way to tears, anger, etc., and again resorts to his cups in spite of past experiences, which were he normal he would know are the cause of the very condition for which he now resorts to liquor for relief.

THE WILL.

Another very important phase in the mental makeup of the inebriate is the condition of the will power. Few understand that there are two elements in will power, as indicated by the combination of the two words will and power. The first element is simply the making up of the mind as to what one should or should not do. This we call the power of choice, and although, as noted above under intellect, the inebriate's power of choice is weak and vacillating, yet he still knows the wrongfulness of indulgence, realizes in a feeble way its baneful influence and repeatedly makes up his mind that he will not drink again; but the power of putting into effect this good resolution is weakened if not entirely paralyzed and he is certainly at times absolutely powerless to carry out his good intentions.

As Ribot puts it: "It is because the individual organism, the source from which all springs, had two effects to produce and produces only one of them; while the motor tendencies are too weak, to express themselves in acts." The "I will," as it is called, "is not the cause of anything. The acts and movements which follow it result directly from the tendencies, feelings, images and ideas which have become co-ordinated in the form of a choice." One must be in a normal condition to possess a normal will power, and it is a well recognized fact that the will is always weakened whenever the brain cells are placed in a condition of sedation, or when their general nutrition is impaired from any cause. I would emphasize this gradual and progressive paralysis of the will power as one of the chief reasons for continued indulgence on the part of the inebriate.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Some time ago I read an anecdote which aptly illustrates this action of drink. The head of a zoological garden had in his collection of reptiles one which was rare and very poisonous.

One day in talking of this reptile to some visitors, he opened the cage where it was kept and by the usual method picked it up, grasping it just back of the head so that so far as its bite was concerned, it was perfectly harmless. Turning to his visitors he said: "When I get through telling you the history of this snake, all I have to do is simply to cast it back into its cage." Then he proceeded to tell them where the snake was obtained, its supposed age, and the length of time a person would live if bitten by it. During this time the reptile was coiling its body around his forearm, shutting off the circulation and weakening the muscles until, while he was still talking, his grip relaxed, the serpent's head was released from his grasp and he was bitten again and again.

This man did not realize that the coils of the reptile's body around the arm would gradually weaken the muscles so that ultimately he would be unable to maintain his power over it and would soon or late be at its mercy. And although the drinking man at the start has the power to quit and is profuse in his assertions that when he finds it harming him he will give up its use, he does not at that time realize that through the cultivation of a craving for itself, its benumbing of

sensation, its impairment of intellect, its blunting of perception and its weakening of will power, it will rob him of all those things which give him his normal power of resistance. In other words, as the appetite for it increases, his resistance to it decreases, and the time comes in a large number of cases when it is next to an impossibility for him to discontinue its use without the aid of a thorough course of treatment.

NO CLASS EXEMPT.

Let me further say that the time has come when our profession should drop the time-worn antiquated idea that the victims of drink are chiefly found among degenerates, perverts, etc. Temperament has much to do with the rapidity and the certainty with which alcohol overcomes the individual, and the man of quick, active, nervous temperament is the one that responds most quickly to the quieting, soothing effects of alcohol, and, therefore, such a one succumbs to its enthralling influence much more quickly than the man of lymphatic temperament. Schofield says: "Nervous people are the salt of the earth, and the leading men in every profession are drawn from their ranks. They are men with brains that thrill, that feel, that are quick in action, firm, clear and of high organization." It is just such individuals who under strain of overwork, insomnia, illness, or any kind of nervous strain, on being advised to take a little liquor by some friend, or possibly a physician, find that they feel so much better under its influence that under similar circumstances they repeat the dose and gradually increase its size until they become inebriates. There is an abundance of medical testimony at the present time tending to prove that it is this class of individuals who make up a large percentage of the army of inebriates, and that inebriety is by no means confined to the so-called perverts and degenerates as has been so long taught by our profession.

If this article helps to awaken physicians to the danger of alcoholics, particularly in such temperaments, and arouses them to the necessity of educating the laity concerning these dangers, many good men will be saved from the drink bondage and my object fully attained.—Medical Progress.

DON'T REPEL PROSPERITY.

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

ALL our limitations are in our mind, the supply is around us, waiting in vast abundance. We take little because we demand little, because we are afraid to take the much of our inheritance—the abundance that is our birthright. We starve ourselves in the midst of plenty, because of our strangling thought. The opulent life stands ready to take us into its completeness, but our ignorance cuts us off, says Orison Swett Marden in Success. Hence the life abundant, opulence unlimited, the river of plenty flows past our doors, and we starve on the very shores of the stream which carries infinite supply.

It is not in our nature that we are paupers, but in our mean, stingy appreciation of ourselves and our powers. The idea that riches are possible only to those who have superior advantages, more ability, to those who have been favored by fate, is false and vicious.

Those who put themselves into harmony with the law of opulence harvest a fortune, while those who do not often find scarcely enough to keep them alive.

A large, generous success is impossible to many people, because every avenue to their minds is closed by doubt, fear. They have shut out the possibility of prosperity. Abundance can not come to a mind that is pinched, shriveled, skeptical, and pessimistic.

Prosperity is a product of creative thinking. The mind that fears, doubts, depreciates its powers, is a negative not a creative mind. It repels prosperity, repels supply. It has nothing in common with abundance, hence can not attract it.

Of course, men do not mean to drive opportunity, prosperity, or abundance away from them; but they hold a mental attitude filled with doubts and fears and lack of faith and self-confidence, which virtually does this very thing without their knowing it.

Oh, what paupers our doubts and fears make of us!

No one will ever show what he is or what he can be if hemmed in by constant disparagement; for souls are like sensitive plants that close up quickly in an uncongenial atmosphere. But it is a chivalrous ambition to revive hope, to bring out their strength and loveliness, to expand the wings of Psyche that she may soar above earth's dust and turmoil. And this task begins, not in some distant region, but among those who, though we think we know them best of all, may yet possess an unexplored remainder, full of fine surprises rich in varied treasure.—William T. Herridge.

ALCOHOL AND THE COMMUNITY

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M. D., LL. D.

[McClure's Magazine for December continues its discussion of the liquor question in an able and convincing article showing that alcohol is the chief cause of the greatest evils that burden a community. We reproduce it in part as follows.]

THE preceding part of this series dealt with the effects of alcohol upon the individual. It showed that such widely varying bodily tissues as those of the brain, the nerves, the heart and blood vessels, the stomach and intestinal tract, the lymphatic system, the kidneys, and the liver, may become diseased as a direct effect of the habitual drinking of even small quantities of alcohol, whether taken in the form of beer, wine, whisky, or other beverage. It noted also that the deleterious consequences are not confined to the habitual drinker himself, but are passed on, variously modified or intensified, to his individual descendants of successive generations.

Such protean activities seem puzzling; but they become in a measure comprehensible when the rationale of the action of alcohol upon the organism is understood. The fact seems to be that alcohol has an affinity, not for any particularly highly organized tissue of the body, but for protoplasm itself, which is the basis of all living matter. To gain a clear mental picture of its action on the body, one may liken the effect of alcohol circulating in the blood to that of a current of water coursing along the bed of a stream. Every portion of the bed of the stream is to some extent affected by the abrading force of the current. But some portions are affected far more than others. A granite boulder, for example, seems to escape almost unscathed; whereas a limestone surface is gradually cut and furrowed, and a sand bed or a muddy deposit may be swept away altogether. The difference is due not at all to the current of water, but to inherent differences in the surfaces acted upon.

In much the same way the alcohol circulating in the vascular currents of a human organism tends to attack one tissue and another. The precise effect, in the case of any given organism, depends upon the relative stability of the various tissues of that organism. If the cells of the liver, for example, chance to be relatively weak and susceptible, the liver will be the organ most conspicuously "attacked" by the alcohol. In other cases kidneys or heart or nervous tissues may be the ones to suffer most because they chanced to be the tenderest—the most easily abraded—tissues. It can hardly be said that alcohol singled them out for its attack; their inherent weakness is the cause of their destruction just as the inherent softness of the sandbank explains its abrasion by the stream.

HOW ALCOHOL ATTACKS THE BRAIN.

But note now an important application.

It is a fact familiar to every student of evolution that, generally speaking, the most unstable tissues of an organism are the ones most recently evolved; that is to say, the most highly developed and complex tissues. Being interpreted, this means that the most delicate and unstable of all organic tissues are the complex central nerve-cells of the gray cortex of the brain—the cells directly associated with the exhibition of mental processes. These are the most delicately poised, the most easily disturbed in function, of all organic tissues. It follows that these are the tissues that come earliest and most persistently under the influence of the alcoholic poison. A given individual may have a highly susceptible liver or kidney or heart, through hereditary influences or through some peculiarity of his environment; but, in general, the brain—the organ of mind—is the organ whose tissues are most susceptible. So when the dissecting-knife reveals, post-mortem, a hob-nailed liver or an alcoholic kidney, stomach, or heart, it will most invariably reveal also a shrunken and "watery" alcoholic brain. And in numberless cases in which all the other organs have seemed to present a granite-like resistance to the poison, the brain alone gives evidence of having yielded to the strain. * * *

ALCOHOL AND INSANITY.

The first definite question that presents itself in this connection is whether alcohol, in attacking the brain cells, produces or tends to produce such mental changes as constitute technical insanity. For answer we turn to the statistics of institutions for the insane, and to the writings of alienists. There is nothing in the least uncertain about the character of the reply.

Here, for example, is the latest Annual Report of the New York State Commission in Lunacy. It presents a colored diagram showing at a glance the percentage of insane patients known to have a history of alcoholism who were admitted during the current year to the State asylums. The colored portion representing alcoholics covers a full third of the entire area in the case of

patients from the rural districts and more than a third in the case of urban districts.

The asylum statistics of other States reiterate the same lesson. Considering the United States as a whole, it is variously estimated that from 25 to 30 per cent of all the insane patients admitted to the asylums year by year owe their misfortune directly or indirectly to the abuse of alcohol. The statistics of other countries are closely similar. In England and Wales, according to the estimate of Dr. Robert Jones, alcohol claims 17,000 victims among an asylum population of 116,000. Doctor Clouston, superintendent of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, in Scotland, reports that 42 per cent of the men and 18 per cent of the women under his charge are victims of intemperance. He notes, it may be added, that these figures have more than doubled within the last thirty years; and in particular that drunkenness as a cause of insanity in women has increased of late years with unexampled rapidity—an alarming observation that is fully confirmed by Doctor Tuke's experience at the Royal Dundee Asylum. * * *

The testimony of Continental alienists is no less unequivocal, and the statistics upon which their opinions are based are no less suggestive as to alarming increase in the ravages of alcohol in recent years. * * *

ALCOHOL AS A CHIEF CAUSE OF CRIME.

According to the modern view, criminality implies, to some extent, defective mentality. A man with normal mental vision realizes intuitively that a law-abiding course enhances his own interests as well as those of the community. If he departs from such a course, it is only under the stress of an unusual temptation, or at a time when his judgment is impaired—in particular, that judgment as to social relations which we commonly speak of as "moral sense." Now, it is a characteristic effect of alcohol to produce impairment of this highest mental faculty while at the same time stimulating various lower propensities and passions. We might infer almost without argument, therefore, that an agent which inflames the passions and lowers the moral sense must make for the commission of crime. This inference, as regards alcohol, is abundantly justified by everyday experience; yet perhaps few people fully appreciate the power of this agent to interfere with the orderly course of society. It is rather startling, for example, to read the declaration of the Lord Chief Justice of England that, "if sifted, nine-tenths of the crime of England and Wales could be traced to drink." But when we examine the abundant statistics and note the force of their unsifted and therefore highly conservative verdict, we are led to feel that the estimate is by no means unreasonable, and that it may be applied with equal justice to practically every civilized nation.

Thus the famous investigation of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics revealed the fact that 84 per cent of all the criminals under conviction in the correctional institutions of that State owed "the condition which induced the crime" to intemperate habits. The investigation included the inmates of such minor correctional institutions as jails and workhouses, a very large proportion of whom were arrested for being "drunk and disorderly"; but if these were excluded, and attention confined to charges other than drunkenness, alcohol could still be made responsible for 50.88 per cent, or more than half, of all crimes. An almost identical result was reached quite independently by the investigators of the Committee of Fifty, who very carefully scrutinized the records of 13,402 convicts in seventeen prisons and reformatories scattered through twelve States. * * *

It is of interest to note that the institution whose inmates showed the lowest percentage of intemperance in the above cited investigation of the Committee of Fifty was Sing Sing Prison. At first glance this seems surprising, since this prison is recruited so largely from New York City. The explanation is found in the fact that only first-term men are sent to Sing Sing, which therefore "gets an unusual class of prisoners; in fact, a great many are from the higher walks of life, men in business and the professions, as well as trusted employees, etc." It is a matter of course that intemperance should figure as a relatively infrequent cause of crime among this class of prisoners; yet even here, as we have just noted, one man in four owes his fall to alcohol. Moreover, it is reported that "of 233 cases of convicts in the Sing Sing and Auburn prisons, Mr. Dugdale found that of those who had committed crimes against the person 40.47 per cent were habitual drunkards, while of those convicted of crimes against property 38.74 per cent were habitual drunkards. Of the former about 38 per cent and of the latter about 43 per cent came from intemperate families. Among 176 habitual criminals, 45.45 per cent came from intemperate families and 42.46 per cent were habitual drunkards."

These highly suggestive figures are closely paralleled by the statistics of European nations. Thus Dr.

William C. Sullivan, medical officer in his majesty's service, says: "Personal investigation directed to this matter in the English prisons indicated that about 60 per cent of graver homicidal offenses and about 82 per cent of minor crimes of violence could be attributed mainly to the influence of alcoholism. * * *

CRIME IN COUNTRIES OF "LIGHT" DRINKS.

In France the association between alcohol and crime has long been officially recognized. The direct causative relation between one and the other was pointed out before the Anti-Alcohol Congress in 1889 by the Director of the Bureau of Statistics of the French Ministry of Justice. He showed that the consumption of alcohol per capita in France had increased in a single decade from 2.72 liters to 3.83 liters, and that the number of apprehended criminals had increased during the same period from 172,000 to 185,000—with no corresponding increase of population. Enrico Ferri attempted to make the association between intoxication and crimes against the person clear by showing that, during the period of 1850-1880, such crimes (including murder) increased and decreased in France from year to year in direct correspondence with the fluctuation of the grape crop. A large vintage was followed, according to his investigations, by an increase of crime; a small vintage by a distinct decrease; and the more extreme the oscillation in wine-production the closer and clearer seemed the correspondence.

A similar correspondence between increased consumption of alcohol and augmentation of crime has been observed in Belgium and in Italy. The same relation has been illustrated conversely in the more gratifying experience of Norway, where in five years the consumption of alcohol per capita was reported to have fallen from five to four liters, with an attendant decrease in the number of criminals in the proportion of 207 to 180 for 100,000 of the population. * * *

ALCOHOL AND PAUPERISM.

It appears, then, that alcohol must be held responsible for about four-fifths of the anti-social propensities that make necessary the huge paraphernalia of police systems, criminal courts, jails, prisons, and reformatories that constitute so serious a blot upon present-day civilization. Were it not for the influence of alcohol, a vast army of delinquents who prey upon society, directly when at large and indirectly through cost of sustenance when confined in correctional institutions, might be living useful, productive lives as normal members of a normal society. Let us inquire to what extent the same thing may be true of that even more numerous body of unfortunates whose inadequate equipment for the battle of life brings them within the ken of charitable rather than of correctional organizations and institutions. In other words, let us seek to reduce to somewhat precise terms the relations existing between alcohol and the state of acknowledged dependency called pauperism.

The problem is an exceedingly complex and difficult one—quite impossible, indeed, of really accurate solution in the present state of sociological science. Nevertheless a considerable number of zealous and unemotional efforts have been made to secure accurate and scientific data among certain classes of dependents or in localized regions, and a comparison of these will give a fairly definite answer. Perhaps the most painstaking and comprehensive investigations in this line conducted in this country are those made quite independently by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics and by the famous Committee of Fifty. The one took cognizance of conditions in Massachusetts only; the other secured returns from a large number of charitable organizations in various States. A comparison of the results of the two investigations is given in the report of the Committee of Fifty in the following words: "The results [of the Massachusetts investigation] show that in Massachusetts about 39 per cent of the paupers in almshouses had been brought to their condition by the personal use of liquor, and that about 10 per cent had come there through the intemperate habits of parents, guardians, or others. Our figures, based upon almshouses throughout the country, give an aggregate of a little less than 33 per cent of cases due to the personal use of liquor, and about 8.7 per cent due to the intemperate habits of others. While our figures are slightly below those of Massachusetts, they are much nearer to them than any other set of figures quoted, and this fact is an important evidence of their general accuracy."

It appears, then, that about two-fifths of the paupers cared for in the almshouses of this country demonstrably owe their condition to alcohol. Of that vastly larger company of dependents that are given outdoor or indoor relief by the almost numberless charity organization societies, it was found that fully 25 per cent were im-

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THE NEW YEAR.

BY METÁ E. B. THORNE.

THE seasons come and the seasons go,

Today we stand at the gates
Where with hands that laden overflow
The smiling New Year waits.

He comes as a messenger, who brings
From the Father's bounteous stores,—
Love's divine and never-failing springs,—

The blessings our God outpours.

The gifts he is bearing are gifts of price,—

Though it may be of little worth
Some may seem to our dim untutored eyes
That measure by things of earth.

Yet all that cometh from God is good,—

Whether joy or affliction we see,—

For out of earth's shriveled, unpromising bud
Springs the glorious life to be.

Out of roots of sorrow and direst pain
Shall perennial gladness spring;

God shall help thee untangle thy future's skein;

So trustfully work and sing.

And the "voice that is still" and the "vanished hand"

That one sad year stole away

Shall be restored in Love's sunlit land

In God's glad New Year's Day.

—Selected.

WHICH IS THE BETTER WAY?

A SAD lesson on the danger of using liquor as a medicine is seen in the case of a woman who has served many years as a prisoner at the bridewell. Twenty-five years ago she was a teacher in the city schools, young, comely, ambitious, with a prospect of a life of usefulness and happiness. But during an illness a remedy containing alcohol was prescribed and she became a slave to the liquor habit. In five years her life was utterly wrecked and she was living in what was then known as the toughest street in the world.

She has spent nineteen years out of the past twenty-five in the Chicago bridewell, and when a few weeks ago she again stood before the judge in the Harrison street municipal court she begged to be sent to some place where she could get no liquor.

Homeless and friendless, gaunt, hollow-eyed, and looking double her forty-five years, this woman who had once been a respected teacher in our public schools told the story of her downfall, and said that whisky had done it all.

In spite of her appearance her language was that of an educated person. But she said that she went crazy when she saw a saloon or caught a whiff of the odor of alcohol from a passing distillery wagon.

Two others whose bitter experience should be a warning to those who believe in the harmlessness of the social glass are a couple of aged friends who have been sentenced to the bridewell more than two hundred times, and have passed at least thirty years of their lives in that institution.

Both of these gray-haired women are in the sixties, and both are widows. The institution has been transferred into the hands of half a dozen different superintendents and has passed through many changes since they received their first sentence, but whenever they have left the place it has been to return in a short time.

One of these aged women is the mother of twelve children, and they are only too anxious to take care of her, but she cannot let drink alone, and if either she or her friend are released they are soon brought back again.

Such cases illustrate the fallacy of the argument that places should be established where inebriates could be isolated for a year or two at the expense of the public. Inebriety is a disease, and isolation does not cure disease.

In this connection we are reminded of a woman who held the position of housekeeper in a wealthy family. She was exceptionally capable and reliable, but she was subject to periodical attacks that rendered

her totally irresponsible, at times. For a while these attacks were passed over as a kind of nervous affection. But gradually the truth leaked out, as unpleasant truths have a way of doing, and it became known that this efficient and trusted woman was a periodical drunkard.

Her employers were philanthropic people and wanted to help her. They knew about the Keeley cure and instead of sending her out to swell the number who find their way to police stations and reformatories, they sent her to Dwight to take the treatment for inebriety.

That was many years ago; but there has been no recurrence of the old periodical attacks, and no one who sees the self-reliant woman that she is now would ever imagine that she had once needed a cure for drunkenness.

Another case of similar character but different circumstances was that of the wife of a prominent business man. She had commenced the use of liquor as a medicine, but had become so enslaved by it that she neglected her home, her husband and her children.

She spent days at a time locked in her room in a sort of drunken stupor, from which she would arouse only long enough to replenish her bottle. Entreaties and threats were alike useless, for there was always the excuse of broken health.

Her husband was devoted to her, but he was a man of practical common sense and strong character. He studied her case and became convinced that she could not stop drinking unaided. Finally in desperation she was given her choice, to take the Keeley cure or to go home to her people.

It was taking heroic measures, and for a time it looked as if she would choose her own way. But there is unusually a bit of pride left, even with a drinking woman, and it isn't pleasant to have it said that one is sent home on account of drunkenness. So she decided to take the cure.

That, too, was years ago, and the incident is never referred to in their home, which is now one of the happiest places that can be imagined.

Plenty of instances could be cited where women who have commenced drinking either in a social manner or as a medicine have been allowed to continue until their bibulous habits led to arrest and sentence to the bridewell. But neither arrest nor imprisonment ever has destroyed the craving for alcohol.

The Keeley Cure destroys that craving and renders arrest and imprisonment unnecessary.—Which is the better way?

TEMPERANCE AND MISSIONARY WORK.

MRS. Ellen M. Watson is to be congratulated on the results of her untiring efforts to make the cause of temperance a prominent feature in church and missionary work as shown by the following report from Mrs. S. S. Gilson, which appeared in a recent issue of the Presbyterian Banner. Mrs. Watson is an enthusiastic believer in the Keeley Cure and has hosts of friends among Keeley graduates, by whom she is lovingly called "Mother Watson":

The semi-annual meeting of the Women's Missionary Association of Allegheny county was held last Thursday in the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church of Pittsburg, with delegates attending from fourteen denominations. For the first time in its history the cause of temperance had a prominent place on the program, and the leading address on this subject was made by Rev. Dr. William L. McEwan, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, who has just been made a member of the General Assembly's Standing Committee on Temperance. After his address the following resolution was passed: Resolved, That our Union Missionary Society earnestly entreats every religious organization in Allegheny county to add a temperance secretary to its list of officers, and take part in this war against the liquor traffic. This feature of the meeting is owing chiefly to the long-continued work of Mrs. Ellen M. Watson, a member of the Synodical Com-

mittee on Temperance, the veteran temperance worker of the Church. Mrs. Watson is now seventy-eight years of age, but as active as ever, and sends out weekly bushels of literature to all parts of the Church. At last she sees the object for which she has worked so long accomplished, and now the cause of temperance is given a regular place in the program for the week of prayer. In his address Doctor McEwan declared his warm sympathy with all organizations looking toward the overthrow of the liquor traffic, but he especially commended the work of the Anti-Saloon League of the United States. He said that in his native State of Kentucky, noted for its whiskies and drinkers, the great majority of the counties have voted "dry," and the movement was going forward, steadily working for the prohibition of the liquor traffic throughout the entire State. Charles F. Weller, general secretary of the Associated Charities of the city, spoke on "A New Home Missionary Movement in Pittsburg," interpreting his subject to mean the work of the Association of which he is the administrative officer. He said two millions of dollars were spent last year in Pittsburg for the aid of the poor, but investigation had shown that it was not wisely spent, as some cases received aid from two or three or more organizations. The new organization of Associated Charities will make this impossible. Addresses were heard on other subjects of a civic and philanthropic character.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR MATRIMONY.

"SUCCESSFUL business girls and women," says Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson in Woman's Home Companion for February, "are too well off financially to want to marry.

"The girl who earns twelve, fifteen or twenty dollars a week sets for herself a standard of living, dress and small luxuries which would require a husband earning twenty-five, thirty and fifty dollars respectively. She regards as necessities what her mother considered luxuries. If a man who is earning only as much as the girl or a few dollars more a week asks her to marry him, he knows that the girl must either deprive herself of some things she has grown to regard as necessities or she must continue to work. And there is many a home-hungry young man today too proud to allow his wife to work.

"Through agitation and her own honest effort at desk, counter and loom, woman is rapidly nearing the goal of equality in work and wages with men. Her services are worth today as much as those of the man who might marry her—if her services were worth less."

Dead Memories.

"She has a book all full of dried leaves and pressed flowers from ever so many places and folks," explained little Grace after a visit to an older girl. "They're 'sacred memories,' she said so, but she's forgotten what most of 'em are about now." There are a great many so-called sacred memories that are very much of that order—dead flowers and withered leaves pressed between life's pages, bits of the past that have lost their meaning and only encumber the book. Life would be a stronger, freer, more useful thing to many of us if we did not hold fast to so many traditions and customs that have lost all present value, but which are dragged along day by day under the impression that age has made them sacred.—Forward.

Do It Today.

Oh, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard one of these men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give him some day—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do.—Phillips Brooks.

"What a blessed difference it would make in all our lives if we stopped remembering the little slights and wrongs and injuries that may have poisoned them! We say we have forgiven, but there is a little festering grudge left. It hurts no one but ourselves. That other one who did the wrong has made amends or begged our pardon and gone away in peace. It is we who are unquiet and disturbed, as people always are who do not make thorough work of forgiveness. Cast out every memory of wrongs, or, if that is not possible, try draping them with the sweet veil of pity. That always hides and softens harsh and ugly outlines."

BEYOND THE GATES OF MIST.

BY MRS. NANNIE MONTFORT.

I THINK when we've passed through the Gates of Mist
That guard the shores of the beautiful isles,
Where perfect souls of all ages exist
In the light of love and the warmth of smiles.

I think we shall wander through fairyland ways,
With loved ones whose feet were fleetier than ours,
Whose life-palm was sung, like the lark's tender lays,
While the tears of Night hung on drooping flowers.

We shall float on the waves of crystalline streams,
While zephyrs are pulsing with sweet melodies,
Like those that breathe through the spell of our dreams,
When the kiss of Morpheus rests on our eyes.

We shall roam through grove and beautiful scene,
That the Master Artist touched with blending bloom
Of flowers everlasting, nor thorns between,
Whose breath fills the air with balmy perfume.

Should there be one blossom than others more rare,
In exquisite tracery of color and form,
'Twas by angel fingers transplanted there,
From a heart that for others beat true and warm.

And if on its petals pearly and clear
Dewdrops shimmer in the light of the sun,
They are jewels wrought of sweet sympathy's tear,
That fell for the sake of some sorrowing one.

I know, dear friend, if these fancies be true,
When you reach the shores of the beautiful isles,
For you there'll be flowers asparkle with dew,
In the light of love and the glow of smiles.

MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

BY EURETTA D. METCALF.

THERE is ink in my blood. This statement is founded on the fact that my father—in his sailor days—had an elaborate pattern tattooed on his chest and arms. Instead of dilating on this point for the benefit of my readers who think they know more about the law of heredity than I do, I will say at once how the ink which I believe to be in my veins found its way to paper. A great many young women, equipped with a university degree and some stationery, set out to become famous authors. I was commendably modest in my aspirations, seeking only to become a reporter. Before attempting to convince an editor that his paper needed my services, I erased from my dictionary the word failure and all its synonyms, but it didn't occur to me to barricade my heart against disappointment.

Upon reflection, it seemed to me a curious coincidence that six managing editors should, on the same day, be too busy to be seen, until I remembered that in each case the person who had given me this information had looked me over, slowly and critically, before speaking. This determined me to never again wear my shabbiest clothes and a carefully rehearsed expression of need when seeking employment. Only the successful can afford to look dowdy, and they would better think twice before indulging in the luxury.

On my next quest for work I wore the most becoming street suit in my graduation outfit, to which I added a bunch of violets from a flower stall on my way down town. I hadn't the slightest idea what effect dainty gowning would have on the editorial heart masculine, but I had observed that other men, especially those who tell their wives that a cotton shirtwaist and black skirt form the most tasteful combination she could assume, invariably hover about the woman in a lacy, frilly gown, with a flower in her hair, and a lot of baubles pendant from a long chain.

My best clothes, and an endeavor to look sweet and commanding (try to acquire this expression if you think it easy) may not have been the "open sesame," but I suddenly discovered myself standing confused and trembling in the great Farley's sanctum; at that moment I had reason to believe that my veins were filled with red ink only.

"Well?" demanded a gruff, but not unkind voice, which brought my surprised survey of the bare little den to an abrupt end. I had expected to find the devil—printer's devil, I should have said—a waste basket overrunning with poems on spring, and a dyspeptic-looking individual in his shirtsleeves actively wielding a blue pencil. The big, gray-haired man who put down an interesting-looking book at my entrance, was a shock.

Before I had half-finished the neat little speech which I had committed for the occasion he broke in with a curt "We don't run a Children's Corner."

"I should not contribute to it if you did," I retorted, stung by his tone. I was not to blame because I looked so absurdly young.

He regarded me with interest; I might say in all modesty, with great interest. "What have you written?" he asked quite kindly.

Intuition whispered that I must put on a bold front, especially as I observed his eyes lingering approvingly on my costume. "I have but recently graduated from the state university," I said importantly, "so have not had any opportunity to write for publication. I may say, however, that my themes in literature were nearly always commented upon by the faculty."

"Indeed? They said you were a coming genius, I suppose?"

"N-n-no," I faltered, wishing I had foreseen the possibility of catchism.

"What did they say?" persistently.

"I—I—would rather not tell," I stammered, longing to run beyond reach of his quizzical gaze.

"Your modesty is commendable, Miss Berry," he said, "but I cannot consider your application without some sort of recommendation. If you will not tell me what your teachers said I feel compelled to look up your record at the university."

I have since learned that I had caught the great Farley in a facetious mood, an eruption, doubtless, of the long-dormant humorous specialty of his apprenticeship to journalism. I am even yet an excellent target for practical jokes, and when I saw his serious expression I did not doubt that he would execute his threat.

Years of chagrin welled to my eyes as my castle of assumption came tumbling about my ears. "My themes generally came back marked 'slangy, but interesting,'" I reluctantly confessed.

He leaned back and laughed till his face rivaled mine in hue. Shamed and cross I was turning to go when he stopped me with a gesture. "That laugh is worth something," he said, wiping his eyes. "I steer clear of 'coming geniuses,' but I think you deserve a little encouragement. Do you have the proper things to wear to a fashionable wedding?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried.

"Then I will try you on an assignment. The feature isn't worth sending one of the staff after, but bride and groom are both friends of mine and they'll expect me to give them mention. I intended to write it myself, but I'll let you see what you can do. Limit yourself to 500 words. The bride is homely enough to stop a clock, but be sure to put in a lot of hot air about her beauty. This card will admit you."

I glanced at it, then smiled sweetly. "Fortunately, I already have an invitation," I said. "The bride and I were classmates." Being well-versed in the value of omissions, I did not add that since leaving school we seldom had met. The ludicrous dismay which overspread his countenance assured me that I had repaid, with interest, his laugh. Ten minutes later I was on my way home with the tidings of success.

Among my birthday presents I had received a camera, and having heard that news pictures have a commercial value, I determined to supplement my first repertorial matter with a photograph of the bridal party. Having obtained permission to take a flash-light, I stationed myself unobtrusively at one side of the hall, where I could secure a good view of the bride and her attendants as they marched to the front parlor where clergyman and guests were waiting. I did not know the groom and best man were to make a dramatic entrance through another door.

I was always nervous when taking a picture, and eager to have this one absolutely perfect I set up my tripod and got the focus in advance. When I heard the procession leave the upper hall I drew out the slide and pressed the bulb that opened the shutter. In doing so I accidentally gave it a twitch, but believing that the screw was firmly adjusted, thought no harm was done, and touched off the flash at the proper moment. Hastily picking up my tripod I left it and the camera in a dark corner of the hall, and hurrying into the parlor witnessed the ceremony.

The paper I represented was a morning journal, and to insure smoothness I had made a rough draft of my copy, leaving blanks for the names of guests, description of presents, decorations, etc. Having congratulated the newly married pair I was about to slip away, with a delightful sense of importance in my excuse when the bride's father suddenly held up his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have to make the painful announcement that a valuable diamond bracelet is missing from among the presents in the library. I must request all of you to remain until a man from police headquarters arrives."

I am glad to say my first thought was a throb of sympathy for the poor, pale bride, but my next sent a professional glow tingling to my very toes. My first assignment promised a scoop for the paper and corresponding credit for myself.

I shall never forget with what pride I called the city editor on the telephone and asked him to hold the paper for my copy, which would be delayed by the investiga-

tion. And, appreciating its value as detail, I joyfully submitted to what would otherwise have been an embarrassing search. Guests and servants were impartially overhauled and questioned, but every one professed ignorance of how the bracelet had disappeared.

The library, in which the presents were displayed was on the first floor, across the hall from the parlors, but nearer the foot of the stairs. The room was brilliantly lighted—I had observed that while waiting on the opposite side of the hall to take my picture—and had neither door nor curtains to separate it from the hall. The windows had been locked and the shades drawn, but otherwise the presents had been unguarded. When censured for his carelessness in this respect the bride's father flashed testily "I did not expect to entertain a thief among my friends."

Although the police department had sent its best sleuth the jewel had not been found, nor even a clew to the thief, when I turned in my story.

I sympathized with the bride in her loss, but, nevertheless, I was pleased to see my account of the mysterious robbery, a column long, on the first page of the morning paper, and when the great Farley himself patted my shoulder, with another of his huge laughs ready to explode, and said kindly "It isn't slangy, but it's interesting, little girl," my cup of happiness was complete.

In the haste and confusion of writing my important story I entirely forgot the flashlight I had taken, nor did I think of it for several days—in fact, not until my vanity subsided to its normal proportion. When I went after my camera I learned that the bride's father had offered a reward of \$100 for the apprehension of the thief. Having nothing else to do when I returned home I developed the plate. I did not particularly care for photography, but one has to pretend to enjoy one's birthday presents for the donor's sake. When the negative emerged from its final bath I glanced at it carelessly, then tumbled into the nearest chair.

Exactly one hour later I fought my way into Farley's presence. "I ought to have taken it to the police department," I gasped incoherently, "but it's another scoop for the paper, so I've brought it to you."

Farley glanced at the fresh negative which I flung on his desk without a gleam of understanding.

"Don't you see?" I fairly shouted. "In opening the shutter I gave the bulb a twitch that changed the focus, and I got a picture of the library opposite, instead of the bridal party."

"But why have you brought this woman standing on one foot to me?" sternly. "My taste does not incline to high kickers."

"Was ever any one so stupid?" I cried, forgetting my former awe of him. "She is the thief who stole the bracelet. Don't you see it sparkling in her hand? I caught her in the act of concealing it in her shoe—or somewhere."

Then he understood.

The detective and the bride's father were hastily summoned by telephone, and I experienced the delightful sensation of being a heroine. The woman, who was a recent acquaintance of the bride's father, proved to be a notorious thief from the east. When accused of the theft she denied it, but when the officer confronted her with the picture I had taken she broke down and confessed that she had chosen a moment when the other guests were all in the parlor, knowing that in the excitement attending the entrance of the bridal party she would not be missed. She had concealed the bracelet in a false sole of her shoe, and had submitted to the search without fear. Eventually the bracelet was recovered from a pawnshop in Detroit.

A day or two after my second scoop appeared, Farley summoned me to his office. "The fact that you brought the negative to me instead of taking it to the police department proves that you have the true journalistic instinct," he said, warmly. "I have decided to offer you a position on the staff. But it's hard work, and there isn't as much in it as in catching thieves," referring to the reward which I had earned.

"However, I will gladly accept it," I replied, trying to look dignified instead of rapturously happy. "I couldn't keep from writing if I tried. You see, there is ink in my blood."

Several months afterward I heard the managing editor account for my success in interviewing the reluctant by saying to the city editor that I had inherited talent—Extract from the Autobiography of a Woman Journalist.

"We may, if we choose, make the worst of each other. Everyone has his weak points; everyone has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon them. But we may also make the best of one another. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place."

TO DISPEL THE CLOUDS.

A LAUGH is just like sunshine
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folk along.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!

—Selected.

INVENTIONS, TEMPERANCE AND CIGARETTES.

BY THOMAS A. EDISON.

THOMAS A. EDISON was asked the question, "Is the age of invention passing?"

"Passing?" he repeated, in apparent astonishment that such a question should be asked. "Why, it hasn't started yet. That ought to answer your question. Do you want anything else?"

"You believe, then, that the next fifty years will see as great a mechanical and scientific development as the past half-century?"

The answer was unhesitating and emphatic. "Greater; much greater."

"Along what lines do you expect this development?"

"Along all lines," answered Mr. Edison. "A man can't particularize. You can never tell what some apparently small discovery will lead to. Somebody discovers something, and immediately a host of experimenters and inventors are playing all the variations upon it. Take Faraday's experiments with copper discs; looked like a scientific plaything, didn't it? Well, it eventually gave us the trolley car. Or take Crookes' tubes; looked like an academic discovery, but we got the X-ray from it. A whole host of experimenters are at work today; what great things their discoveries will lead to no one can foretell."

"You ask if the age of invention is passing? Why, we don't know anything yet. Tell me, what physical law do we know? Not one. So far as science is concerned, we are still groping about in the dark. With this world of knowledge before us, how can any one say that the age of invention has passed?"

"Do you believe," asked the reporter, "that we have reached the limit of electrical development?"

"Why, we don't even know what electricity is yet. How can we say that we've reached the limit of a force whose nature we are ignorant of?"

"For the reasons that I've already pointed out, it's impossible to predict the lines along which electricity will be developed. It may be illumination. It may be power transmission. Then there's wireless telegraphy and telephony—commercial propositions already, but both in their infancy."

"The gyroscope? I experimented with the gyroscope over twenty years ago. An astronomical expedition was going to the coast of Guinea to observe an eclipse, and I designed a platform for their telescope, which was to be set up on deck and maintained in stable equilibrium by a huge gyroscope. The necessary money was not forthcoming, and the scheme never got beyond the model stage."

"I can't say just what the gyroscope's development will be, but it undoubtedly has its uses. Yes, it might be used to maintain the equilibrium of a train on a single-tracked railroad."

"No, with or without the gyroscope, we'll never have a twenty-four hour transcontinental train. The wind resistance would be too great for one thing. That speed is too great. But if Americans keep on developing their nervous hurry, the 100-mile-an-hour train will be a regular feature on our railroads."

"The trolley—that's a thing that's going to develop and spread wonderfully during the coming year. I expect to see Long Island and all the land about New York built up."

"Yes, my molded houses will be a big item in this suburban development. Just think what it will mean when you can set up an iron mold, pour in concrete, and have a complete house constructed in twenty-four hours. It's going greatly to reduce the cost of dwellings, and enable the poor man to get out of the crowded tenements. I'm at work on my mold now, and expect to have it completed in a few months."

When Mr. Edison suddenly switched the subject.

"I want to tell you that one of the greatest things today is this temperance movement. If it keeps on spreading, as it gives promise of doing, it's going to bring about a wonderful change in this country. There's nothing that means more to the future of the country."

"And the anticigarette law is another good thing. Tobacco's all right; it never hurt any one. But cigarettes are poison. We've either got to have anticigarette laws or more acreage for asylums for juvenile degenerates. The people will have to decide which they want."—Washington Post Correspondence.

ALCOHOL AND THE COMMUNITY.

(Continued from page 9.)

poverished through the direct or indirect influence of liquor. An inkling of what this means when reduced to tangible figures may be gained from the reflection that New York City alone ministered officially, through the agency of its charitable institutions, to about 375,000 applicants in 1907.

THE DESTITUTE AND DESERTED CHILDREN.

Yet another class of dependents came within the scope of the investigations of the Committee of Fifty—that most pitiable of all groups of human derelicts, the destitute and neglected children. "It is estimated that in this country about 16,000 children annually are deserted by their parents." But this group, after all, is small compared with the vast army of children whose parents, though not actually deserting them, are unable or unwilling to give them adequate attention. Many of these are never brought within the ken of the statistician; others receive attention from societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and from such organizations as the National Children's Home Society. From the records of these institutions the statistics of the Committee of Fifty were compiled. The result is startling, even if not unexpected. It is revealed that "nearly 45 per cent of the children harbored owed their destitution to the intemperance of parents, while nearly 46 per cent owed their destitution to the intemperance of parents and others [guardians, etc.] together. The worst phase of poverty occasioned by drink is thus seen to be in the fact, not that the drinker himself suffers, but that innocent persons suffer still more."

It is fairly demonstrable, then, that as a minimal estimate about two-fifths of the paupers in almshouses, one-fourth of the seekers of charity outside almshouses, and almost one-half of the dependent children in America owe their deplorable condition to alcohol. Few European countries afford dependable statistics for strict comparison with these; but the general relation between alcohol and pauperism is everywhere recognized, and in many localities studies have been made with the aim of determining the exact share of alcohol in producing the gigantic burden of incompetency with which every civilized society is handicapped. * * *

Collating the available statistics for England, Dr. Ralph H. Crowley, of the Bradford Royal Infirmary, reaches the conclusion that "were a careful inquiry to be instituted into the causes of pauperism throughout the country, it seems almost certain that drink would claim a proportion of one-third to one-half. When we remember," adds Doctor Crowley, "that the total cost of poor relief is in round figures twelve million pounds sterling (\$60,000,000) per annum for England and Wales we realize what an enormous sum the taxpayer has to find under this heading due directly to drunkenness."

Continental statistics as to the relation of intemperance to pauperism are less abundant than might be desired, largely, perhaps, because it is only in recent years that the temperance movement has gained a popular hearing in most communities. * * *

Pitter estimates that one-third of all the recognized poverty in German cities may be ascribed to alcoholism. Drs. Baer and Laquer accept this estimate as "not too high," and deduce the inference that the annual official expenditure of the German Empire in aid of pauperism due to alcohol is not less than fifty million marks. A widely quoted estimate published in a periodical devoted to the charities of Hamburg ascribes 50 per cent of the pauperism of that city (in the year 1902) to intemperance; and Picard, making universal application of a similar estimate, declares that misery and need follow intemperance like a shadow, and that the day which witnesses the abolition of drunkenness will witness also the disappearance of more than half the pauperism with which mankind is now afflicted.

It will be observed that these estimates, ascribing from one-third to one-half of the recognized poverty of the Fatherland to the effects of alcohol, are singularly in harmony with the estimates made for England

by British investigators and with the careful statistics compiled for America by the Committee of Fifty. Such correspondences cannot well be accidental. They give secure warrant for the belief that at least one-third of all the recognized pauperism in the most highly civilized communities of Christendom results from bodily and mental inefficiency due to alcoholic indulgence. A similar correspondence of testimony shows, as we have seen, that the same cause is responsible for the mental overthrow of fully one-fourth of all the unfortunates who are sent to asylums for the insane; for the misfortunes of two-fifths of neglected or abandoned children; and for the moral delinquencies of at least half of the convicts in our prisons and of not less than four-fifths of the inmates of our jails and workhouses. We have previously seen how alcohol adds to the death roll through alliance with all manner of physical maladies. Did space permit, it might be shown how largely the same common enemy is responsible for suicides and sudden deaths by accident in many lands, for the universal prevalence of venereal diseases with all that they imply, and for a large proportion of such cases of marital infelicity as find record in the divorce courts. But these, after all, are only minor details within the larger scheme of human suffering already outlined. The insane, the criminals of various types, and the recipients of charity make up the great mass of abnormal members of the body-politic whose unfitness receives official recognition.

Let it be particularly borne in mind that the conclusions just presented as to the causal relation of alcohol to the production of each of these abnormal elements of society are as far removed as possible from mere sentimental estimates or pessimistic guesses. They are inductions based on careful surveys of evidence. Dealing with matters of great complexity, they are subject to a good deal of latitude, for reasons that I have given; but they are sufficiently precise to serve the purposes of reasonably secure scientific hypotheses. Considered as gauges of the misery caused by alcohol, our percentages are utterly inadequate, to be sure. There is a vast host of victims of alcohol that cannot thus be classified, as a moment's consideration will show.

For every individual that dies prematurely of a disease directly due to alcohol, there are scores of individuals that suffer to a lesser degree from maladies which are wholly or in part of the same origin but which are not directly fatal.

For every patient that suffers complete mental collapse as the result of alcoholism, there are scores of patients that are the victims of epilepsies, neurasthenias, neuralgias, choreas, and palsies of alcoholic origin.

For every criminal that alcohol sends to prison, there are scores of persons whose moral delinquencies, induced or emphasized by alcohol, are not of the indictable order, yet are a source of suffering to their friends, and a detriment to humanity.

For every incapable who, weakened by alcohol, acknowledges defeat in the life battle and openly seeks alms, there are scores of individuals that feel the pressure of want in greater or less degree because the money that might have supplied necessities and luxuries has gone for drink, yet that strive to hide their indigence.

But the members of all these vast companies of sufferers lie without the field of the statistician. They have no share in the estimates that have just been presented.

As we view this joyless pageant, the vast majority of its members impelled by a power they loathe yet must obey, a realizing sense comes to us of the tyranny exercised over humanity, generation after generation, by this arch enemy of progress. In the light of such a sequel there is ironical humor in the reflection that the medieval alchemist who introduced alcohol into the western world believed that he had discovered the long-sought elixir that would make man immortal, and thus was led in all seriousness to give to this most implacable of destroyers the grimly paradoxical name of "*Aqua Vitæ*," the Water of Life!

Great Danger.

The first and most seductive danger and the destroyer of most young men is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him, and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any or all the other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up, and—if not recover lost ground—at least remain in the race, and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to the rule.—Mr. Carnegie, in *The Empire of Business*.

DOINGS AT DWIGHT.

Scarcely a day passes that letters are not received at Dwight from enthusiastic Keeley graduates; these letters, however, are almost invariably from graduates of the Parent Institute, but occasionally there is an exception to this rule. A letter was received a few days ago from a graduate of the Lexington, Mass., Keeley Institute. No doubt the writer of this letter would consent that his name be used, but there was not time to get the consent before going to press; the letter reads as follows:

Boston, Mass., Jan. 28, 1909.

Keeley Institute, Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—This afternoon at 4:20 I completed my thirteenth year without taking a drink of liquor.

I entered the Institute at Lexington, Mass., Dec. 26, 1896, at 5:30 p. m. and in forty-seven hours I had five drinks of whisky, and I then told the steward I never wanted another drink. I can truthfully say I have never seen a time from then up to this time that I have had any desire to drink.

From 1898 to now I have traveled, have visited The Keeley Institutes at Dallas, Texas, White Plains, New York, West Haven, Conn., and many times at Lexington.

I have but praise for The Keeley Institute; if a man wishes to be cured, he will be; it all rests with the patient; they cure you, but have no brains for sale.

Trusting this will find its way to those in line, and with best wishes for all.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Oughton left Dwight on Sunday, the 31st of January for the South, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Dr. C. O. Donaldson has resigned his position with The Leslie E. Keeley Company and has gone to Kansas City, Missouri, to engage in general practice. Doctor Donaldson will be associated with his father and brother, both of whom are physicians and each will take up a special line of work. It will be a source of deep regret to many Keeley graduates to learn of Doctor Donaldson's departure; both he and his wife will be greatly missed in Dwight where they have a wide circle of friends. Dr. R. E. Maupin, who fills the place made vacant by Doctor Donaldson's resignation, is a graduate of the University of Kansas City, Medical, and has had a great deal of experience in general practice; he is a young man and is already popular with the patients.

Among the Keeley graduates who have recently visited Dwight, bringing patients with them for treatment, are the following: William Brown, D. J. Hickey, Theo. Kupfer and P. J. McNally; each reports himself in good condition and able to cope with the world and hold his own.

The Keeley Institute of Omaha, Nebraska, has sent out a very attractive easel calendar in blue and gold, the Keeley colors; the easel is of leather, and bears the inscription, "The Keeley Institute, 2507 Cass st., Omaha, Nebraska." Your correspondent is fortunate in having one of these, which certainly is the most attractive calendar received this year.

A slight blaze occurred at the residence of Dr. James H. Oughton Sunday morning, Jan. 31st. The Doctor lives in the house formerly occupied by the late Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, it having been recently refitted and refurnished. The fire, which was confined to the kitchen, was probably due to the crossing of electric wires; fortunately little damage resulted except the burning of the kitchen floor and that done by smoke in some of the adjacent rooms; although the fire department arrived upon the scene promptly their services were not required.

Mr. George B. Weaver, who for a little more than a year has been manager of the Livingston Hotel, will sever his connection with that establishment on March 1st, 1909. Mr. Weaver is a well known hotel man and will doubtless find a broader field for his energies. The position of manager, as your correspondent understands, is already filled and the new man will be upon the scene March 1st; while his name has not been given out, it is stated that he is a man of a great deal of experience and that his wife will have charge of the house-keeping department of the hotel; it is understood also that the new manager is "a good mixer" and will undoubtedly be popular with patients and graduates.

The local Council of the Knights of Columbus had a field day on Jan. 31st. There was at the Knights of Columbus Hall a large concourse of visitors to witness the conferring of the first, second and third degrees of the Order. The degree work was done by "teams" from Kankakee, Illinois. There were special trains from Kankakee and Streator and large delegations by train and trolley from Odell and Pontiac. It is estimated that between five and six hundred Knights of Columbus were present. In the evening more than three hundred Knights sat down to a banquet which was served in Mazon hall. Great interest was manifested by many of the visitors as to The Keeley Institute and permission was asked to visit the building,

which was cheerfully accorded. There were many expressions of surprise at finding such a magnificent hotel as the Livingston and such office buildings in a town the size of Dwight. The Cure was well known to them, but additional information was eagerly sought. The local Council is in a flourishing condition and numbers in its ranks some of the employees of The Leslie E. Keeley Company.

SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

BY WALT MASON.

I WANDERED to the grog shop, Tom, I stood before the bar, and drank a bowl of lemonade and smoked a rank cigar; the same old kegs and jugs were there, the ones we used to know, when we were on the round up, Tom, some fifteen years ago. The barkeeper is a new one, Tom, the one who used to sell corrosive tanglefoot to us is smoking now in H—alifax, the new one has a plate-glass front, his hair is combed quite low, he looks just like the one we knew, some fifteen years ago. Old soaks came up and called for booze, and dundelets staggered in, and burned the lining from their throats with fine old Holland gin; and women stood outside the door, their faces seamed with woe, and wept just as they used to weep, some fifteen years ago.

I asked about the old-time friends, those cheerful sporty men, and some were in the poor house and some were in the pen; and one—the one we liked the best—the hangman laid him low; the world is much the same, dear Tom, as fifteen years ago. I asked about that stately chap whom pride marked for its own; he used to say that he could drink, or let the stuff alone; he perished of the James H. Jams out in the storm and snow; ah, few survive who used to bowl some fifteen years ago. New crowds line up against the bar and call for crimson ink; new hands are trembling as they pour the stuff they shouldn't drink; but still the same old watch-word rings, "This round's on me, you know." the same old cry of doom we heard, some fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom, and there I saw the graves of those who used to drown themselves in red fermenti waves; and there were women sleeping there, where grass and daisies grow, who went and died of broken hearts, some fifteen years ago. And there were graves where children sleep for many a year, forgetful of the woe that marked their short, sad journey here; and 'neath a fine tall monument, in peace there lieth low, the man who used to sell the booze, some fifteen years ago.—The Apostolate.

They are the long stretches which weary us. To every man and woman who lives, the hours come when it seems, even though we are glad to do our best, that we cannot carry for a whole lifetime the burdens and the duties laid upon us. Well, we do not have to. Sleep comes in between, and the family intercourse and the meetings of friends, and at the most it is only "day by day." Too often we try to live three days at a time, and therein is where we make our mistake. We seek to carry yesterday and tomorrow and today, too.—George T. Dowling.

C.T.A.U. Department

Edited by JOHN P. CUNNEEN

973 North Robey Street, Chicago

PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America by its executive council announces a prize essay contest, open to the students in the Catholic seminaries of America.

A first prize of fifty dollars, a second prize of fifteen dollars, and a third prize of ten dollars for the best essay written by students of our seminaries upon the following subject:

"Considering the perilous progress of the drink evil in our day, and comparing the various methods adopted to suppress the same; which should be selected as the most effective and beneficial to mankind?"

CONDITIONS.

1. Those only will be allowed to compete who are making their philosophical or theological studies in our seminaries.
2. A complete and pithy treatment of the "drink evil" is required; the various methods and means adopted for its suppression must be studied, and from among these, that one must be selected which is proved to be the most effective and beneficial to mankind.
3. Each paper must contain less than twenty-five hundred words; must bear a nom de plume, and must be accompanied by a sealed envelope with the same nom de plume on the outside, and full name of person, home address and college address within.
4. All essays must be sent to Edwin Mulready, Rockland, Massachusetts, before June 1, 1909.
5. The prize papers will be published in the Bulletin of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, and distributed throughout the entire country.
6. The student winning the first prize may have the opportunity to read his paper before the delegates to the 39th annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, assembled in Chicago, Illinois, in August, 1909.
7. All papers received will remain the property of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, and those thought worthy will be published in the "Bulletin" as occasion requires.

We would suggest that this subject has been thoroughly exploited in the leading magazines and newspapers of this country during the past three years, and reference to these sources will make matters easy to all contestants.

A committee of three prominent leaders in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union will be announced later to decide on the merits of the papers presented.

Yours very respectfully,

REV. JAMES T. COFFEE,
President, St. Louis, Mo.

EDWIN MULREADY,
Secretary, Rockland, Mass.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America by its Executive Council announces a prize essay contest open to the students of the Catholic colleges of America.

A first prize of twenty-five dollars, a second prize of ten dollars and a third prize of five dollars for the best essay written by any student of a Catholic college upon the following subject:

"Why should I take a part in organized Total Abstinence Work?"

CONDITIONS.

1. All students of our Catholic colleges will be allowed to compete for these prizes.
2. No paper must exceed twenty-five hundred words. Thought not words is what we are after.
3. All essays must be sent to Edwin Mulready, Rockland, Massachusetts, before June 1, 1909.
4. The prize papers will be published in the Bulletin of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, and distributed throughout the entire country.
5. All papers received will remain the property of the C. T. A. U. of A., and the best selected for publication in the Bulletin from time to time.

It is the desire of the executive council to stir up an active interest in organized Total Abstinence work in our country, and the co-operation of the authorities in all our colleges is most respectfully solicited.

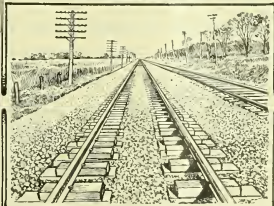
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REV. JAMES T. COFFEE,
President, St. Louis, Mo.

EDWIN MULREADY,
Secretary, Rockland, Mass.

THE CHICAGO & ALTON
USES
CONCRETE TIES



They can't rot or get out of line. They are another illustration that

"THE ONLY WAY"

is ever mindful of the safety and comfort of its patrons. Perfect passenger service between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and points beyond.

GEORGE J. CHARLTON,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE KEELEY CURE.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

PEOPLE WHO TAKE THE CURE—EFFECT ON THE GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—PRICE OF TREATMENT, ETC.

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition. The Keeley Remedies are absolutely a specific for this disease.

How Long Does It Take?

The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and, hence, there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival a patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness caused by the treatment, and the physical condition improves from the start.

At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved, mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright and complexion clear; morally changed because of his disgust for his former life, and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear a Keeley patient say, "I feel ten years younger."

Opium, Morphine, Etc.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, and other similar or kindred drugs, when used continuously, induce diseases, each of which is characteristic of the substance used. The definite symptom is always the necessity for repeated doses, which is commonly designated as "craving." The use of these drugs is usually begun to induce sleep or to relieve pain, and the victim has the disease firmly fastened on him before he realizes his condition. It is then discovered that the desire for the accustomed "dose" dominates all other desires, and even death itself is scarcely more to be dreaded than the cutting off of the usual supply. These diseases have been considered incurable, but Doctor Keeley has demonstrated otherwise. They yield to scientific treatment, and from four to six weeks only are required to complete a cure. This statement may seem startling, but it is true. We will gladly refer you to people who have been cured and who have standing that will bear investigation. Send for printed matter on opium and other drug using.

No Confinement.

One feature of the Keeley Treatment that commends it to those needing it, is that there is absolutely no confinement. Patients are required to take the remedies with the utmost regularity, and are expected to attend the lectures, but the remainder of each day is disposed of as the patient pleases. It is needless to say that no improper conduct is permitted, and that liberty does not mean license. No one visiting Dwight would suppose, unless informed, that the fine-looking, quiet, well-behaved people observed at the hotels and on the street are there for treatment—yet such is the case. They appear in all respects to be temporary residents of the village, and are so recognized. Lifelong friendships are formed and good comradeship prevails.

Effect on the General Health.

There can be but one truthful answer and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness caused by our treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients or graduates; they know and will tell

you truthfully. Do not ask a saloon-keeper, or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-six years of age—time enough, the most captious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business more than twenty years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients?

What Our Remedies Do.

These remedies are reconstructive nerve tonics which restore the nerve cells to a normal, healthy condition, the same as before being poisoned by alcohol or toxic drugs. When this is done the "craving" disappears because, as has been proved, that is a symptom of a diseased condition of these cells. A parallel case is that of a cough, which indicates a diseased condition of throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs; when the cause is ascertained and removed, the cough disappears.

Owing to lack of space these diseases and additions, their causes and cure, cannot be fully described, but



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

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DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

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PRODIGALS.

BY S. E. KISER.



How strangely prodigal we are
Who have so short a while to stay!
To die that journey far

And still the precious present waste.

We sigh at night for day to dawn,
Though we may never, all our lives,
Bring back a moment that is gone,
Or keep an hour when it arrives;
Impatiently we watch and wait
For pleasures that shall briefly last,
And, having won them, add the great
Day of their coming to the past.

We sigh for manhood when the ways
Are strait and long that stretch ahead,
And sit regretting wasted days,
When youth and Youth's fond hopes are fled;
Yet, even as we voice regret
For those glad seasons hurried through,
We nurse impatience and we fret
For next year and for something new.

How strangely prodigal we are
Of that which we should dearly prize!
We scheme and plan and journey far
To pass the time that quickly dies;
We dread the silent end we know
That each of us must find somewhere;
But, great and small, and high and low,
Through all our days we hurry there.

—Record-Herald.

THE FIRST MRS. DOUBLEDAY.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.



HEN Anne Hiliard and Richard Henry Doubleday were married, people called it a very pretty little romance which united a girl of twenty-four with a man of forty. To Anne it was a great deal more than that and even her grandmother confessed, somewhat unwillingly, that Mr. Doubleday was sufficiently in love with his charming young bride. And so the old shoes were thrown with a will and the rice scattered over them so generously that they looked quite as if they had encountered a miniature snow-storm as they drove away into that future which seemed to Anne so bright. She did not remember that it was Richard's second wedding journey, for Anne was a sensible girl; she did not torture herself with recollections of how as a child of nine she had had her best frock on and her hair carefully curled to come into the parlor and see the bride—Richard's first wife—in all the glory of her wedding finery. No, Anne was far too sensible for that; she put her hand joyfully into that of her husband and went away with him to the distant city in which his home awaited her.

"And here we are at last, sweetheart," her husband said, as he lifted her tenderly from the carriage, on their arrival. "Don't wait for me; I must speak to the coachman and the air is chill." And so it happened that she ran lightly up the front steps and into the hall—to meet, alone, the eyes of Harriet!

It was only a moment until her husband came. But in that moment she had time to take in the details of the place. The dark wainscoting of the hall; the shallow stairs, well polished, and Harriet at the top of the first flight, smiling, debonair, in her wedding garments.

It was only a portrait of the first Mrs. Doubleday, but to Anne it was the ghost of Harriet and those smiling eyes seemed to chill her to the heart. She greeted Richard quietly, when he came in to make her welcome to her new home, but though she strove to be gay, it was only by a distinct effort that she succeeded.

"I am tired, that's all," she said; "it will be different in the morning."

In the morning she went carefully over her new home. The servants were excellent; there was no evidence of neglect about the place.

"Poor Dick! to think that he has endured all this alone so long," his young wife said to herself. "These dark colors, these lugubrious trappings are enough to give any one the blues—however, we can soon change all that."

It was the drawing-room which depressed her most. It was in the handsome but low-spirited style of the early eighties. The wall paper had a dado almost black, and was itself of a depressing brown. Its vast expanse was broken here and there by a languidly dreadful plaque, decorated with water lilies or sun-flowers. The mantel was draped like a mausoleum and the somber-hued furniture was adorned with ribbon bows; one chair had a back upon it which boasted

a heavily embroidered stork. Anne sank suddenly into that chair, that she might no longer see that stork. From the cabinet depended by pink and blue ribbons a remorselessly painted tambourine.

"It is dreadful, dreadful," Anne said, under her breath. "I shall speak to Richard at once about having an artistic eye, she be-
liever of the place. She men-
tioned her plan to her husband that evening, after dinner; he looked at her in blank surprise.

"Don't you like the drawing-room, dear?" he said, in hurt, astonished tones. "Harriet was perfectly satisfied with the house, as it is, and I had hoped that you would be the same. Of course, if you insist—"

But Anne did not insist; it was not her way. She realized that he had grown accustomed to his surroundings and dreaded change. She never spoke of the matter again, but she actually suffered, for she had keen artistic instincts. If Richard had been stingy or unpleasant about it, it would have been a different matter; as it was, it was hopeless, for he had taken refuge behind Harriet—and Harriet was a ghost!

People wondered a little that no change was made in the house by its new mistress, who became at once socially popular. Some set it down to one reason, some to another. All the women, however, wondered that the portrait of Harriet remained in its place. Some thought it argued indifference to her husband that induced Anne to leave it there; a few claimed that Mr. Doubleday had exacted a promise that it should stay, before their marriage.

"But the odd part of the whole affair is that she often speaks of it," little Mrs. Powers used to cry; "I've heard her myself. Miss Thompson, who was visiting me, admired it and she said, quite simply, 'Yes, that is the first Mrs. Doubleday. Quite a pretty woman, is she not?'"

"Humph," Mrs. Ross would say, when she happened to be present, "for my part, I think there is something actually uncanny about the woman who can see beauty in her husband's first wife." But Mrs. Ross was considered a humorist and no one ever took her quite seriously, even when she had the grip or was obliged to visit the dentist.

No one, her husband least of all, guessed that the portrait at the head of the stairs was a very living thorn in Anne's side. It was a tribute to Anne's personality that no one called her the "second Mrs. Doubleday." Instead, they dubbed her "the well-bred Mrs. Doubleday," for it was customary in Douglassdale to classify and pigeonhole the members of its best society. Perhaps it was just the fact that she was so thoroughly well-bred that kept Anne silent about the portrait, where another woman might have spoken.

Anne had been married four years now; it was the day before Easter, and Easter fell this year on the anniversary of her marriage. She was thinking of this now as the carriage stopped at her own door. She had been to the florist and the seat in front of her was full of great odorous bunches of blossoms, with which she meant to oust for a day the gloom of that depressing drawing-room. For that, as well as the rest of the house, remained as it had been at her entrance into it.

When they reached home, Mrs. Doubleday went slowly up the front steps and put her latchkey in the lock; then she paused as she always did, nerving herself for the encounter with Harriet's eyes. She always hesitated, yet she never allowed herself the luxury of going around to the side door. Slowly she turned the key and the door opened. Yes, there she was at the head of the stairs, with the afternoon sun gilding the ash blonde hair and glorifying her somewhat commonplace features! A slight shock went through Mrs. Doubleday, as she caught the painted eyes fixed upon her, with what seemed to be a mocking smile. It seemed to her that Harriet knew that while apparently supplanted she was still dominant.

On the hall table lay a telegram; Anne opened it slowly, standing by the table as she did so.

"From Richard, to say that business will detain him down town this evening," she said; "I thought there was something on his mind this morning."

She mentally ran over a list of the nice girls from among whom she might choose a companion for her solitary meal. Then she saw that it was not from her husband, and read:

"Shall be with you this evening at 6:30.

"MARTHA SELLS MONTGOMERY."

Involuntarily she lifted her eyes to meet the demurely satirical ones of Harriet, for Martha Sells Montgomery was the first mother-in-law of Mr. Doubleday!

Anne was in truth a well-bred woman. Not even an old servant could detect a trace of sarcasm in the tone in which she bade the housemaid make ready the blue bedroom for the occupation of Mrs. Montgomery. Susan had been in the house longer than she had and

doubtless knew more about the expected guest than she did.

She went into the drawing-room, where the masses of flowers had already been carried, and sat down to think, her eyes fixed on the glowing grate and the usual depression caused by the chill ugliness of the room upon her.

"If only Harriet had not been a perfect woman," her successor sighed, for the thousandth time. "When I write my memoirs, I shall leave to the world the garnered wisdom of my life in a single sentence: 'Never marry a widower whose first wife was a perfect woman!' But, there, how absurd I am, criticising the very virtues of the woman my husband married when I was in pinafores; why, he must have been a widower when I was studying fractions!"

She was a little provoked with herself, but she dreaded the meeting with this woman who would compare her, to her own disadvantage, with Harriet. She knew that her husband loved her, but that portrait would not let her forget that she was not his first love. That furniture and those hangings made her feel that Harriet was still the mistress of the house, struggle as she might against the morbid feeling.

Presently, she heard her husband's latchkey and went out into the hall to meet him. She loved to see the quiet smile which came over his face at sight of her, and she was childish enough to like to have him kiss her under the eyes of the portrait.

"And so ma is coming!" Richard cried. "I hope, Anne, that everything is all right. Harriet was very fond —"

"Everything is quite right, Richard," Anne knew she was a good housekeeper, even if her efforts in that line were not to be compared with those of Harriet.

They met their guest in the hall and Anne was wearing her most becoming gown. It annoyed her a little, foolishly, as she knew, that her husband removed his arm from her waist as his mother-in-law entered the door.

Her own greeting of the guest was perfect, quite as if she was Richard's own mother. Mrs. Montgomery was a short, dumpy, ugly woman, with a curiously distinguished air; she had a melodious voice with something of the platform ring about it. Anne knew that she was one of the most noted club women of the day and an authority on parliamentary usages; she would still have felt a little in awe of her if she had not been Harriet's mother.

"I am on my way to a meeting of the Federation, and I felt I could not pass you by," she said.

"We should have felt quite hurt, if you had done so," Anne replied.

"May I take you to your room?"

On the landing Mrs. Montgomery paused. "Why, there is the portrait!" she cried. "I mean to ask Richard to give it to me, and I think he will. You are a good woman, my dear, to keep it there." She leaned over and under Harriet's eyes she kissed her successor. Anne wished that Richard, too, might have seen that kiss.

When the guest came down again, they went almost immediately out to dinner, at which it seemed to Anne the ghost of Harriet more than ever presided. She felt that she did not quite dare to look over her own shoulder; she kept her eyes resolutely on the huge bunch of Easter lilies in the middle of the table. Conversation was on general topics until the salad was brought in. Then Mrs. Montgomery said: "I notice that you have not refurnished the drawing-room in all these years, Richard. I thought you would have done that long ago—dear me, how poor Harriet hated that room!"

Mr. Doubleday looked blank. "She chose everything in it herself," he said.

"I know it, and against your advice. I remember how doltishly she took me into it for the first time, saying, 'Oh, ma, I fairly hate it now it is done, but I'll never confess it to Richard.' Did you speak, my dear?" Anne had not spoken; she had merely lifted a glass of water to her lips, she felt dizzy.

"So she never did confess it?" Mrs. Montgomery went on. "I thought as much; Harriet was my own daughter and I knew her faults, as I always said when you sent for me to straighten things out. If you took her just the right way, you could always manage her in the end. Of course I understood her better than you did. I am glad to see that Anne—may I call you Anne, my dear? Thank you—is such a good housekeeper. Harriet would have learned to be one, if she had lived, I am sure."

Anne's dessert was untasted; her head was in a whirl. There was silence while the coffee was served. Then Mr. Doubleday cleared his throat, a trifle nervously. Turning to his wife, he said: "I haven't told you yet, dear, but that business I spoke of the other day, has turned out very well for me. My Easter gift

to you will be a check, this time. I thought perhaps you would like to refurbish the house."

"Thank you, Richard, I should like it very much, indeed," Anne replied, as calmly as she could.

"And then I am sure that you will let me take the portrait, will you not, Richard?" his mother-in-law said.

"Yes, ma, it belongs to you by right now," he answered. "The house has been a bit old-fashioned for a young wife, hasn't it?"

Anne said nothing, but she met her husband's eyes across the lilies. In that glance he knew that she would never refer to the subject again and she knew that the Ghost of Harriet was laid forever!

WHAT TO READ.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

READING is part of the great universal "pursuit of happiness." Also it is a sea to drown care and a sword to kill time. It is a pastime, like golf, only a much better one. I say these things because, though I take reading seriously, I am not one of those who speak of it with bated breath. And I am not apt to be impressed when informed that So and So is a "great reader" until I have learned something more about So and So. I will not allow reading to be a cloak to cover sins of narrowness, prejudice and affectation—especially affectation. Some of the most offensive persons I have ever known were "great readers"—persons who never went to bed without reading a scene from Shakespeare, who made an appreciation of "Marius the Epicurean" a test of social decency, who scorned all modern fiction and poetry with a reference to the "wholesome saint of Scott," who were emphatically "up in dates," and whose minds, to be brief, were a coagulated mass of ponderous pretenses. For myself, I read because I enjoy reading. I try not to pretend to like things I don't like—it is difficult!—and when I am bored I try candidly to admit the fact. For example, I candidly admit that nearly all Dickens and nearly all Thackeray bore me acutely. I have again and again failed to get through their masterpieces, or even to perceive that their masterpieces are masterpieces. Therefore I no longer attempt to read them. But at the same time I do not make a practice in my quest of enjoyment of discarding every book that threatens to prove tedious.

And here, I think, we come to the main principle which should underlie the reading of every man who reads first for the esthetic or intellectual bliss to be derived from reading. His pursuits should fall into two divisions—the disciplinary and the purely joyous. When he is beginning to form his taste in imaginative literature his disciplinary reading should consist of classical imaginative masterpieces, say, a play of Shakespeare every week for three months. "Hamlet" may be the greatest dramatic poem in the world, but that is no reason why the reader raw and unskilled in the appreciation of literature should enjoy it at the first reading. Indeed, it is a rule to the contrary. And I have little doubt that the first impressions of nine people out of every ten who read Shakespeare are not remote from tedium and an inability to understand why so much fuss is made over Shakespeare. More lies are told about Shakespeare than about anything except the weight of trout. Upon the average it must take years to gain even a moderate insight into the beauties created by a great literary artist, but trying to like a universally acknowledged masterpiece will almost always result in liking it, sooner or later.

As time proceeds the inexperienced student, growing experienced, will discover that his joyous reading approximates more and more to his disciplinary reading. He will discover that the verdict of the ages was right, even though it did not accord with his own early views. He will discover that the reason why the classical writers from Homer to whom you please are esteemed and immortal is not primarily because they are deep, and correct, and restrained, and shapely, but primarily because they give joy, sheer joy, to the largest number of cultivated readers. And so it will occur that he, too, will join the noble procession of converts, and will read the best not because it is the best, but because he gets the most fun out of it. When that felicitous period arrives when no imaginative reading is consciously disciplinary to him, then—if he has not done so before—he must seek his discipline in works which are intellectual or informative rather than imaginative.—Chicago Tribune.

It is only by nature and discipline, by effort, frequent failures and renewed trials that nobility of character is attained, and in this work there is need of all the helps of all the ages.—Rev. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

THE OPIUM GULF.

BY THE LATE DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY.

[Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, whose remedies were the means of restoring thousands of drug users to lives of usefulness, and whose treatment of such cases gave him unprecedented opportunities for observation, wrote as follows:]

THE first thought of the opium or morphine user, whose opiate life has reached a crisis, is to cure himself without seeking the assistance of medicine. He usually does not ask the aid or counsel of a physician, for the instinct of concealment continues even to the latest stages of his habit, and he shrinks from revealing even to the doctor whom he trusts the secret which he has so long endeavored to guard. But even if he should tell his doctor the story of his misfortune, he would, in the vast majority of cases, simply be told that he must gradually reduce his daily "quantum" of the "drug" and thus in time learn to do without it.

Easy is it to glide downward into the awful opium gulf, but to return and escape—how hard! The recorded experiences of opium and morphine users, who have attempted to cure themselves by gradual reductions of the daily dose of their opiate, are like a horrible, infernal chorus of shrieks and screams. The language has been ransacked by these sufferers for terms intense enough to set forth even a little of their misery.

Let me endeavor to place before the reader the experiences of a typical case of attempted self-cure. Every incident and detail of suffering, and of lamentable and disastrous failure can be substantiated by scores of published experiences, and by hundreds of instances described in my own correspondence. Let the individual be of middle-age, and, originally, of more than ordinary strength of constitution, and of a hopeful temperament. His powers have not been greatly wasted, as yet, and he has, by nature, a strong mind and a determined will. He has for some years been taking, let us suppose, an average quantity of fourteen grains of morphine in each twenty-four hours. He has hitherto made only feeble and abortive attempts to cease using the "drug," but now, alarmed by a failing stomach, or shocked by a vision of a life ruined, he summons all his strength and condenses all his energies of mind and body into a resolution to break the withes which are binding all his powers. He withdraws himself from his accustomed duties and cares, so that he may be burdened by no unnecessary weight in the contest, and begins to carry out his determination to reduce, gradually, his daily "ration" of the poison until the amount taken shall become so insignificant that he can entirely abandon it.

He may possibly make a rapid reduction during the first three or four days, perhaps come down to one-half his habitual quantity in that time. Many a victim of the habit, beginning such a struggle, has felt a short and utterly deceptive joy at the idea of a speedy deliverance from his bondage, because he has, in so short a time, reduced his daily doses of the "drug" one-half, without experiencing any feelings worse than general uneasiness and discomfort. He does not know that the perverted machinery of his body has been storing up morphine in all the tissues, and that it is this hoarded poison which makes the first stages of his trial so easy by supplying the stimulus which the system has come to require.

But the third or fourth day of such continued reduction, this store of isomerized morphine begins to fail, and although it might require weeks to entirely exhaust it, the help which it gives becomes less and less. From this time, be his daily reduction ever so minute, the sufferer rapidly passes into the seething crater of the opium agony. He experiences an intense irritability, both mental and physical; cold chills pierce to his very marrow, to be suddenly succeeded by hot flashes and outbursts of perspiration, which make him drip at every pore. Pains which pierce and sting like poisoned spears are felt here and there all over the body. In the stomach there is a constant, terrible sensation, as if a pack of sharp-toothed, hungry wolves were gnawing and tearing its coats. The mind becomes affected. The power of attention and continuous thought is lost; reading becomes impossible, not merely on account of ceaseless restlessness and tormenting pains, but because the mental faculties are incapable of concentration, and it is impossible to fix the attention upon consecutive sentences. All mental activity is paralyzed. Consciousness remains, but it is a consciousness of unceasing pain. There is no longer any restful sleep, but only half slumber, and this is full of conscious uneasiness, or is tormented with delirious dreams.

And yet, this is but the threshold of the torture chamber. As the days pass, and with stubborn endurance the reductions are still made, until the daily dose is but a grain, or even less, the patient experiences horrors

which no words can portray! For a brief period after taking his comparatively minute dose of the "drug" he may experience some mitigation of his sufferings, but the relief is only partial and exceedingly brief. Not for an instant does his torment cease, and day and night not a conscious moment is free from pain, like those which, in darker ages than these, wrenched shrieks and awful secrets from victims tortured on the rack. If the eyelids close, it is not in slumber—the "drug" which once gave such sweet and irresistible invitation to repose has perfected its treachery—it has "murdered sleep." Instances are not wanting where the victims of the morphine disease, endeavoring to cure themselves, have gone absolutely without sleep for one or two weeks. The sleepless days and nights appear to lengthen, until each day, each hour seems endless.

But it is unnecessary to dwell upon the physical agonies of those who try to retrace their steps along the path of the opium habit. The way is paved with red-hot coals and encompassed with burning flames. In addition to the pangs of body there is a distress of mind which broods over all like a dense cloud of despair. Whether the victim is sinful, weak, or only deceived, makes no difference, his punishment is superlative, surpassing all other pains. In the emphatic language of Fitz Hugh Ludlow: "The grasp with which liquor holds a man when it turns on him, even after he has abused it for a lifetime, compared with the ascendancy possessed by opium over the unfortunate habituated to it but for a single year, is as the clutch of an angry woman to the embrace of Victor Hugo's 'Pieuve.'" A patient whom after the habitual use of opium for ten years, I met when he had spent eight years more in reducing his daily dose to half a grain of morphia, with a view to its eventual complete abandonment, once spoke to me in these words: "God seems to help a man in getting out of every difficulty but opium. There you have to claw your way out over red-hot coals, on your hands and knees, and drag yourself, by main strength, through the burning dungeon bars." It is well known that inebriates taken hold of by religious excitement, sometimes, for a while, and perhaps permanently, cease wholly the use of alcohol, and lose, at once, all desire for it. But who ever heard of a confirmed opium user who had experienced such a cure?

The saddest fact in connection with this method of cure by "gradual reduction" is that after enduring such torment of fire, the few who succeed in finally abandoning the opiate are by no means cured. The great majority of those who try this terrible backward path soon turn, affrighted, from its horrors and go forward toward the ruin that waits them. But the very few who, by reason of extraordinary strength of constitution and will, go through the ordeal and emerge with life and reason, are but the wrecks of what they once were.

In some cases in which a very moderate amount of the "drug" has been used each day, and that only for a short time (as three or four grains daily for a few months), and in which the physical nature possesses exceptional strength and endurance, the opium user, cured by "gradual reduction" alone, may become reasonably healthy in body and mind. But cases of this kind are so rare that they do not modify the general fact that the exceedingly small percentage of those who succeed in this method of self-cure are so weakened in body and mind by the "drug," and their struggle to cease its use, that life is almost useless to them.

Be Satisfied.

Be an optimist. Those who bring things to pass are optimists. Keep your standard high and do your level best to attain it. Above all things see that good cheer exists. Be happy at your work and give the best that is in you. There is a surfeit of pessimistic and unprofitable people on the market of the world. What is needed now is men who have constructive ideas and who can honestly deliver the goods. Such people include every one from the highest executive down to the one who performs the lowliest service. All are necessarily parts and parcels of the great machine known as human prosperity, and those who do not perform their duty serve the purpose of clogging the machine and of making its operation more difficult. Be satisfied with that with which you are connected. Keep out of your mind the thought that you could do better if you were somewhere else. This is an illusion which brings discontent, dissatisfaction and a resultant lack of progress.—The Guild.

The world cannot be our intimate friend, patient with our eccentricities, smoothing our paths. We must learn this just as we learn not to pick up a live wire and not to fool with the buzz-saw.—L. B. R. Briggs.

The BANNER of GOLD

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MATE PALMER, Editor.

EDUCATION AND ENVIRONMENT.

PERSONAL opinion is largely a matter of education and environment. Nowhere, perhaps, is this fact more strongly emphasized than in the conflicting beliefs regarding the liquor question.

In a broad and general manner it must be conceded that all respectable people believe in sobriety. But all respectable people do not see the importance of total abstinence.

Those who have been reared in homes where wine is served as a matter of ordinary hospitality see nothing objectionable in such a practice; or, if they do, it has too many adherents among the rich and powerful to occasion much criticism. The thing we are accustomed to we accept without argument. The custom that is sanctioned by social usage is too often adopted without question.

All this, of course, refers to drinking in a so-called moderate and harmless way. Wine is thought by many to give a dash of brilliance and old-world splendor to a festive occasion. It is expected to promote sociability and provide an element of wit and sparkle. But the hostess who serves it does not expect her guests to use her hospitality as an excuse for inebriety. She may consider a young man weak if he cannot drink in moderation, but she certainly despises him if he drinks to excess.

There may be a touch of incongruity about the method that sets a ball rolling, and then cavils because it keeps on till it gets to the bottom of the hill. But it illustrates even more strongly one great fact of these strenuous times, that Sobriety is a *Necessity*. It is not only a *Duty*, in the broadest and most comprehensive sense, but it is an absolute *necessity*, if one would reach anything like the best results of which he is capable. Business requirements demand it, and social position echoes the demand; for those who are most lavish with wines at their own table are often the first to ostracize an offender.

Sometimes the offender is one of the most brilliant members of some exclusive circle. Alcohol is a great connoisseur where victims are concerned. It chooses the brightest and best. And many a woman who unwittingly has helped to cause some other mother's sorrow sits in loneliness and suffers the agonies of a heart-breaking grief because her own gifted boy is a drunkard. No one starts out deliberately to become an inebriate. It is always an accident. And the accident is generally due to one of two causes. Either the liquor was taken as a medicine, or it was taken as a social diversion, until finally it became a necessity.

The advocates of social drinking apparently do not realize its danger. The startling statistics and the sickening details of the drink curse either do not reach their knowledge, or else they are regarded as the baseless exaggerations of temperance fanatics.

This is not difficult to understand, for if one were to depend on public manifestations of inebriety for information along that line he would have but a faint

conception of the true condition. As a rule, drunkenness is not allowed to flaunt itself in public places. Occasionally a drunken man stumbles onto a home-bound car in such a condition that he makes a sad appearance. Or some one staggers through the streets or creates disturbance. But for the most part such spectacles are not as frequent as might be supposed.

But those who are close to the heart of the temperance work know that it is impossible to exaggerate the horrors of the drink evil. They know that no pen can picture the ravages of the deadly stuff, and no imagination can fix a limit to its far-reaching effects.

It is only a little way from the "good fellow" who takes a social glass with his friends to the poor drunkard who has no friends—or at least none outside of his own family; for usually there is a faithful wife who is begging and pleading with him, or there is a heartbroken mother who is praying and hoping that some time the tide may turn; and often there are little children who faintly understand the blight on their young lives. Such devotion speaks well for what a man must have been before whiskey gained control of his life.

Whiskey is a great despoiler. Those who see a man only after he has come under its power have but a faint conception of the changes it has wrought.

NO one has so good a knowledge of this feature of the liquor problem as those who are connected with Keeley Institutes. They see men come in every stage of inebriety, and in almost every condition of physical collapse. In four weeks, they see those same men go forth in the full strength of restored health, with clear minds and clear eyes, and with no trace of the old craving that has held them in bondage for years. They know that so long as there is a shred of character or an atom of self-respect the Keeley Cure will make the drunkard over again into a new man.

But it must not be supposed that only extreme cases take the Keeley Cure. Many realize their danger before their friends have discovered their condition and go to Dwight to be freed from a craving that no one else had suspected.

A NEW MEDICAL MANIFESTO.

A COMMITTEE of the International Association of Physicians organized last August at Stockholm has just prepared and issued the following appeal, which it is desired to give as wide a circulation as possible, as signatures and endorsements of the same are to be gathered throughout the world. It is entitled "An Appeal by the Physicians of all Lands to all Rulers, Governments, Legislatures, all Educators, Teachers, and Ministers, and all who have a sincere interest in the welfare of our race and coming generations." It then proceeds:

"We, who belong to the medical profession and have by study and experience been especially enabled to recognize the true nature and the effects of alcoholic beverages, hereby declare that we are thoroughly convinced that these beverages are altogether unnecessary and in every way injurious, and that we believe the evils arising from the indulgence in intoxicating drinks can and should be eliminated and avoided. Above all, the youth should be taught by precept and example and protected by legal enactments, so that they will abstain from alcoholic liquors. We declare that it is our conviction that this course must be pursued to insure the future sobriety of the race, which is the foundation of its prosperity, welfare and progress."

Signed first by Dr. Holitscher, Pirkenhammer, Germany; Dr. Santesson, Stockholm, Sweden; Dr. Ridge, Enfield, England; Dr. Stein, Budapest, Hungary; Dr. Vogt, Christiania, Norway; Dr. Laitinen, Helsingfors, Finland; Dr. Olrik, Frederiksvaerk, Denmark.

ECONOMIC FAILURE OF LICENSE.

IN a recent address in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium at Detroit, Mich., Hon. Joseph P. Tracy discussed the license system as follows:

The ten million slaves of drink spend annually two billions of dollars over the bars. What would not this money do in restoring prosperity at the present time? In Detroit there are about 1,700 or 1,800 saloons. Calculating 25 feet to each, the saloons of the city, if placed side by side, would cover eight miles in streets. Think of it. Think of eight miles of property devoted to this traffic!

In Michigan there is a saloon for every twenty voters, a saloon for every 250 inhabitants, man, woman and child. The money that goes over these bars totals \$1.00 a day per voter and 20 cents a day per individual. This tribute is paid by drinkers and non-drinkers alike. I ask—is it good business, is it good sense?

Turn that money into legitimate channels, into proper trade, and in a short time we'll have not an idle man, not an idle mill. Prosperity will be here to stay.

It is conservatively estimated that the efficiency of the laboring man is decreased 25 per cent by liquor.

What would an extra 25 per cent of efficiency throughout this country mean to employers and employees in dollars and cents in one year?

Michigan now has eleven "dry" counties. Let her have all counties "dry" and let this state be noted not alone for the building of the best automobiles, but for the building of the best water wagon. If we want prosperity I know of nothing that will bring it so effectively as the wiping of this wrong from the face of the earth.

BARRED FROM THE NORTHLAND.

"ALCOHOL is not allowed to be sold on any part of the coast on which we are working," says Doctor Grenfell, a famous physician who is working among the Eskimos; "but so surely as it comes and an illicit sale begins, one sees its evil results as quickly as if, instead of alcohol, it had been the germ of diphtheria or small pox. Lying at my anchors in Labrador harbors, women have come off the ship after dark, secretly, for fear of being seen, to ask me for God's sake to try and prevent its being sold near them, as their sons and husbands were being debauched, and even their girls were in danger.

"I have seen it come among the Eskimos. It kills our natives as arsenic kills flies, and it robs them of everything that would differentiate them as human beings from the beasts.

"Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because when I go down for a watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there in place of the man the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create.

"I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain had been taking a 'little alcohol.' I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow and that her children were fatherless, because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take 'a drop of alcohol' at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk, and gone out into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prisons the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

"I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind, and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in cases of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself. It is not necessary for happiness, for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fishermen who, like ourselves, neither touch, taste nor handle it."

SWEDISH SOCIALISTS ON DRINK.

TWENTY thousand copies of an appeal to young working people have been distributed in the drinking shops and cafes of Stockholm by the young Socialists. We quote in part:

You will have a good time? But how will you have a good time? If it is to be carousing in a drink shop, we do not hesitate to say that your pleasures will be bad, expensive and unworthy.

How horribly expensive are such pleasures! Is there any reason in it? It keeps you constantly in debt; your clothes go to the pawnbroker on Monday and stay there until you are paid on Saturday. You get your money Saturday, and after paying for your necessities, "How in the rest on Saturday night and Sunday." When Monday comes you are without any wish to work and are unhappy. Now, if you are not ashamed of yourself, you put us as working people to shame, and you have no right to do this.

Why do you do this, we do not understand. There are so many cheaper, better and more worthy ways of enjoying yourselves. The desire for pleasure is entirely justifiable if the pleasures are wholesome and uplifting. Otherwise you become poor slaves of habit. You lose the confidence and respect of your fellow men and constitute a heavy drag on the working class forward movement.

You ask us then what we wish for you. Without mincing words—*We want you to become total abstainers from drink.*

Surround your growing boy or girl with a generous supply of good books, and leave writer and growing soul to do their business together . . . Make your politics healthy, your economic life healthy and honest; be honest and truthful in the pulpit, behind the counter, in the office, and your children will need no specific ethical teaching—they will inhale Right. And without these things all the ethical teaching in the world will only sour to cant at the first wind of the breath of the world.—H. G. Wells.

ENDORSEMENTS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE.

AMERICANS are very practical. They must be convinced of the value of a remedy before they care to invest in it. The Keeley Cure has been before the public many years, and thousands of cured men prove that it is both effective and permanent in its results. But there are other thousands who are being ruined by drink and drugs, who do not know that they easily can be cured of their cravings and their infirmities. For the benefit of such sufferers the BANNER OF GOLD publishes testimonial letters from men who have taken the Keeley Cure. The men who write these letters are in a position to judge of the needs of the drinking man and the drug habitue. They have passed through the same experience. They know how useless it is to fight physical craving with weakened will power. They know the discouragements and the hopelessness that follow the failure of unaided determination. They know the skepticism and doubt with which the first suggestion of the Keeley Cure is usually received. But they know, too, that when every other hope fails, and in sheer desperation the Keeley Remedies are finally given a trial, they accomplish the result so quickly and so painlessly that it is a source of regret that they were not tried before. They know that others are passing through the same suffering, and groping in the dark for some means of escape from a habit that is dominating every purpose of their lives; and they tell their experience for the benefit of such afflicted ones. It will be noted that letters in the BANNER OF GOLD always give the full address of the writer so that a personal letter can be written if desired, and they will be glad to furnish any further information that may be requested:

Cured of an Addiction of Twenty Years.

ROSSELL, N. M., January 29, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your letter received and contents noted. In reply I will say, I have been a happy man since I left Dwight on April 4, 1903. I have been a different, and a better man, and my time has been occupied in making up for the losses of the previous twenty years, when I was addicted to the use of intoxicants. When I think seriously of the past, it really frightens me. I have always been a very busy man, but until I took the Keeley Cure I had nothing to be proud of or call my own. Since that time I have been exceedingly well, and am on the high road to success, morally, physically and financially. I have made a nice home for myself, and have a very dear sister keeping house for me, who never before could trust me.

You may use my name in any way you may see fit to help any one who has gone wrong, as I did. I cannot express my gratitude for the cure which I received, almost six years ago.

Respectfully yours,

W. T. WHITE.

411 N. Ky. Ave.

Make Dwight the First Resort Instead of the Last.

MINERAL SPRINGS, MOORESVILLE, Mo., March 8, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I was what they call a periodical drinker, and when a drinking period came around I did not let it interfere with business. I would leave the office until that period was ended. I kept that up for a number of years, but these periods began coming oftener and lasting longer, and I began to realize that something had to be done. I tried hard to cut loose and live a sober life, but when success seemed about to crown my efforts the unexpected would happen and it was all over with. At one time I succeeded in going more than three years without touching a drop of anything intoxicating, and a great many would say if a man can go three years without liquor he has no excuse; he can go without all the time. That sounds reasonable, but I did not, and there are hundreds of others that do the same as I did. I lost faith in my own efforts, and became discouraged. Men who drink to excess are as a rule very sensitive, and I got the idea that no one cared or sympathized with me. I tried not to care myself, but that was not like me, and the time came when I sobered up after everything was a complete wreck. I considered the matter for two or three days, and finally said: "I have done everything that I could do, and I will go to Dwight as the last hope and resort."

I landed in Dwight on the 2d day of May, 1895, duly sober, and at 4 o'clock that evening I wrote my name on the records in the office of the secretary-treasurer and was duly entered for the contest, not knowing what the treatment would do for me. I asked no questions as to what they were going to do to cure me or how they were going to do it, but played the game and did everything that was required, and May 30th I left there with my diploma. I did not know whether I was cured or not, but I thought I was. I know now that I was cured, and I have had no trouble through all these years to protect my cure. When I say *cure* I mean *cure* in every sense of the word, and I feel confident that it will go with me through all that part of the journey which is yet to come. My advice after nearly fourteen years' experience is to make Dwight the first instead of the last resort, and what it has done for me it will do for others.

I will always have a warm place in my heart for the management of the Institute, and the good people of Dwight, and for THE BANNER OF GOLD. I still remember the class of 1895 with which I graduated and would be pleased to hear from any of them.

With best wishes for the BANNER, I am truly and sincerely your friend,

MAJ. L. A. HAYWARD,

R. F. D. No. 2, Box 60.

Cured of Morphine Addiction Seventeen Years Ago.

SANDUSKY, OHIO, February 28, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your letter of February 27 at hand. I am sorry that I cannot write you much of a letter at this time, but I will endeavor to write a few lines. I have already said a good deal in favor of the Keeley Cure, its permanence and its efficacy; but one cannot say too much for that Institute, and I have not changed my mind with regard to anything that I have said or read in THE BANNER OF GOLD.

It is almost seventeen years since I left the Institute at Dwight, but I have never regretted going there. When I left Sandusky in June, 1892, for Dwight, I was so low with morphine that I did not think of ever returning to my home alive again. But after about six weeks' treatment at the Keeley Institute I got all right, and am still in that condition, and have no desire for morphine. Not only was I cured, but I saw hundreds of patients there who were cured.

Some may think that I am saying this to help along the Keeley Cure. Well, that is partly true, and they deserve it; but I am also thinking of some others, who may be suffering as I did from the morphine habit, and who may be looking for help, but do not know where to find it. To such I would say, there is no place to go except to the Keeley Cure. I had tried many ways to get out of the habit, but could not. The doctors' medicine made me worse all the time until I got into the hands of the doctors at Dwight. They brought me around all right. There is no need for anyone to suffer from drug using; but one must go to the right place for treatment.

Some time ago I received a letter from a friend at Springfield, Illinois. He was at the Keeley Institute when I was. He thinks if it were not for that cure he would not be among the living now. Yes, and that is my case.

Yours very truly,

P. EBNER.

In a personal letter Mr. Ebner writes of a great sorrow that has come to him in the death of his wife. He has many friends among readers of THE BANNER OF GOLD, and all will sympathize with him in his great bereavement.

Seventeenth Anniversary of His Cure.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., February 13, 1909.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—I am reminded that just seventeen years ago this morning I was discharged from your Institution by the Good Doctor Blaine, having been pronounced by him as cured of the curse of drink and I beg to inform you that from that day to this I have never, even for one moment, had a suspicion of a desire to take a drink of any intoxicating liquor and I now know that I will never drink again; I have never had any doubt of my complete cure and my confidence in it grows stronger as the time passes.

I am writing this letter from the force of habit after the close of a very hard day's work and can not take time to write you a long letter, and if I could write pages I do not know how I could make the letter stronger.

I do not know of any man to whom I am under greater obligations for whatever Leslie or character I have in life than Doctor Leslie E. Keeley and I shall remember him lovingly to the end of my life.

With the very kindest regards to all connected with the company who remember me and especially to the boys now in line.

I remain as ever your friend,

O. M. SHANKLIN.

The Keeley Cure Builds Up Instead of Tearing Down.

CLINTON, IOWA, February 17, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—My BANNER OF GOLD for January and February, 1909, reached me last night. Enclosed find one dollar to pay for my subscription for same. I am still a total abstainer and a firm believer in the Keeley Remedies. I arrived at the Keeley Institute at Dwight, Ill., on the 1st day of December, 1904, in a deplorable condition, having been on a long-protracted spree, during the last two days of which it took a quart of Old Crow each day. I became disgusted with myself and asked my wife if she would step over to Mr. Fenlon's and tell Charles that I would like to see him. My wife, knowing that Mr. Fenlon was a graduate of several years' before of the Keeley Cure, informed me that she would, and soon Mr. Fenlon was at my house. I asked him if he would accompany me to Dwight, to which he replied that he would, and we started for Dwight that night, arriving there the next day. When examined by Doctor Donaldson my pulse was running away at 106. Mr. Fenlon and I went out to look for a boarding house and found one, after which he departed for home, leaving me in the care of the Keeley Institute.

About a week after I arrived at Dwight one of the attendants sat down beside me and said: "Cole, I have been here a long time and have seen many men come here, but I never saw one like you." I asked him in what particular, and he said he never saw a man in as bad shape as I was who could still take care of himself.

I left Dwight the 29th day of December, a sober and cured man, full of new life, new thoughts, and in perfect health. I weighed in at 155 pounds and weighed out at 167½ pounds, showing that the Keeley Remedies build up instead of tearing down. I am working for the same company, the C. & N. W. Railroad, and pass the same saloons that I used to visit every day, and could not pass then, and now I have no more desire to visit them than I have to visit a livery stable. I have not only never taken a drink of any kind of liquor since I left the Institute over four years ago, but I have never had any desire to take one.

I wish more men who are cursed with the liquor habit would do as I did and be cured. They certainly would be glad after they were cured, and sorry that they had not taken the step years before.

With kindest regards for the management of the Keeley Institute, and especially Doctors Hamilton and Donaldson, I remain, yours for sobriety.

N. JAMES COLE.

ODD PHASE OF THE DRUG HABIT.

BITTERS IN DRINKS.

THERE is a curious species of drug habit (for we can call it by no other name) growing up among athletes and others made thirsty by drastic exercise which calls for comment. The monotony of drinks or the craze for something fresh no doubt accounts partly for this departure, but we feel sure also, says the Lancet, that a gradually increasing knowledge of drugs and their uses is a contributory factor. The layman learns that under certain circumstances bitters, for example, do good; they stimulate the nerves of taste and induce reflex effects which serve to aid the digestive process. Appetite is, in short, aroused, and a zest for a meal is regarded as a sign of satisfactory health.

The drinking of bitters, associated unfortunately as it always is with alcohol in some form, thus easily becomes a habit. The choice of the bitters for the purpose is widening, so that now men may be found calling for soda water and quinine, and the demand is not likely to be refused by the managers of a department which is profitable.

Vermouth is the favorite with a great many, and a considerable quantity is consumed at golf clubs, the drinker of it being quite unconscious of the fact, as described in our text-books, that oil of wormwood "is a convulsive poison." We may not unreasonably expect gentian, calumba, chiretta and medica on the athletes' drinking bar. If this, after all, does not constitute a drug habit we are very much mistaken.

In disease bitters are a powerful aid, for they are tonics, increasing appetite and encouraging the assimilation of food; in health they may easily prove to be mischievous and be productive of evil rather than of good; they will irritate the stomach and induce indigestion. The constant stimulation of healthy glands which act normally without, so to speak, any call for "whipping," must sooner or later lead to fatigue of the digestive organs, which might easily bring with it a train of unpleasant symptoms indicating a lowering of the health standard. It is with bitters as with alcohol: both are drugs, the chronic and excessive indulgence in drugs does not, as a rule, help to maintain the normal vigor of the healthy body. When a man finds he cannot distinguish between use and abuse his safe course is to be abstemious.

Absinth in America.

Absinth, the "green terror of France," has made its way to America, and an industry is established which within the past few months has been the subject of anxious inquiry in at least three European countries. Belgium has strictly forbidden its manufacture, importation and sale and the manufacturers and dealers have been given six months in which to dispose of their plants and stocks. France, which consumes ninety per cent of the absinth product of the world, has now in consideration a law providing for the gradual abolition of the trade. Switzerland, where the greater part of the world's supply has been produced, is becoming alarmed at the absinth habit among the people. It is proposed to enact a federal law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of the liquor. That the United States should have undertaken a manufacture that has become obnoxious in Europe, and illegal, is illustrative of the extent to which faddism prevails in this country. Without government intervention the use of absinth might become as general as the consumption of whisky or brandy. Today it can be purchased at the buffet of almost every saloon. The plant has been extensively cultivated in Wisconsin and along the Mississippi river. —Home Herald.

RED MEN CURED OF INEBRIETY.

SONS OF CHIEFTAINS TRY WHITE MAN'S REMEDY FOR CIVILIZATION'S VICE.

WHEN the first Indians were treated at a Keeley institute the subject attracted wide attention. Newspapers commented on the matter and many people argued that it was a waste of time and money to attempt to reform a drunken Indian. That was nearly fifteen years ago, and the results have proved the wisdom of the experiment. During that time members of the Cherokee, Delaware, Osage and Sioux tribes have been treated, and although it is claimed that some of them were among the most desperate characters to be found in their localities a large per cent of them have kept their cure. This is the more important as showing the effect of the Keeley Cure from a purely medical standpoint. As is well known the red man is peculiarly susceptible to the poison of alcohol. He is ignorant and uncivilized. He lacks many of the incentives to sobriety which would influence a white man. But, notwithstanding all drawbacks of race, habit and environment, his cure is effective and permanent.

The North American Indian presents one of the most convincing arguments in favor of Doctor Keeley's theory of the non-heredity of inebriety that it is possible to obtain. The North American Indian comes of a non-drinking ancestry and, of course, it could not be

Keeley Institute in Minneapolis. They leave Tuesday, the treatment completed.

For poor Lo, prey of the white man's vice, has turned to the white man for succor.

Look at them—swart, straight-haired, splendidly put up—these red men, citizens now and no victims of the grim jokes of citizenship. They're red men—sons and grandsons of chiefs, some of them; graduates of Flan-dreau or Chamberlain, some of them, speaking fluent English if they choose. Others—and like as not they are the sons or grandsons of chiefs—profess no English. Noble red men? Well, there's one that stands 6 feet 4 inches in his moccasins and weighs 268 in his breechclout. He was a noble Indian once. He is a citizen now.

THE INDIAN NAMES.

Look at them there! Black Thunder, Little David, Dressed-in-Feathers, Bird's Gizzard, Got-a-Running-Horse—names to make a white man laugh—a white man who has debauched them. These are better names—names that speak "red man" in every syllable of the Sioux:

MA-ZA-WA-HA-CA-CAN-KA, AH-DA-WIN-AJIN, WA-HA-CAKA-YA-PI, I-WA-NYA-KA-PI, WI-YA-KA-KA-YA-KE, SU-SU-NA, ZIT-KANA, DA-WI-CISTI-NA, MA-TOU-JO-TAN-KI, KAN-GE, CAN-WA-PI, TA-SUN-KI-DU-ZA-HAN, I-WASTI, ZIT-KANA-TI-JIGI-CE.

Laugh again, white man; laugh at the alphabet gone on a big drunk. You are the man that furnished the drink, white man, and to you the Indian now turns for aid, for remedy, for cure.

Here's a fine, stalwart red man, grandson of that famous Gabriel Renville, last chief of the Sisseton and Wahpeton Sioux in the days when all was good hunting and the buffalo myriads swept the prairies. This grand-

FROM A GRADUATE OF THE LONDON INSTITUTE.

AN ADDRESS BY BOSWELL HENSMAN, ESQ.—HIS DOUBTS, HIS SUFFERINGS, AND THE GOOD WORK WHICH HE ACCOMPLISHED.

SOME idea of the far-reaching effects of Canon Fleming's work in behalf of the inebriate and of the stand taken by him with regard to the Keeley Treatment may be gained from the following address by Boswell Hensman, Esq., which was delivered November 22, 1908, in Acton Congregational Church, London. As will be seen, Mr. Hensman was influenced to take the Keeley Cure by a letter from Canon Fleming, which he quotes. Canon Fleming was a high dignity of the Church of England and was greatly esteemed by the royal family and the nobility. But notwithstanding the fact that he was sought after by those in high places he had the welfare of the masses, as well as unfortunate humanity generally, at heart, and endeavored by every means in his power to improve unfavorable conditions.

Early in life his attention was called to the evils of drunkenness, and the inadequacy of modern methods of coping with it. When Doctor Keeley visited England in 1891 Canon Fleming met him and became convinced that inebriety is a disease and should be treated as such. He watched the establishment of the Keeley Institute of London and its work for a year and then consented to become chairman of a committee to investigate its results. He never lost his interest in the Keeley work, and every year the committee held a session and published an annual report.

Canon Fleming has passed away, but the work that he accomplished for humanity is going on. The men whom he helped to save are reaching out strong hands to rescue others. Mr. Hensman by his earnestness has induced many people to take the treatment, and he gives some splendid instances of the way that he has been enabled to bring happiness to despairing ones. Those whom he has helped will in turn become pilots for others who have lost their way through drink. Verily the Keeley work is an endless chain of helpfulness.

We are glad to be able to present a picture of Mr. Hensman. On the reverse side of the photograph from which the halftone was made he wrote, "Saved by the Keeley Treatment for drink, October, 1903. With my last breath I will declare the Keeley Cure to be a priceless gift of God to mankind."

Mr. Hensman spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens:—My appearance on this platform this afternoon is not prompted by any feelings of personal aggrandizement. I have been driven here by the dictates of my own conscience; the story of shame I have to tell is of my own personal fall and recovery, and I tell it that others may be warned of a terrible danger, and if overcome by the cruel tortures of drink may be saved by the same remedy that saved me.

I have been a neighbor of yours these twenty years.

I settled in Acton with a wife and small family in 1888, and for many years was known to you as a respectable citizen—a moderate drinker. In time there came on the staff of the business in which I was engaged a new hand, a pleasant man who suggested a glass of beer at lunch time. Yes, by all means; and after business, in place of going straight home, at the same man's suggestion, which was readily agreed to, we adjourned to a neighboring public house for a glass round in the name of good fellowship. Birthdays, days of sorrow, etc., were all used as an excuse for an extra glass—slowly but surely I was forging my own fetters. A smoking concert was projected, and I well remember that night I determined to end it, and did so for a time. Later I gave drink another opportunity, but with the determination that it should be in very moderate quantities; alas, it soon became necessary to cry halt once more, but this time the interval was shorter than the last. Again and again I broke off suddenly, but each time with a shorter lull interval. At this time a sad trouble overtook me;—I found that the savings of a lifetime were hopelessly lost. Drink was my only relief. Very soon it became difficult to pass a public house. The days were bad enough, but the nights were awful; it was an everlasting thirst that only spirits could appease. I will refrain from a recital of the mental and physical agony I suffered. I sought medical aid, and although the good man did his best, it was useless. I knew I was daily nearing the edge of a precipice; my condition seemed one of utter hopelessness; the rivets were now in my fetters. Just at this time a friend placed in my hand one of those pamphlets, "The Keeley Cure for Drink." I read it, and endeavored to believe it was untrue, but several of the cases given were exactly on all fours with my own, and I noticed that the chairman of the inspecting committee was the Rev. Canon Fleming; however low a poor creature may fall, he is always certain he will never be pushed aside or fooled by God's people. I wrote to him, and this is his reply:

THE RESIDENCE, YORK, October 27, 1903.

Dear Sir:—The Keeley Cure is the best I have ever met in thirty-eight years of temperance work, if the patient desires to stand up, once more sober before God and man.



GROUP OF INDIANS CURED AT THE MINNEAPOLIS KEELEY INSTITUTE.

said that he inherited the disease of inebriety, and yet the ravages wrought by liquor, where it is possible to obtain it, are more serious than with any other class of people known, except possibly people like the African, similarly situated as to ancestry. In addition to not inheriting the disease, they have not inherited the tolerance which the prevalence of the disease sometimes shows. When an Indian begins to drink his career is short, and unless he stops drinking of his own accord, or obtains a cure which enables him to do so, he is likely to die a violent and untimely death.

We present herewith a halftone of a group of Indians recently under treatment at the Keeley Institute at Minneapolis, where about a score of them have been treated during the past winter. These Indians belong to the tribe of Sisseton Sioux and came from their own reservation. Each one was provided with funds to adjust his account, and they have almost without exception proved to be earnest and tractable patients. They will no doubt be a credit to themselves and to their race hereafter. The manager of the Minneapolis Institute is to be congratulated upon his success in dealing with the aborigines. By the way, two familiar faces of men who are not Indians can be found in the rear of the group.

The Minneapolis Daily News gives an interesting description of these Indians in the following, which appeared in its issue of February first:

Coming down from the Sisseton reservation, in South Dakota, fighting drunk on white man's whisky, twenty red men who would have been braves of the warpath in other days, made their last carouse a hot one four weeks ago—a little initiation, for trammels of the Indians' aboriginal ancestors on the warpath against the Chippewas. Then they trooped, stoics all, into the

son of a chief has a left wrist that, bared as he bares his arm to the white man's cure-needle, shows a mark that was a football hurt. He's a fine, upstanding young chap, this chief's progeny; he's of a line of chiefs and his children of a double line, for their mother is a granddaughter of Little Crow, warrior-chief of the Sioux massacre history.

MARK OF CIVILIZATION.

White man's supremacy! White man's civilization! It has left its mark. "I'm a citizen," says this grandson of a chief. "I've as much right as any white man to get drunk." And there is an odd gleam in his eye as he speaks. "As much right. So why shouldn't I have the white man's right to be free from the habit? I went to your civilization for my evil; now I come to you for my good."

Charley Blue Dog nods grim assent. George Seven Brothers' expressive eyes speak, but his lips never move. Little David—that's Da-wi-cis-ti-na—speaks in Sioux to Bird's Gizzard. And the son and father of royal red men jeers at the joke of citizenship, as if to give English words to what his red brothers have been saying among themselves.

These twenty are the last of the Sisseton Indians to turn to the white man for remedy against the white man's vice. By twos and threes and fours the Sisseton reds have been coming to Minneapolis for these many days, seeking the cure-needle of the Keeley Treatment. And they have finished up in a bunch. They go back to the reservation Tuesday. The Indian has turned against the white man's vice, the white man's ally. "Sichi Indian once; hope washti Indian now," said Sitting Bear. "Sichi" means bad; "washti" means good.

They're of a conquered race, claiming succor from their noble conquerors.

Let every laborer know this fact: That at least one full hour's toil of each day's labor is his tax for the support of the dramshops of America.—Rev. J. H. Sherman.

But if after being cured he "tampers" with the drink again, he will certainly relapse into a state worse than before.

I have nothing to say to the cost of it. I am only Honorary Chairman to watch its results.

But even if it costs what you can ill afford, what is the cost compared to

1st. The cost in money of Drink?
2d. The cost to Character?
3d. The cost to Health?
4th. The cost to "Home"?
5th. The cost to the Immortal Soul?

I strongly advise you to write to Milo Aspinwall, Esq., 8 West Bolton Gardens, S. W., and to go and see him.

I hope your treatment will, with God's blessing and your own manly resolve, be quite a success.

Your sincere well wisher,
JAS. FLEMING.

Two days later, October 30th, 1903, I crept up the steps of 9 West Bolton Gardens, my head bent with sorrow, and aching in every limb, 47 years of age; had the figures been reversed they would far more accurately have described my appearance. The doctor received me kindly, and at once gave me a stimulant, explaining that their treatment began where mine had left off, but for the early days with the same material. He gave me a bottle of medicine to take a small quantity of every two hours during the day. In a few hours I found myself the last of about thirty men, clergymen, doctors, tradesmen, two naval men, one butler, a theatrical manager, a whisky merchant, a priest, and several military men, who passed up to the doctor one at a time, the pulse was felt, eyes looked into, and with a small hypodermic syringe some fluid was injected into the arm. The effect was like the prick of a pin, and lasted only a second or two; this was repeated four times a day. The second day passed in the same way, the stimulant given tasted as usual; but the third day it had grown very unpleasant; the fourth day it was absolutely undrinkable, and I have never been able to bear even the smell of it since.

RESOLVES TO MAKE AMENDS FOR THE PAST.

My feelings of deep thankfulness to God that my fetters had at last been taken from me can better be imagined than described. That night I was unable to sleep; the cruel wrong I had inflicted on others, wasted years and opportunities, grieved me beyond expression. I determined for the remainder of my days to do all in my power to make amends for the past. The days rolled on; I grew strong and well in this comfortable place. I was free to go in and out as I pleased, and my joy at being able to pass public houses was intense. Filled with a determination to get all I could to take this cure, I left the building on November 27th filled with gratitude. But as I neared my home a cloud arose. What if the finger of scorn is pointed at your family; think of the derision they will have to suffer, you are "cured" from drink, and thus in itself a social disgrace. For a time the cloud put my good resolution to flight, and I kept the good news in the dark.

A few months later a gentleman I had known for many years came to me and said, "How very much better you look." I colored, and said I had become a teetotaler. "Do you know," he said, "I have a young friend who is drinking himself to death, and breaking his poor widowed mother's heart. He will not listen to me. I am a very abstemious man, but not a teetotaler, and I hear there is a cure for drink for those who have lost their will power." I felt instantly that I was the better man of the two. Although sadly confused, I knew at once I was master of the situation, and begged that an early opportunity should be given me. It was given me, and it was successful, highly successful, to the great joy of all concerned, but it was kept dark. The cloud was still there.

The Institute then gave me an imploring letter from a gentleman who was anxious to know about the cure for his sister, a young widow with two children who was in a shocking state, children taken from her, and she placed out to be cared for. I wrote an assuring letter as best I could and begged that the lady might be treated immediately. A few months afterward I received a letter from the lady herself, full of thankfulness; her children were once more by her side, back in their own home, and her life so full of joy. This also in the dark. But that cloud; what could I not do if only that would go.

From this pulpit I heard the same parable read we have heard this afternoon. We call this the OLD book; historically we are correct; how readily we must admit that it was written for today and tomorrow. Here is the man with five talents, undoubtedly a man of college education and pronounced ability, one of those great men who are looked up to by the multitude; then the man of two talents; thank God we have a good many men of two talents, men of sound business character who are always anxious by their steadfast lives and with all their spare moments to elevate the lives of their fellow creatures.

THE MAN OF ONE TALENT.

But the man of one talent—I wonder who he can be—I wonder—the cloud disappeared and I wondered no more. Now free as the air, the last vestige of restraint was gone. In the early part of the year, late in the evening, I knocked at a cottage door, some miles to the west of this; the door was opened by an anxious-looking woman. "Yes, my husband is in, but is very ill. Do come in; it is so good of you to come." Presently there entered a fine-built man of powerful frame. I expressed my sorrow in finding him so ill; the malaria of a trying climate had greatly aggravated his fall for strong drink. He listened to the story of my fall and uplifting, but the money? "Oh," said the wife, "the money shall be found, my husband saved." Three days later I saw him in his bed at the Institute. He had only just arrived; the journey had sadly tried that powerful frame, so ill was he.

I saw him frequently; in less than a week he was able to go out for a walk, and with childlike simplicity he

told me of the joy it was to be able to pass all those public houses; always the same old story. He grew strong and returned to his cottage to fill it with joy. I met him again when he called to pay the last installment of what both he and I call our best investment, and as he stood up and handed me the most beautiful bunch of flowers I have ever seen, neither could speak. Their fragrance is with me now, and will go down with me at the last day.

With not a moment to spare I hurried into the Great Northern Station to catch a train for the North of England; arriving at the station, I found there was a considerable journey by road. It was late when I arrived at the park gates, but the lights in the mansion showed that the people were still about. I soon found myself in the most beautiful home I have ever seen; every article seemed of the choicest. The owner, a rich merchant prince, took me into his study and told me a pitiable story. "Beautiful home, do you call it, sir? Do you know, I dread coming into it; she is in a sad state." Again I told my story. It was again successful, for that lady is today the queen of that beautiful home. And in that cottage yonder, and in that beautiful home in the north there is today "a New Heaven and a New Earth, for the former things have passed away forever."

THE BASIS OF SUCCESSFUL EFFORT.

Now may I humbly offer a few suggestions? That man in that house over there drinks—a terror to his family, a nuisance and a disgrace to the neighborhood.



BOSWELL HENSMAN, ESQ.

One, at least, is determined to speak to him; but wait, my friend of good intention, are you a teetotaler? If not, I beg you leave him alone. You will irritate him and make him take more drink. The moment you open your lips he will take your measure and tell you plainly that you both belong to the same army, only he is the older soldier, and surely one cannot conceive anything more ridiculous than a recruit attempting to instruct a drill sergeant. The remaining brain power of a drinking person is extremely acute; it has a strong notion of the fitness of things; so steeped itself in deceit it cannot tolerate hypocrisy in another, however well meant. No, my friend, you must be prepared for this, the Master's work. The very basis of any effort for the lasting good of a fellow creature must be self-sacrifice.

I well remember how I was once attacked by a man of good intent and how it irritated me. "What I want to say is for your good, friend Hensman; your conduct is disgraceful; think of your home, your wife and family. You are fast coming to the gutter; one is ashamed to meet you," etc. Drink provided a swift and complete answer. "How many drinks did you have to take to screw up your courage to bully me like this?" The interview ended abruptly. Let me give you a parallel. A clergyman, not a teetotaler, to ascend that pulpit now and attempt forthwith to preach a temperance sermon, why, even that Lion of temperance sitting yonder, King Baker, would never keep his seat.

When you are ready leave outside the big drum and iron heel. Take only your one talent! Tell the story of your own failing and uplifting in simple words; seek quickly for the sense that remains; find the tender spot, for one there must be. Call him your friend and mean it; offer him your own right hand and say, "Come." A few alcoholic bubbles may greet you—what of that? Remember the crown of thorns; success must eventually be yours; never grow weary; every attempt means added strength to yourself, and when at last success does come, what a joy will be yours; nothing in this

world can excel the joy of helping to rebuild a fellow creature's broken home. In this work you have a clean slate; we are not hampered by creed or sect; it is quite immaterial if the man has married his deceased wife's sister; he may belong to a sect who make their candles with or without wax, just as they please; he may keep his Sabbath on any day of the week he pleases, and be he prince or peasant, his soul only we seek; for this work the cross was raised on Calvary.

THE CLOUD PURELY IMAGINARY.

What more heartrending sight can one witness than to see a fellow creature hurried along the street between two policemen; my body yearns as the "vested interest" is hurried past me, the crowd following with gibes and jeers. In agony of spirit I cry out, "What would Jesus Christ say if He were here? Simply this, 'Give that man to me! He is Mine; I died for him; go you two men and arrest the brewer.'" I have been reproached for my strong language and my extravagant ideas, but, my fellow citizens, remember I have plumbed the depths below, and but for the grace of God and the Keely Cure for drink, I should never have been here at all.

Now let me offer my friends a sincere apology; the cloud was purely imagination; in place of the scorn I dreaded there has been the most loyal devotion and encouragement on all hands, and where I had one friend then, I have twenty now.

Every year the committee of inspection sit for an afternoon to hear patients who have been cured give their testimony. Many come from long distances, voluntarily and at their own expense. Later a report is issued with much of the evidence in it.

My time has gone, and it now remains only for me to express my grateful thanks to you for your delightful patience; it has greatly encouraged me, and I am thankful for it. How much or how little good will be the outcome of this afternoon we shall never know; our Master will. But, be it little or much, we together this Sunday afternoon have done something toward the enlargement of the kingdom of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

THE CIGARETTE.

A FEW THINGS IT WILL DO FOR BRIGHT YOUNG MEN.

BELOW, we give the young man who is dreaming about the things he is going to do, while he puffs away at his cigarette, a few pointers that he may laugh over, while he talks about cranks, church members, so-called good citizens and business men who refuse to employ bright young men who smoke cigarettes.

There is no longer any question about what a little cigarette will do, this has long since been tested by the best physicians in the country.

We do not print these pointers to scare young men.

We simply give the facts:

The Cigarette.

It is full of deadly poison.

It masters your will power.

It dwarfs and enfeebles the brain.

It dulls the senses; deadens conscience.

It depraves and makes unnatural appetite.

It produces a large per cent of heart disease.

It impairs digestion, causing dyspepsia and other diseases.

It ruins the temper and makes its victims unreasonable.

It inclines its victim to the use of alcoholic stimulants. It poisons the breath and makes one repellent to others.

It incapacitates a young man for any responsible position.

It is a waste of money and unfits one for the making of more.

It introduces one into, and identifies one with, the society of the indolent and the vicious.

It joins hands with impure literature, liquor, morphine and other habits.

It cuts the life short of thousands of boys destined to long and useful life.

It makes boys become dishonest, untruthful, impure and criminal in their lives.

It makes sneaks and cowards of boys who learn to smoke them in hiding.

It makes lawbreakers, for in almost every state it is against the law to sell to minors.

It keeps many a boy and young man from getting a position in the business world.

It interferes with the successful prosecution of one's studies, as school statistics show.

It has prevented tens of thousands of boys from becoming Christians and landed them in perdition.

It is, in short, the curse of the boy's body, mind and soul, the bane of society and the enemy of all true manhood.—Garnett (Kans.) Journal.

The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is wrong unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say: "I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt."—Charles Kingsley.

ABSTINENCE AND PROHIBITION.

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, RETIRING PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, TAKES POSITIVE STAND FOR NO-LICENSE—REASONS WHY IT IS BEST.

[An address delivered at the No-License Conference in Boston, October 29th.]

I **WOULD** like to apologize to this audience for having consented to take this position and for having consented to serve as honorary president of this organization. I am a very late-comer to this cause and I see before me veterans in it who have given many years of ardent service to the cause. I feel that one of them should be standing here. But I have accepted the somewhat urgent invitation to this function from gentlemen who have been for many years laboring hard in this no-license cause.

I want to explain a bit why I have been so late a comer, because I think that my reasons might possibly influence a number of persons who have not yet joined this cause. I was not in favor of no-license in Cambridge when it was first proposed. I have been all my life what is sometimes called a moderate drinker. That is to say, I have used beer and wine on occasions, not habitually, and I have never experienced any ill-effects whatever in my own person from either beer or wine, and I recognize the truth of the Bible saying about wine, that "it maketh glad the heart of man." That is true. Whether it be expedient or not that the heart of man should be made glad in that way should be doubted. But there is no doubt about the fact that wine or spirits will momentarily make glad the heart of man.

I was thinking as I sat here looking over this room what a contrast this dinner is to some that I have attended in this old town of Boston. This dinner has a cheerful aspect, but for hilarity, jollity and boisterousness it cannot be compared for a moment to the dinner of the Ancient and Honorable artillery company.

I have recognized the fact that alcoholic drinks have a tendency to cheer the people up and make them jolly and noisy, but the question of expediency of that kind of elevation has gained on me as the years have gone on. It seems to me that the recent researches in physiology and medicine tend very strongly to show that the moderate drinking of alcohol is inexpedient.

GROG ABANDONED IN NAVY.

For instance, the old theory is now absolutely abandoned. As a result of experience it is a fact that men who are to be exposed to cold or heat or hardships of any sort are not prepared or braced for such encounters by any form of alcohol. You know it was considered essential that a sailor in the merchant marine or in the navy should be braced for his arduous work by grog every day; that was really and simply considered as a necessity. Now grog has been abolished in our navy absolutely, and is no longer served in well-conducted ships of the merchant marine, and the result is a demonstration that that rough, hard life was not really helped by alcohol, but hindered.

No captain of an ocean liner ever supports himself now against the terrible exposures of the bridge by means of alcohol. He will take hot tea or coffee or hot lemonade, as I have seen many of them do, but he never takes alcohol to stimulate him when exposed to terrible weather. It is so in regard to most intellectual labors.

It was not expected that anybody encountering the labors of the prime minister of England in his office every night and during the long hours of the day could do the work without being supported by one or two bottles of port a day; and many famous men have lived through that sort of life under those conditions.

That view is now absolutely abandoned. It is well known that alcohol, even if moderately used, does not quicken the action of the mind or enable one to support mental labor. We have had a great deal of German investigation and some American investigation in psychological laboratories in that direction, and the results are perfectly plain, and they are all one.

For instance, a clerk has as his principal function the addition of figures, in long columns or short. If the clerk drinks in a day a moderate amount of wine or beer it is demonstrated that he cannot add as well the next day as if he had no alcohol the day before. That has been proved by actual experiment in a very large number of cases, so large as to establish the fact. It is established as a psychological fact, the result of experiment.

ALCOHOL AND TIME REACTION.

There is what is called the time reaction; that is, the interval that elapses between your hearing a pistol shot or seeing a flash of light and putting your muscles in motion to touch the spot on the table. That is the time reaction. Now, it is demonstrated that alcohol, even in the most moderate quantity, affects unfavorably the time reaction; that is, slows the whole nervous ac-

tion of the man who takes it, and that this effect is injurious.

I had occasion to know about the time reaction of a famous pugilist whose habitual residence was not far from this spot. He was expecting to fight in a city at some distance from Boston. The appointment was made, but he had been on a succession of sprees; his trainer could not control him; he was under the influence of alcohol a greater part of the time.

He was brought to Cambridge and his time reaction was tested. It was very slow. Now, this man had always been famous for the quickness of his time reaction. A pugilist has need to have a very short time reaction. He must see by the motion of his opponent's fist just where he is going to strike and put his arm in the way quickly. A slow time reaction is fatal to a pugilist or fencer or runner.

The effect of alcohol on the time reaction of the human being has been studied carefully, tested in hundreds of thousands of cases, and there is no question about the ill effect of alcohol, even in very moderate doses, on the time reaction. That means that alcohol in very moderate doses diminishes the efficiency of the workingman in most instances, makes him incapable of doing his best in the work of the day.

MODERATE USE OBJECTIONABLE.

So I say that the recent progress of medical science, largely accomplished through animal experimentation, has satisfied me that even the moderate use of alcohol is objectionable; that the habitual use of alcohol in any form is lowering to the intellectual and nervous power,

I thought twenty-one years ago that a poor man in Cambridge had as good a right as I had to get some beer or some wine—I always hated distilled liquors—to get some beer or some wine when he wanted it. What is the justification of interference with that liberty? He often needs to have his heart gladdened—needs it more than I do. What is the justification of that interference with liberty?

There are a good many questions today concerning which we must ask that question—the justification for interference with liberty. I found that justification in the experience of Cambridge under a no-license system. It seemed to me that the collective good, by excluding saloons from Cambridge, justified the abridgement of the individual liberty, particularly when that liberty was a liberty to use for pleasure something that was unwholesome.

I see that there is a sentence up there attributed to me (pointing to the banner on the wall). I don't remember when I said or wrote that, but it is a fact. I have found in that fact the justification for interference with individual liberty to that extent—the exclusion of the saloon.

I was asked just now at this table whether I would go further and say that I would advocate a complete exclusion from Cambridge of liquor in all forms. I have not got that far yet—perhaps I shall. But I have not arrived at that yet. That would be to me putting too great an interference on individual liberty.

I do not observe that the human race has been so placed in this world that temptations to evil are abso-



CORNER OF THE GROUNDS, THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, PUEBLA, MEXICO.

Now, if a man be leading a purely animal or muscular life, I will say, he can perhaps feel no evil effect from this drug, but if he is leading an intellectual life, if he is engaged in an action which interests him keenly, stirs him to the use of his mind, then he will inevitably feel the slowing effect, the deteriorating effect of this drug.

Now, I was brought up as a youth and as a young man as a student and teacher of chemistry, an exact science, and I was taught to believe in nothing so much as the open mind, and I felt that exact observation and just inference were the foundation of that kind of knowledge which should determine conduct.

And so I have tried all my life to keep an open mind, particularly on burning questions, and I suppose that is the reason why, as I have grown older and seen more, I have changed my view about license and no-license. I feel as if much had been proved that it is physically and mentally and morally for the advantage of a population as a whole to go without alcoholic drinks, as a rule.

But then I was brought up in my youth, in church and school and college, to believe in human liberty as the only condition for developing human virtue or anything in the human being that deserves the name of virtue, a self-sustaining, self-controlling principle. Isn't it a great interference with liberty, with the liberty that God gives man, to undertake to prevent people who want alcoholic drink from getting it? What is the justification of that interference with liberty?

I have somewhat changed my mind about that since Cambridge first tried to establish the practice of no-li-

lately excluded. It seems to me that many temptations are allowed to exist, and that men are allowed to yield to them, but when I see a great collective good accomplished at the expense of the loss of a trifling or unimportant individual liberty, I am reconciled to that amount of interference with liberty.

But I just said that we have been obliged to consider interference with individual rights in many directions of late. The reason is that this massing of population in small areas, crowding, driving together in an unwholesome manner, has brought a large number of new problems into society; and then nature herself is showing us that in many ways we cannot pit ourselves against natural evils on the individualism principle.

For example, we in Eastern Massachusetts have been vexed much with the brown-tail moth. Now, you cannot destroy the brown-tail moth or prevent its ravages if every man and woman who owns a lot of land shall be at liberty to let the brown-tail moth alone. That is impossible. Nature is teaching us that collectivism must sometimes override individualism. We have had repeated instances in the government of our cities of the same thing. For instance, when Boston had a large part of its area burnt over in 1872, the individual rights of the owner of each lot of land were so insisted upon that Boston gained no new layout whatever for its streets, no new vista into the harbor, no improvements whatever in its public highways or its prospects, its outlook on the harbor and the world. It was the individual right which stood right in the way of perfectly obvious public improvement. It was an exaggeration of in-

dividualism against collectivism. And these illustrations abound at every turn.

EVILS OF A WABBLING POLICY.

But now in twenty years I have had the opportunity of learning some of the things, by keeping my mind open, in Cambridge and some of the adjacent towns. We have learned in Cambridge that it is possible to exclude the saloon absolutely from a city of ninety thousand inhabitants, and have no alcoholic substitutes therefor.

I didn't believe that years ago. I had seen something

And that is one reason why I am glad to aid in every way in my power this organization, because it strives, as I understand it, to prevent that wabbling between the two opposed policies. Because it tries to persuade a town that has once tried no-license to adhere to no-license, not to yield to the party which seeks the gratification of license periodically or spasmodically. The ill condition of those towns or cities is one of the fortunate demonstrations which have been given to the rest of the country under the workings of the Massachusetts law.

to carry these men further, just as I have been carried further, and to procure from them a downright genuine support of no-license for its own sake, that is, for the good it does to all the men, women and children.

KEELEY INSTITUTE OF MEXICO.

LOCATION, SURROUNDINGS AND MANAGEMENT—DELIGHTFUL PLACE FOR VACATION TRIP.

THE readers of THE BANNER OF GOLD know that last winter there was established in Puebla, in the Republic of Mexico, a Keeley Institute where these world famous remedies can be obtained and where drunkenness, drug and narcotic addictions can be treated by the most up-to-date system.

In this issue will be found several views of the Institute which show it to be exceedingly attractive. We give no view of the outside, but it is described as being like most Mexican dwelling houses, of one story and covering a large area of ground, with a court yard in the center. The building is of adobe and is most modern in its structure and equipment; visitors to Mexico know how comfortable these houses are. We have received several interior views of the Institute beside those which are shown in this issue; one of them is the dining room, and while very attractive in itself, the picture is not well adapted to halftone purposes. The sideboard and table show that beautiful china is used and that the room is spacious and admirably ap-



CLUB ROOM, THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, PUEBLA, MEXICO.

of prohibition in Maine, and I knew that the prohibitory law was a dead failure in that state—a dead failure. A saloon may be excluded—it often is not in a Maine city—but assuming the saloon to be excluded, under prohibition law you will always have numerous illicit places of sale.

Now, I supposed a no-license law in Cambridge would work in that way, but an experience of twenty years has proved that that is not a necessary result. Cambridge has no saloons, and it has no illicit places of sale

It is amazing in how many directions Massachusetts continues to lead the practice of the country in social reform and in legal reforms also. It is only one of many instances in which the Massachusetts legislation today is the best that there is in the country.

So you see, ladies and gentlemen, that I have had some reasons that I can state for changing my mind on the subject of no-license, and I would like to state here in order that they may perhaps fall under the eyes of my many friends who have not yet changed their



DR. ALBERTO O'FARRILL.



ONE OF THE VERANDAS, THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, PUEBLA, MEXICO.

to speak of. During the same years I have had the opportunity of learning another fact; that a place which goes with a decided majority for no-license, or a place which goes with a decided majority for license, provided it be high license and few of them, is better than a town or city which wobbles, sometimes for license and sometimes against it. That is the most unfortunately placed city in Massachusetts, or town in Massachusetts—the town that shifts from one policy to the other.

minds on no-license. There are a good many of them. There are a good many moderate drinkers whose support for no-license is still essential to the success of that policy.

The no-license policy of Cambridge was at first effected and has been long sustained by the votes of men who are moderate drinkers. It is just so today. It is probably so in almost all no-license towns and cities of this commonwealth. Still I believe that it is desirable

pointed to minister to the legitimate appetites of the patients.

In addition to the Institute building, the location is in a most attractive residence portion of the city, and is easily accessible from all parts. Puebla is a delightful city and can be reached by rail from all important points in the Republic of Mexico. Great care was exercised in the selection of the site, and after due consideration it was decided that Puebla would be the most desirable place. The City of Mexico is very attractive to the tourist, and for that reason it was thought better to get a little away from the beaten track. It is expected that a number of people will combine a vacation trip with a course of treatment at The Keeley Institute in the City of Puebla. It would be much more satisfactory to these people to take treatment at Puebla than it would in the capital city, where they would be more likely to meet friends and acquaintances.

The Keeley Institute at Puebla is managed by Mr. J. N. O'Farrill, and the Medical Director is Dr. Alberto O'Farrill, his brother; both gentlemen are well known in business and professional circles in Mexico and there is ample capital to run the business in a satisfactory manner. Doctor O'Farrill stands high in his profession, is known as a careful, painstaking physician, is a student, and has a pleasing personality and is well calculated to win the confidence and respect of his patients. If careful attention to details, strict compliance with the requirements and honorable business dealings will make a success, The Keeley Institute at Puebla is destined to be well patronized.



THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY ALICE GAY JUDD.

THERE'S a hint of spring in the east wind's blowing
And the pussy willows are peeping out;
There's joyous strength in the tree sap's flowing.
And signs of spring are all about.

The snow on the southern slopes is melting,
And the little brook is no longer dumb;
Even the blue jays are hoarsely lifting
That spring has come, that spring has come.

Mother Earth's bosom is filled with rejoicing,
And the tiniest life has lent its ear
To the glad refrain all nature is voicing,
Winter is over and spring is here.

—Every Other Sunday.

DRUG ADDICTIONS.

A PROMINENT young matron of this city has just passed through an experience that throws new light on the way drug addictions are sometimes caused and reveals an unexpected danger. She was very ill, and so that she might have the advantage of tender watchfulness and expert care it was decided that a trained nurse should be engaged for day service, while a member of the family should look after her wants at night.

The malady was distressing, but not dangerous, and according to all precedent she should have made reasonable progress toward recovery. But days went by and no improvement was noted. Remedies that usually were effective made little impression.

The attending physician was puzzled by unexpected conditions. Something seemed to antagonize his medicines. The mother was puzzled, because the same medicine seemed different in its effect at night than in the daytime. She could not understand why her daughter was nervous and wakeful at night, when she was so "dopy" and drowsy and slept so much during the day, and finally, when it was discovered that the medicine given during the day had a bitter taste that was very different from the same medicine when given at night, a quiet investigation was started, and it was established beyond a doubt that the nurse had surreptitiously administered a drug, her object doubtless being to keep her patient quiet, so she would require little attention, and prolong the case.

Of course, she was discharged at once and the patient began to improve immediately. Fortunately, the danger was discovered in time and a brilliant woman was saved from the slow torture of a drug addiction.

NO one intentionally creates a craving for drugs, but the average person learns their potency for good without learning of their possibilities for evil, and begins their use with no knowledge of the consequences that are sure to follow.

Few persons are brave enough to submit to physical suffering when they know of some way to stop it. Few will endure the discomforts of sleeplessness if there is any way to induce sleep. But those who are in need of help for such ills should be wary of the remedies they use. The so-called simple remedies often contain a deceptive drug that gives temporary relief, but leads to lasting injury.

While it is unfortunately true that physicians are responsible through careless prescriptions for many of these sufferers, it is often the case that a prescription which would have been harmless as well as useful if taken only as directed, is filled again and again, until some drug which enters into its composition becomes a necessity.

Whatever the cause that may have led to the formation of the drug habit, the results are always deplorable. They are fully portrayed in the following by Doctor Keeley: "Whether the drug was first taken to assuage the tortures of disease, or just because the intoxication was pleasant, or to produce physical endurance and transient mental vigor, sooner or later it weakens, de-

bases, and at last destroys its victim! No matter what exhilaration and ecstasies may be experienced in the earlier stages of the habit, there comes at length, as surely as night follows day, a time when there is no pleasure in the drug, but only torpor, inefficiency, weakness and failure. Indulgence and delight are the seed from which the harvest of retribution must be reaped. The pleasant, genial friend becomes a torturing tyrant, holding body, mind and soul in a bondage of degradation and torturing pain."

**

PAIN is the master tyrant in this world, and men and women of sterling principle, who would have resented the suggestion that it was possible for them to become victims of an addiction have come out of the tortures of a prolonged and painful illness to find that they have become the slaves of some drug, and that they cannot exist without it.

Drug using has none of the social features of drinking, which owes much of its popularity to that cause. It is a practice which usually is concealed as long as concealment is possible. Many a drug victim receives the sympathy of friends for some malady that perhaps has no existence, save as a convenient excuse for the ravages of morphine or opium.

Sometimes the secret is guarded from one's family until the changed condition and general failure tells the sad story, and after that it becomes a question whether it shall be shielded from the outside world or admitted as the cause of peculiarities that might otherwise be censured.

Opium in whatever form it may be used is a poison. And while small doses will alleviate suffering, its continued use causes such a change in the system as produces an increased power of resistance to the effects of the poison, and, as the resistance increases, the dose must be increased to produce the desired effect. If this process is continued there is scarcely any limit to the quantity of the poisonous drug that can be taken without causing death, authentic cases having been treated where the addiction almost passed belief.

When the poison is taken into the system in this manner, a change takes place in the nerves and tissues of the body, which is made necessary by the presence of the poison in the system. In addition to the tolerance that has been built up the organs adapt themselves to the constant presence of the poison, and, having become adapted to its presence, what was once an abnormal condition becomes the normal condition, and the deprivation from the usual supply causes pain and suffering.

The sufferings of the drunkard who cannot get his accustomed supply of whiskey are said to be mild compared with the torture of the drug habitue when deprived of his drug.

There is a marked similarity between the disease of drunkenness and the diseased condition caused by drugs, and the Keeley Cure is equally as effectual in cases of drug using as it is in inebriety.

THE MINNEAPOLIS LEAGUE.

A LETTER from Mrs. C. W. Coe, of Minneapolis, tells us of the good work being accomplished by the Woman's Keeley League in that city. Through the efforts of the league more than a dozen worthy men were enabled to take the Keeley Cure during the past year and are now supporting their families and leading useful lives.

Mrs. Coe has been identified with the work a number of years, but failing health compelled her to take a complete rest. Her friends will be glad to know that she is now able to resume her duties and that Mrs. Dutcher and Mrs. Draper are associated with her in the effort to help worthy men to take the cure.

"Pity the man who does not have to work, rather than the one who does."

AT EASTER.

BY ANNA M'ALDON.

THE nightwind sang in the trees,
And the river answered low;
They were tuning a vesper chant
For a Day in the long ago.

The moon rose over the hill
In a hucless, spirit-light,
And the taper-like gleam of stars
Flickered down through the great, dark night.

The shadows crept with the hours
To the constant sigh of reeds,
Where the souls of the lilies slept,
And the green-lamped glow-worm feeds.

A fragrance rose from the fields,
To be all aloft by morn;
And the sap throbb'd quick in the stem,
For the heart of the night was born.

A rose drooped down on the vine,
And the Dawn awoke in flame,
And all the air was astir
With the sound of His Holy Name.

—The New World.

EXPERIENCE OF WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN CURED OF DRUG USING.

THERE is a bond of sympathy between those who suffer from the same causes. This is especially true in the case of women who have become addicted to the use of drugs. Their suffering is so intense and their desire to be freed from their bondage is so overpowering, that when they finally discover that it is possible for them to be cured of their addictions and restored to their old places in the world's pleasures and activities they are so happy and thankful that they feel like telling every other hopeless drug victim that it is not necessary for them to suffer, for they, too, can be cured. The following are some of the letters that have been received from women who have been cured at Dwight. It will be noted that they all tell the same awful story of the tortures of drug using, and the same joyous story of their release from drug slavery:

From a Nurse Who Took the Cure Sixteen Years Ago.

HUTSONVILLE, ILL., February 28, 1909.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—I am very busy just now, but I want to say that I am still holding on to my God-given heritage that I received in 1892, which made me a free woman. I am always ready to tell what the Keeley Cure did for me, and I am glad at all times to say a word to the dear brothers and sisters who are held in the bondage of drugs as I was. I know that the cure will do for them just what it did for me. It will do all that it claims to do. I wish I were where I could tell them all what a blessing it is. I want to urge all who are suffering from drug-using to go and be cured of their addictions. You would all bless the day when you went to Dwight, as I do.

With the coming of March my thoughts go back to the day I started for Dwight, and I cannot say enough in praise of the dear friends who helped to make my cure a sure one. As I go from home to home in my work as a nurse the drug is often before me, but I have no desire for it—no more than as if I had never tasted it.

If there is anything I can do to help those who are bound by the drug that made me a slave for nearly twenty years I shall be very happy. I know it was what I read that the Keeley Cure had done for others that made me think of taking it. And as I was helped by reading the experience of those who had taken the cure, I hope that other sufferers may be helped by reading my experience. I have never had the least desire for the drug since I took the cure, and if I can help one poor suffering soul as I was helped I shall be very happy.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. JENNIE BISHOP.

Under date of February 28, 1906, Mrs. Bishop wrote a letter to THE BANNER OF GOLD in which she gave a history of her case which should be read in connection with the one given above. It shows the condition to which she had been brought by the use of drugs, and also shows how seemingly trifling circumstances sometimes change the current of one's life. But for the little pamphlet to which she refers she might still be suffering the tortures of the drug-user, if, indeed, she could have endured it so long. We republish the letter as follows:

A small pamphlet came to me from Dwight, Ill., telling of the Keeley Cure. And, as I read it over and over again, and read the testimonials of those who had received the cure, I said to myself, "If others can be cured I can." So I made ready and was soon on my way to Dwight. I am proud to tell of the cure that I received there, and shall always bless and praise God for the day I went there, and for the strength He gave me to bring about a perfect cure.

One of my sons was on his way to Montana, and went

with me to Dwight, and after a few hours with me left for Montana. I was then all alone with strangers, not one of whom I had ever seen before. When I told my sons good-bye (I have three) I said, "Now, children, I go away to be made free from this drug which holds me fast, and I will come back to you a free mother, or they will send my body back to you for burial. With God's help, I hope to come back to you a free woman,—free from the dreadful drug."

I had used the drug (morphine) nearly twenty years. I had got so it took one bottle a week. No difference what I needed I had to have the drug. How I came to use it? I had neuralgia of the stomach and my doctor gave it to me long before I knew what I was taking, and long before I knew it the habit was fast hold of me. No one could have felt worse than I did when I found that I could not do without it. Many and many a dollar I have paid for a bottle, and that would only last one week. But thanks be to God that little paper came to me in the year 1892, and in a very short time I was on my way. Soon after reaching Dwight I met one of the doctors and was taken to my boarding place, where, in about two hours, he came and gave me my first treatment.

I shall never forget that doctor. He was so kind to me during my stay in Dwight. I remained several weeks after I was through with the drug, to be treated for other troubles, for I was in a very bad condition and had many things to contend with. But notwithstanding I suffered intensely from a carbuncle and some boils, I never once returned to the drug.

I want to say to any one who is bound down by drugs or by liquor, by all means go to Dwight and be made free as I was.

It is now more than thirteen years since I went to Dwight, and I will be sixty years old the twenty-fifth of October. But I am well and strong, and as the years go by, I am more and more impressed with the glorious truth that I am a Keeley graduate—for it means that I am free from the drug.

My profession is nursing, and I am never happier than when caring for the sick. I am often with the drug which I used to take, and give it day after day, but I have no craving for it.

Now, dear brothers and sisters who are still in the power of drugs, let me urge you to do as I did. The Keeley Cure does all that is claimed for it, and you will be treated kindly while you are taking it.

I never paid out money that I got more real good from than the money I paid for my cure. I am now able to go about doing good. And as I am often around the sick or dying in the wee small hours of the night, I feel that it is God's hand that leads me in ministrations of love and mercy that I never could have done had I not gone to Dwight. With a heart full of love and sympathy I say, may the good work go on. God bless the Keeley Cure, and any and all who take it.

From one who knows by experience.
MRS. JENNIE BISHOP.

Cured of Morphine Addiction Seventeen Years Ago.

COSHOCOT, OHIO, March 1, 1909.

DEAR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is just seventeen years since I was cured of the morphine addiction at the Keeley Institute in Dwight. How glad I would be to know that many others in my own city would avail themselves of this blessing. Thousands of people have been saved through this perfect cure; they who should some hesitate and prolong their misery. I must confess that I sometimes become tired of trying to persuade people to save themselves the terrible suffering connected with the drug addiction; for such suffering is one of the saddest experiences ever endured by man or woman. The change through this cure seems like a heaven on earth. One's life seems to be literally made over. The truth of this blessed cure bears an impress that can never be effaced. Dear sufferer, think of your home and your loved ones; how much you can be to them after you are freed from this bondage. You will surely realize that life is worth living. Everything will have a charm, where now the world seems sad and full of sorrow to you. You have the desire to be cured of your addiction. All that you need is a little determination to prove that desire by taking the cure. Any other course will be a continuation of your present condition of alternating exaltation and depression, ending in disappointment and disaster. Let me urge you again to take this cure and be cured of your addiction, so that your future may be free from drug bondage, and you may be restored to health and usefulness.

I cannot close this letter without a word to some of our doctors whose carelessness is responsible for much of this suffering. The day has come when we demand conscientious doctors. It is our right to know that we are not given dangerous remedies when we are ill.

With best wishes for this good work, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

MRS. J. W. CASSINGHAM.

Had Given Up All Hope of Recovery.

A letter from Mrs. Sarah Reser, written under date of March 4, 1909, tells of an accident by which she sustained many painful injuries, but it will be seen that notwithstanding the suffering which she endured she did not resort to morphine. She writes: "I met with an accident Friday. As I went to back my horse to get into the buggy she backed and threw me down. The horse fell too, and her head struck my side and broke one rib and hurt my left arm; I also hurt my right knee and bruised my nose badly. It was all very painful, but I did not want any morphine, and I don't think I ever will be hurt badly enough to make me want to take the infernal stuff again."

In the following letter, written a year ago, Mrs. Reser gives an account of her case which forms an excellent supplement to the one quoted.

LAFAYETTE, IND., March 1, 1908.

DEAR EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is a year since I wrote you, and I thought I would write a few lines this lonely, rainy Sunday afternoon to let the readers of the BANNER know that I am still proud of my cure. I never think of morphine without a shudder. I am so thankful that I do not want it any more, and can live so happily without it.

I am at all times ready and willing to sound the praises of the Keeley Treatment for drug addictions. Should any poor suffering drug victim wish to write to me, I shall take great pleasure in answering as best I can and all inquiries upon matters within my own experience. To those so afflicted, permit me to say that I know just how you feel. For nearly eight years I was the slave of morphine, using it by means of a hypodermic needle. I know all of the horrors that victims of the morphine habit suffer. I tried different physicians and sanitariums. All was a failure, and I began to feel that there was no help for me. I would try so hard to get rid of the habit by myself. I would go into my room and take another dose, and wish that I would never see the light of another day. No one but a victim of the drug disease can ever understand or realize the tortures I endured.

I had given up all hope of ever getting well when my son made up his mind to try one more experiment, and that was to take me to Dwight. That was nine years ago, and, thank God, he took me to the right place at last. I have a first-class cure, and have no more desire for morphine than I had before I took the first dose. I wish every opium-using person could receive as good a cure as I have, and they can. I thank God that I am free.

Sincerely yours,

SARAH RESER.

811 Cincinnati street.

CHANCE ACQUAINTANCES.

BY MATEL PALMER.

"I HAVE a very amusing recollection of my first visit to the I. W.—Association," said a prominent little club woman. "You see, I had attended several of their charming social functions and had a great desire to meet the members in a regular business meeting. So when the friend who sent me an invitation discovered she could not go I determined to go alone. The notices were most explicit. The meeting was to be in parlor — of the Grand Pacific Hotel. I went early, of course, but that parlor was especially dark and deserted; not a woman had put in an appearance."

"Changed their minds and gone to the Palmer House, I suppose," said the young lawyer. "Why didn't you inquire at the office?"

"I did, and of the elevator boy, and all the other functionaries supposed to be informed on things pertaining to their hotel."

"Well, what was the trouble—had the meeting been postponed?"

"No; they all agreed beautifully on the subject. That was the right evening, the right parlor—everything was all right, but the women were mostly late in getting there, anyway. Quite a little coterie of hotel employees had gathered around, all anxious to render what assistance was possible and full of assurances that the members would come after awhile. Someone lighted the gas and the change was so great it seemed like a grand illumination. I decided to wait. Fifteen minutes of solemn reverie went by, and then a man brought in a pitcher of water. That was encouraging—looked as if someone was going to talk. Ten minutes more and the man came back with some glasses. At about half past eight another lone woman straggled in and sat down and —"

"Neither of you spoke, I'll be bound. Now if a man could be found foolish enough to wait half an hour for the best meeting in the world he wouldn't be silly enough not to speak to some other man just because they had not been introduced, but put two strange women together and they will just glare at each other."

"They do nothing of the kind. We commenced talking directly and were having a lovely conversation when some one finally came and told us the meeting had been in session more than an hour in another room. There had been some mistake, it appeared. But really I found my new acquaintance so delightful that I was rather glad it all happened."

"Chance acquaintances often prove very agreeable companions among men, and I see no reason why the same result would not follow a little less conventionality among women."

"Agreeable companions are not always desirable acquaintances. I had a very mortifying illustration of that in my own experience once. Shortly after we came West I met a woman at the hotel one day who impressed me as rather a superior sort of a person. I knew few people and was feeling a little homesick and desolate, so I was quite delighted at discovering such

a genial and attractive individual. I invited her to my room, took her out for a drive, and tried in every way to make it pleasant for her just for the delight of being in her presence. She was certainly one of the most fascinating women I ever met. But our friendship had a very unhappy termination. It was at that very hotel that she was finally taken in custody. Detectives had been shadowing her for a long time. Poor John was heart-broken to think his sedate and circumspect wife had actually been seen on the streets with one of the most notorious adventuresses of modern times."

"That was a horrible experience. But you probably couldn't have duplicated it if you had tried a lifetime."

"Very likely not. Still, I suddenly developed an astonishing amount of caution about strange people, and the wretched little episode had about gone from my memory until one night when I was on my way to California I was reminded of it by another strange occurrence."

"You didn't run across your old friend, did you, on the train?"

"Not at all, but in the section just opposite mine there was a young girl of perhaps twenty years of age. She was very pretty, very modest, and had the most innocent, infantile face it is possible to imagine. As the time drew near for the porter to make up the berths I noticed she seemed disturbed and troubled. Poor child! I thought, she probably isn't used to traveling alone and feels timid, so I made bold to ask if anything was troubling her and to offer assistance or sympathy. I think I never saw such a look of gratitude as she gave me. She said she was very much worried about some money she was carrying—for some one else. She had quite a large amount and she was afraid to go to bed for fear it might be stolen. I comforted her all I could, and, as I had a unique method of hiding my own valuables, I told her and suggested that she try the same plan. I showed her how I fastened my diamonds into my corset and then rolled it up and tucked it away at the foot of the bed, where no one would ever think of looking for it. I told her to put her money in a handkerchief and hide it in her shoe. I even helped her to arrange some of her things, and then we both went to bed. I slept very soundly, and the morning was well advanced when I made the shocking discovery that I had been robbed—money, jewelry, everything was gone."

"The little woman—had she been robbed, too?"

"No; she had left the train a little after midnight. Since then I feel like calling for references if a stranger ventures to speak to me."

TWO KINDS OF BUSINESS WOMEN.

I HAVE found two kinds of business women. Do you recognize the types as I draw them?" asks Mary B. Cleveland in the March Designer.

During one of the hardest winters Chicago ever knew, when, week after week, our waiting room was filled with girls so hopeless that their discouragement spoke in their bedraggled skirts and untidy hair, a bright-looking stranger seated herself with the groups of girls who, begging for "something to do," had become fixtures in the office. Almost immediately the telephone rang and a man's voice said, "My stenographer has gone back on me. Can you send me a substitute?" An affirmative reply brought a sharp, "Then send 'em quick!" and, adding the address, the speaker rang off.

It was against our principles to send girls to uninvestigated offices, but this seemed a desperate case and I waived the rule. Addressing the girl who had been longest on our waiting list, and from whom, only the night before, I had received a doleful letter, I said, "Now, Miss Smith, your chance has come. Here is an emergency call, and all you have to do is to go in and win."

In funereal tones she replied, "Did he say what the salary is?"

Turning impatiently to the girl next in order in point of waiting and corresponding mournfulness, I asked, "Miss Jones, will you try it?"

A pause, followed by, "I should like to know what his hours are," sent me to Miss Robinson, who quavered, "But I want a permanent position." Another speculated as to the machine in use, until at last I turned to the bright-faced newcomer with, "Will you go?"

The door had closed upon her before I had caught my breath; she returned late in the evening, spent with the strain of the day, but radiant with victory. She had found her employer frantic with anger at his secretary's sudden defection, and she had turned in with a vim which made her own reputation and saved that of the whole stenographic profession, at the same time securing the permanent position at a liberal salary. She did "the thing in hand!"

A FIGHTING CHANCE.

BY E. A. HOPKINS.

THERE'S a fighting chance for the world today,
If the world would only take it.
There's a beaten track to be left today.
If the world would but forsake it.
There is room for the brave, and room for the strong.
And room for the man of mirth,
Who will lighten the way, with jest and song,
For the health of this tired old earth.

There's a fighting chance for the man who failed,
Yet comes up with steadfast face;
Who seems to be 'shamed, in that once he quailed
And fell, mud-splashed in the race.
There's a chance for the vanquished, and room for the crowned,
And success for the man who takes it!
But the fighting chance, while the world spins round,
Belongs to the man who makes it! —Selected.

HOW MAGAZINES ARE REFUSING LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

BY MRS. ZILLAH FOSTER STEVENS.

"WE do not publish any advertising matter pertaining to intoxicating liquors. This publication will not lend itself as the medium to introduce into the family circle habits other than good."

This announcement from the editor of a popular monthly magazine is full of significance, for it represents the attitude, not of a single magazine, but of a large proportion of the leading secular weekly and monthly periodicals in the United States. It is a fact not fully appreciated that, so far as their advertising sections are concerned, our great magazines are rapidly "going dry."

A list was compiled comprising sixty of the more prominent secular family magazines. Strictly agricultural and other class papers, whether trade or religious publications, were not considered, it being the purpose to limit this inquiry to the secular weekly or monthly of general interest. Each editor or publisher was requested to state the advertising policy of his publication, and was definitely asked whether his periodical accepted or refused advertisements of intoxicating liquors. "And in the term intoxicating liquors," ran the inquiry, "we include beer and other malt liquors used as drinks."

Replies were prompt and cordial. They proved that the typical magazine of the United States not only will not "lend itself as a medium to introduce habits other than good," but it goes further, so far as liquor advertising is concerned: it will not sell itself as such a "medium."

We ought to estimate at its full value this fact, that in a majority of our best magazines money cannot buy advertising space for intoxicating liquors, beer included. Character, not cash, is the first requisite for admission into these advertising sections. Of the sixty editors to whom the inquiry was sent, forty, or sixty-six and two-thirds per cent, put themselves on record as absolutely excluding liquor advertisements.

Extracts from the letters received in reply are interesting and significant, as showing the extent to which discrimination is exercised. Everybody's Magazine writes:

"Everybody's eliminates from its advertising columns advertising of whiskies, beers, ales, patent medicines, cigarettes, and financial investments which are open to question. During the year 1906 we declined over \$200,000 worth of objectionable advertising tendered us. We are actuated by a principle. We do not desire to promote the sale of intoxicating liquors, or of cigarettes. We turned down \$20,000 worth of cigaret advertising in one year."

Another magazine speaks for itself:

"The Literary Digest declines to accept advertisements of whisky, malt beverages, malt extracts, bitters, and all other intoxicating liquors or compounds; also cigarettes, etc. Advertising space to the extent of \$25,000 per year we regularly sacrifice in furtherance of this policy."

The Living Age writes:

"No money could buy the insertion of liquor advertising in The Living Age. We would suspend publication first."

The Century Company gives utterance to this unserved declaration:

"The Century Magazine is a 'total abstainer' so far as its advertising pages are concerned, abstaining even from cordials, cider, beer, and other malt liquors."

"St. Nicholas joined the Band of Hope in its early infancy, and has never broken its pledge."

And in the same strain speaks the American Magazine:

"The American Magazine does not take advertising of intoxicating liquors of any sort. We have refused to malt extracts even, though I do not know whether it properly come under that category or not. Our policy is to edit the advertising pages from the stand-

point of the right-thinking reader. We want him to get good and proper things. Our statistics of the past year showed that we had refused over \$50,000 worth of advertisements that had actually appeared in other magazines of fair standing."

Suburban Life writes:

"We believe that this policy is, not only from a moral standpoint, but also from a business standpoint, advantageous."

Not all the periodicals listed here discriminate against "malt extracts." One magazine states explicitly that while it rules against cigarettes, whisky, beer, and patent medicines, it "does not throw out a meritorious food article because of its malt basis," mentioning in this connection a widely-advertised "Best Tonic." But the ruling against "malt extracts" is extending.

Speaking for two great papers, the Curtis Publishing Company says:

"Neither The Ladies' Home Journal nor The Saturday Evening Post carries any advertising of intoxicating liquors in any form."

In a letter thirty-seven words short, the Frank A. Munsey Company announces the policy controlling its six magazines:

"None of the Munsey magazines, including The Munsey, The Argosy, The All-Story, The Scrap-Book, The Railroad-Man's Magazine, and Ocean, accept advertisements of beers, wines, liquors, or patent medicines."

Worthy of note is the announcement of the Housewife. On ethical grounds it takes its anti-liquor-advertising stand:

"Realizing that we have a great responsibility and a certain positive duty to perform in connection with our subscription list."

Such letters, all in this strain, from the forty periodicals listed, prove conclusively that the majority of high-class weeklies and monthlies in the United States are now saying, "No admittance" to advertisements of intoxicating liquors, even when these seek to buy their way into advertising sections.

Several points in these letters of reply deserve special comment.

The number of magazines refusing liquor advertising. This list is not complete; it claims only to be typical. Yet if forty out of sixty (about sixty-seven per cent) of these representative magazines bar liquor advertising, it is safe to conclude that the same standard is followed by a majority of all reputable magazines.

Therefore, no one now, in selecting his list of periodicals for subscription, finds himself shut up to a choice between magazines full of liquor advertising, or no magazines at all. In the nearly sixty-seven per cent of "dry" magazines he has a wide field for selection. He may present to each member of his family, no matter what the age, sex or variety of taste, magazines that refuse to "lend themselves as the medium to introduce into the family habits other than good."

The high character of the "dry" magazines. No charge of inferiority can be brought against them. A class represented by such papers as comprise the published list may justly claim to offer everything that stands for excellence.

It is worth noting, too, that the "dry" policy prevails in magazines predominated by masculine interests and masculine affairs. The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Everybody's, The American Magazine, Success, and others like them, deal largely with men's affairs and men's interests. Yet alcoholic advertising is as rigidly excluded from their columns as from the columns of the Ladies' Home Journal, the Housewife, or the Woman's Home Companion.

In this list of forty, the names of some old favorites fail to appear. An examination of their advertising sections will probably tell the reason why. The minority report—the report of the twenty not named—reveals that some of our oldest friends among periodical publications still admit liquor advertisements. It is suggested that every interested person satisfy himself concerning the position of any magazine, either by examining the advertising section of that magazine, or by addressing a courteous question (stamped and addressed envelope enclosed for reply) to the editor of the publication. Courtesy is the unfailing characteristic of an editor, and no editor will commit the discourtesy of ignoring your stamped and addressed envelope. Several editors, in the minority of twenty, reported that they had "not yet made up their minds," or did not "yet see their way clear," or had "adopted no set rule." A courteous question, accompanied by an expression of your own principles and preferences, might help some of these periodicals to a settled position—The Sunday School Times.

Alton, Ill.

Half the time you lose in explaining why things are not just right easily might secure you an increase in salary.—John A. Howland.

C.T.A.U. Department

Edited by JOHN P. CUNNEEN

973 North Robey Street, Chicago

FATHER MATHEW LEAGUE.

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE INSURANCE ORGANIZATION
HOLDS CHARTER CONVENTION.

THE Father Mathew League, a Catholic Total Abstinence insurance organization, organized under the laws of the state of Illinois with the approval of the Archbishop of Chicago, held its charter convention in Chicago February 20th. The convention was opened with high mass in St. David's Church, and Rev. D. J. Crimmins, pastor of that church, delivered an eloquent sermon on the need and worth of total abstinence.

The convention was called to order by John T. Burke, chairman of the temporary organization, and the meeting opened with prayer by Rev. D. J. Crimmins. There was a drill by Company A, St. David's Father Mathew League Cadets, after which Mr. John T. Burke addressed the delegates.

Rev. D. J. Crimmins was unanimously elected National Spiritual Director. Father Crimmins thanked the delegation for his election, in an address setting forth the benefits of total abstinence, and administered the Father Mathew League pledge to all delegates and visitors present.

Rev. M. O'Sullivan, of St. Bridget's Parish, spoke of the different total abstinence societies which have been formed in the city and state within the last twenty-two years, and expressed the hope that the new league would prosper and have success. He also said he was glad that Illinois had started this new society.

A letter from Rev. J. J. Burke, St. Patrick's Church, Bloomington, was read, wishing success to the new league.

Mrs. Hill, president W. C. T. U., spoke on the first efforts of organizing temperance societies. She also explained the poisonous effect of alcohol on the system. She advocated the ballot as the only means of taking from the government the privilege of licensing the sale of liquors.

The delegates and visitors were then entertained by a piano and violin duet by Clarence and Walter Linkenheld and a drill and song by St. David's F. M. L. Cadets, Company A.

Rev. Doctor Purcell, rector Cathedral College, honored the assembly with his presence and said he was at the convention to encourage the movement. He also stated that the only sure road to success was total abstinence, because a man who drinks, even though moderately, cannot rise above a certain level, no matter what his opportunities may be. In the college over which he presides there are one hundred and thirty-five boys who are all total abstainers. Ninety of this number are insurance members, while the balance are associate members of the F. M. L. These, Doctor Purcell states, will have to keep the pledge as long as he has charge over them. Appreciation of the speech made by Doctor Purcell was expressed by a rising vote of thanks.

The report of the organization committee was read and a constitution and bylaws were adopted.

The following officers were unanimously elected: National president, J. T. Burke; national vice president, J. J. Cullinan; national secretary, Martin J. Kileen; national treasurer, Peter Doody; national senior trustee, Dr. J. J. McLaughlin; subordinate trustees, John K. Monahan, Frank J. Powers, Jeremiah Barrett, J. F. Cummen; medical examiner, Dr. Geo. P. Kerrigan.

Dr. J. J. McLaughlin moved that a committee composed of the national spiritual director, the national president, the national secretary and the senior trustee, call on the Archbishop of Chicago, James B. Quigley, and apprise him of the result of the convention; also that the thanks of the delegates be given to the visiting clergy, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, of St. Bridget's Parish; Doctor Purcell, rector Cathedral College; Rev. O'Callaghan, St. Mary's Parish, who honored the delegates by their presence and encouraged them with kind words. It was also voted that the names of the clergy go down in the minutes of the charter convention; also that the secretary be instructed to advise members of the league of the proceedings of the convention.

Father O'Callaghan then addressed the convention as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—At this hour I will not keep you long except to say Amen after all that has been done, and this is about the time for a big Amen at the end of your labor. The spirit you have manifested is the promise of what is to come; and we may be sure that there is born here today an organization that is a credit to the State of Illinois, and that all members will be good workers in the cause of temperance. Of that I am confident.

The last few years have been discouraging for tem-

perance here. It is no honor to be state president of Illinois. It has been only a handful scattered throughout the State, mostly in Chicago; but then, in this great city so few seem but a scattered fragment of what they should be. I certainly welcome you into the National Union and States Union of Illinois, and I am proud to think that this organization will be with us, and we are all glad to hail you as brothers in the great cause of temperance.

If you will find room in total abstinence and have all the women, boys and girls pledge themselves to this cause no one need be jealous of others in the cause of temperance, or what others do in the cause of temperance. When you meet in the next National Convention, which convenes August 4th and 5th, I hope you will be an important factor, and that you will establish your organization in the United States with the total abstinence cause in the Catholic Church and make it important for the work of local option that is being carried on in our midst. Temperance has grown with the enlightenment of the people, and not only should drink be stopped, but we should try to stem the tide of ruin it causes.

It was decided that the time for the next convention should not be later than June, 1910, and that the place of meeting should be left to the national officers. A motion that certificate No. 1 be issued to Rev. D. J. Crimmins was carried, and he was unanimously elected delegate to the convention.

Thomas Cusack received a prize of ten dollars in gold for bringing in the greatest number of members, the number being about forty.

It was moved and seconded that all the state branches of the league be affiliated with the Total Abstinence Union, and that all branches pay their dues to the state.

The installation of officers was conducted by Father O'Callaghan, who administered the pledge of office, and the convention closed with prayer by Rev. D. J. Crimmins.

OBJECTS OF THE FATHER MATHEW LEAGUE.

To unite fraternally and socially all practical Roman Catholics, and to promote the principles of total abstinence, by educating its members to practice total abstinence, and to promote total abstinence among others by advice and example, and to develop youths physically by organizing them in Cadet Companies. To establish a Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Fund for the dependants of deceased members.

Any practical Catholic between the ages of twelve and fifty-five years inclusive may become a beneficiary member of this Order by presenting his application in writing upon the prescribed form of application, and upon passing a satisfactory medical examination.

Fraternal beneficial protection has become a great factor in the lives of the American people. The system has passed the experimental point. Over fifty millions of dollars are being paid annually to the family and dependants of deceased members of these fraternal societies. On every hand is the effect of fraternal society being felt, and particularly our Catholic fraternal societies. In view of the fact that this Order has made provisions whereby the parent or provider for the family can make the necessary provision for his family in the case of his demise, at the net cost of such protection, is it not a duty for you to partake of this opportunity? Do it now. Tomorrow you may not have the opportunity.

INSURANCE RATES.

Policies will be issued for \$250, \$500 and \$1,000 at the following rates:

Applicants between the ages of 12 and 15 are eligible for only \$250.

Applicants over 15 years are not eligible for the \$250 rate.

Each year the assessment increases until the member reaches 59, when his rate is \$2.40, at which rate his assessment will stand during the balance of his membership in the order.

Saved Money on Sober Workmen

A contractor who was opposed to the liquor traffic, but who had been in the habit of employing total abstainer and drunkard indiscriminately, decided to turn no more of his money directly into the till of the saloonist by employing those who use alcoholic liquors. Needing a foreman on a large piece of work, he offered the position to a man whom he had formerly employed, a heavy drinker, on condition that the foreman should become a total abstainer. To this the man agreed, admitting that liquor injured him in many ways. With the money earned on this contract the foreman paid his debts to the amount of over \$100, which he had contracted in the days when he paid out his money for liquor and ran in debt for the necessities of life for his family. This same contractor hired a drunken workman on condition that his wages, \$15 a week, should be paid to his wife and be expended solely by her. This offer was, after some hesitation, accepted. It is needless to say that the money was spent for the man's own family instead of for that of the saloonist.—Temperance Cause.

Upon what does the liquor traffic depend? Upon debased manhood, wronged womanhood, and debased childhood. It holds a mortgage over the cradle, a deed written in heart's blood over every human life.—New York Tribune.

DOINGS AT DWIGHT.

Dr. J. J. Leavitt, of Portland, Oregon, is at Dwight taking instructions for the position of Keeley Institute physician in that state. Doctor Leavitt has practiced many years in Oregon and is well known throughout the state.

Mr. Henry Jager, of Davenport, Iowa, is at Dwight, where he came to bring a patient for treatment. This makes two patients that Mr. Jager has at Dwight at the present time. He is himself a graduate of several years' standing and never fails to do everything in his power to get others who need it to take the treatment. His earnestness and sincerity can be readily understood when it is known that he is not only willing to accompany them, but also is willing to contribute financially to pay for the treatment itself. Mr. Jager is always a welcome visitor at Dwight, and he seems to enjoy the short time that he is able to spend on one of his periodical visits.

Dr. T. S. Hitt, manager of the Keeley Institute at Plainfield, Indiana, has been duck shooting on the Illinois River near Havana, Illinois. Your correspondent is able to say that he has not only been shooting, but that he was successful in an unusual degree. Two shipments have been received at Dwight for distribution among his friends. These shipments include red-heads, canvasbacks, mallards and other varieties, the mere mention of which is enough to stimulate one's appetite. Doctor Hitt may console himself that the fatigue of hunting is compensated for by the fact that his reputation in central Illinois is growing every day, and many prayers are being sent up, the burden of which is, more power to his elbow. The doctor's friends in Indianapolis are deeply chagrined because the laws of the State of Illinois prohibit the shipment of game outside of the State of Illinois. No doubt this is an advantage to his friends in this state, however.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Oughton have left Thomasville, Ga., where they have been spending the most of the winter and are gradually moving north. Several days were spent at Savannah, Ga.; Charleston, S. C., and visits will, of course, be paid to the Institute towns along the route. It is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Oughton will spend Easter in New York City, and soon after will turn their steps homeward. Letters received at Dwight indicate that both Mr. and Mrs. Oughton are enjoying good health.

Visitors at Dwight are known to be welcome at all the churches, and many of them avail themselves of the invitation. There is hardly a church in the town which, Sunday morning at least and sometimes on other occasions, does not number among its respectful attendants one or more of the Keeley patients. All these will be glad to hear that a new Congregational Church is to be erected in the near future. The plans have been accepted and the contract let. It is to be very attractive in design as well as being well adapted to the various needs of the congregation. Rev. W. J. Drew, the pastor, is well and favorably known to a large circle of Keeley graduates. He conducts the song service at the Institute once in every four weeks and is very successful in engaging the attention and

interest of the audiences which he has on these occasions.

Major Curtis J. Judd, the secretary-treasurer of the Leslie E. Keeley Company, recently made a trip to Cuba accompanied by his son Arthur. They were gone several weeks, and the trip was all the more enjoyable because each had visited the island before. On the way down they stopped off and visited for a little while with Doctor Griggs, formerly of the Keeley Institute staff at Dwight. It was Major Judd's intention to have spent several weeks with Doctor Griggs, but, owing to the fact that Mr. Koehler found it impossible to go at that time, it had to be postponed. Doctor Griggs is enjoying excellent health and was able to furnish ocular demonstration of the fact that oranges, figs, lemons and grape fruit grow on his plantation. Doctor Griggs is still able to recount fish stories, but no Jew fish of anything like gigantic size could be produced in support of former yarns.

They had a very pleasant visit in Cuba, and spent one day on the return at Flagler's Long Key Fishing Camp, which has a celebrated reputation for fine tarpon catches. They day resulted in a fine catch of small species of fish, but no tarpon, nor could they find anyone who had spent any portion of the winter season there who had even seen one.

Dwight is not behind other places in the constantly increasing number of automobiles which are to be seen traversing the streets. Among the most imposing at the present time is the Pierce-Arrow car of Mr. Oughton, president of the Leslie E. Keeley Company. It is of the touring-car type, commodious and up to date in every respect. It is unnecessary to say this as Mr. Oughton would not have it if it were otherwise.

The guests of the Livingston Hotel are to be congratulated on the fact that Mr. Fred McIntosh has been installed as manager. Mr. McIntosh is well known to the traveling public, having been for a number of years superintendent of the dining car service of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. He is proving to be an efficient hotel manager and has the faculty of making himself exceedingly popular with the patients. It is hardly to be wondered at when it is known that he does everything in his power to add to their comfort and make their stay here enjoyable.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

AN AID TO LONGEVITY.

WE can point with pride to the life-work of many men as proof that total abstinence, in practice and as a principle, is a benediction direct and indirect in its effects upon life and character. Thousands of men who began life under favorable auspices have fallen in the prime of their manhood, without having accomplished their allotted work. Total abstinence would have saved them. Moderate drinking led them to an untimely end.

A noted statistician of England, after long and careful investigations, comparisons and observations, has established the following facts:

Between the ages of fifteen and twenty, where ten total abstainers die, eighteen moderate drinkers die. Between the ages of twenty and thirty, ten of the former and thirty-one of the latter. Between thirty and forty years, forty moderate drinkers to ten abstainers die.

That is: A total abstainer twenty years old has a fair chance of living forty-four years longer; a moderate drinker has a chance of living only fifteen and one-half years longer.

At thirty years a total abstainer has a chance of living thirty-six and one-half years longer; a moderate drinker at the same age only thirteen and one-half years longer.

At forty a total abstainer has a chance of living twenty-eight years more, and a moderate drinker only eleven and two-thirds.

We may talk and write as eloquently as we will about the "fifteen hundred millions" annually spent in our own nation for intoxicating liquors, but half the truth is not told unless we add the actual money value of the wasted mental and physical resources of thousands of otherwise noble and useful citizens, destroyed by moderate drinking.—Exchange.

"It costs on the average \$6,000 to support a pauper in his lifetime. But a working man is worth to the world about \$10,000 during his lifetime. Thus for every neglected, pauperized child the nation is the poorer by \$16,000. How penny wise, pound foolish it is not to take care of the children!"

It remains to make the best of things. Those who are hopeless disarm themselves, and may as well go to the rear; men and women of faith, optimists, to the front.—General Armstrong.

THE CHICAGO &
ALTON
USES
CONCRETE TIES

They can't rot or get out of line. They are another illustration that

"THE ONLY WAY"

is ever mindful of the safety and comfort of its patrons.
Perfect passenger service between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
KANSAS CITY and points beyond.

GEORGE J. CHARLTON,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE KEELEY CURE.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

PEOPLE WHO TAKE THE CURE—EFFECT ON THE GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—PRICE OF TREATMENT, ETC.

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition. The Keeley Remedies are absolutely a specific for this disease.

How Long Does It Take?

The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and, hence, there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival a patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness caused by the treatment, and the physical condition improves from the start.

At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved, mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright and complexion clear; morally changed because of his disgust for his former life, and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear a Keeley patient say, "I feel ten years younger."

Opium, Morphine, Etc.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, and other similar or kindred drugs, when used continuously, induce diseases, each of which is characteristic of the substance used. The definite symptom is always the necessity for repeated doses, which is commonly designated as "craving." The use of these drugs is usually begun to induce sleep or to relieve pain, and the victim has the disease firmly fastened on him before he realizes his condition. It is then discovered that the desire for the accustomed "dose" dominates all other desires, and even death itself is scarcely more to be dreaded than the cutting off of the usual supply. These diseases have been considered incurable, but Doctor Keeley has demonstrated otherwise. They yield to scientific treatment, and from four to six weeks only are required to complete a cure. This statement may seem startling, but it is true. We will gladly refer you to people who have been cured and who have standing that will bear investigation. Send for printed matter on opium and other drug using.

No Confinement.

One feature of the Keeley Treatment that commends it to those needing it, is that there is absolutely no confinement. Patients are required to take the remedies with the utmost regularity, and are expected to attend the lectures, but the remainder of each day is disposed of as the patient pleases. It is needless to say that no improper conduct is permitted, and that liberty does not mean license. No one visiting Dwight would suppose, unless informed, that the fine-looking, quiet, well-behaved people observed at the hotels and on the street are there for treatment—yet such is the case. They appear in all respects to be temporary residents of the village, and are so recognized. Lifelong friendships are formed and good comradeship prevails.

Effect on the General Health.

There can be but one truthful answer and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness caused by our treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients or graduates; they know and will tell

you truthfully. Do not ask a saloon-keeper, or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-six years of age—time enough, the most captious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business more than twenty years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients?

What Our Remedies Do.

These remedies are reconstructive nerve tonics which restore the nerve cells to a normal, healthy condition, the same as before being poisoned by alcohol or toxic drugs. When this is done the "craving" disappears because, as has been proved, that is a symptom of a diseased condition of these cells. A parallel case is that of a cough, which indicates a diseased condition of throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs; when the cause is ascertained and removed, the cough disappears.

Owing to lack of space these diseases and addictions, their causes and cure, cannot be fully described, but



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

literature upon any and all of these subjects will be sent free upon application. We will consider it a favor to be permitted to prove our assertions.

Who Takes the Keeley Cure?

We have cured thousands of veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the National Soldiers' Homes of the country, whose ages range from fifty to eighty years.

We have cured several children under five years of age who were addicted to morphine and opium, such addictions having been acquired through the mother's own addiction or direct administration. No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

We have cured hundreds of soldiers in the Regular Army of the United States, and have letters from officers of all ranks, from Major-Generals to Lieutenants, commending the Keeley Cure in the highest terms.

We have cured senators, congressmen, lawyers, clergymen, business men, merchants, laborers, men of all occupations and of no occupation, to the number of more than 300,000. Among them are 17,000 physicians.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

All who have taken our treatment are perfectly satisfied with the results. This is a broad statement and would hardly be made if not true. Nine-tenths of all our patients come to us accompanied by, or through the influence of, our graduates, and this is the best evidence of the efficacy of our cure. In fact, Keeley graduates are so enthusiastic about their condition that some 30,000 of them have formed an organization known as "The Keeley League." This is the only temperance society in the world composed exclusively of men who have been drunkards. Men and women who have taken the cure are the best judges of its effects, and there are more than 300,000 of these. We will refer you to reliable and well-known people in your immediate vicinity if you ask us to. Send for "Evidence and Proof from Reliable Sources."

The Livingston Hotel.

The magnificent new Livingston Hotel is owned by The Leslie E. Keeley Co., and is maintained primarily for the accommodation of patients taking treatment at the Institute. This hotel is three stories in height, and is equipped with every modern convenience. The style of architecture is colonial, insuring broad, cool verandas and spacious rooms. The electric lights, steam heat, and hot water are supplied by our own plant adjacent to the hotel. The hotel itself is absolutely the most thoroughly fireproof hotel in the country, as there is no woodwork in the construction except the doors and window-frames, the floors being tile, mosaic, or monolithic. Every precaution is taken to insure cleanliness and a thorough sanitary condition. The plumbing is the most modern and practical system, and absolutely precludes the possibility of any danger from this source. The Livingston is arranged upon such a plan that patients can have, if they so desire, the absolute privacy of a home. There are several entrances, a ladies' parlor, a reception room, an amusement room, besides one for correspondence and reading, private baths and lavatories, a telephone in each room, in fact everything needful to minister to the comfort and convenience of guests. A feature which pleases all, is a well-selected library of standard works for the free use of patients. The dining-room is a marvel of beauty and good taste, elegant decorations, beautiful highly polished columns, mosaic floor and fine service, while the kitchen is equipped with every appliance to secure excellent results, as far as fare is concerned; the construction and arrangement insures absolute cleanliness at all times and under all circumstances. The office is spacious and elegant, with a colonial mantel and open fireplace, mosaic floor and all modern appointments.

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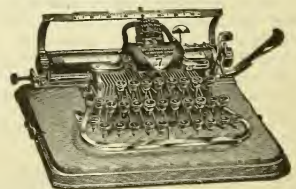
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Dwight, Illinois, September, 1908

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THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Neurasthenia.

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THE BANNER OF GOLD



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REVELATION.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

IN LAST night, heart sick of failure and defeat,
I wandered forth beyond the cruel town,
And in a field of clover, blossomed sweet,
Devoid of hope I threw me careless down.
Like one of stone beneath the stars I lay,
Too dead of heart either to curse or pray.

I know not how the miracle was wrought,
But all things merged into a vast, profound
And tender silence. Time became as naught,
While I, a being without goal or bound,
Held all of earth, saw all with eye serene,
I, only I, the myriad worlds between.

A conscious essence, tensible I swung
Beneath the deep inverted purple bowl
Set thick with jewels formed when Time was young.
An all-absorbing, all-embracing soul,
In whose pellucid depths I saw refined
To precious pearls the tears of all mankind.

Before the world was, Love was, so that I
Might know that moment of pure tenderness;
Might luminous and all-enfolding lie,
Possessing all that all of earth possesses;
And by one glorious breath of the divine
Behold the life of all made one in Thine.—Selected.

THE PROFESSOR.

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, "THE POET SCOUT."

THE strange old man was a mystery to all of the inhabitants of Tres Pinos, a rough mining camp on the San Juan River. He came in one day on the stage from Rico, and an hour after his arrival began the construction of a small stone cabin near the camp. Day after day he toiled industriously, laying up the rough stones one by one, in mortar mixed of the soil of the valley. When the walls were of sufficient height, he covered the top with poles cut from the adjacent mountain side, and borne to the spot on his shoulders; over the poles placed a layer of manzanita bushes, and covered all with soil to a depth of about a foot, thus forming a roof through which the heaviest rains could not force a leak. From pine slabs he fashioned a door, a bunk and a table, all rude in construction, and the light of day entered the rough abode through two single panes of glass set in opposite walls. There he made his home, a gloomy taciturn old man, who seemed desirous to shun the society of his fellow men.

All efforts to draw him into conversation regarding himself proved futile. He would at times converse in a quiet, reserved manner, on ordinary topics, and on very rare occasions would touch upon science, religion and the political questions of the day, but at the slightest reference to himself or his antecedents would close his lips and abruptly quit the presence of his questioner. Two opinions regarding him were held in the camp; one, that he was hiding in the mountains to escape punishment for crime; the other, that some domestic or other trouble had weakened the foundations of his mind, and that he was insane.

When he first came into camp he was clothed in a neat-fitting suit of black almost clerical in cut, and with his tall figure, dignified bearing, white hair and long white beard, and the utter failure on the part of anyone to learn his name, caused Sandy Mason, the stage agent, to dub him "The Professor," and by that appellation he was ever after known.

The Professor seemed to possess but one fault, and that warp in his moral nature was really looked upon as a virtue and laudable accomplishment in that rough country in the early days. He would drink whisky, often to excess. It was plainly observable to all that some great sorrow was gnawing at his heart, or that some feeling of remorse for some past error was torturing his soul, and at times when fits of despondency came upon him, he would hasten to Doc Taylor's saloon, and seat himself at a table and drink until the memories which seemed to almost madden him, had been driven away by the fiery breath of alcohol. Many had endeavored when the old man was maudlin drunk, to wrest from him the secret of his life, but when the subject was broached, his lips would close, and he would sit and stare into the interrogator's face in a stupid manner, and maintain a rigid silence.

For several months after his arrival at Tres Pinos, the old man seemed to have considerable money, and paid cash for all his purchases at the stores and saloons. Then he began to ask for credit, and after he had run various bills of considerable magnitude, he was told that he must settle before any more goods would be delivered to him. For a time he lived upon the promiscuous charity of the camp, until Harry Hale, the big-hearted English foreman of the Sunlight mine, took

him under his care and provided him with food and raiment. Harry became a frequent visitor at the little stone cabin, and he and the old man could frequently be seen together walking along the river bank, or sitting in the shade of the cabin engaged in conversation.

"I cawn't make 'ead or tail of 'im," the foreman one day said to the stage agent. "'E's a nice sort of an old man an' seems to be 'ighly educated, but hevery time I 'int at his pawst life, 'e shuts up like a bloody clam an' 'urries away from me. I think 'e's wrong 'ere (tapping his forehead,) but 'e's a hinoffensive old cove, an' I won't see 'im go 'ungry as long as I've a dollar to 'elp 'im."

Harry Hale was a great favorite in the camp, and when his generosity toward the old Professor became known, others contributed to lighten the load which he had voluntarily assumed, and the old man's wants were very generously supplied. Curiosity regarding his identity died away after a time, and he came to be looked upon as a sort of a worthless pensioner on the camp, who should be tolerated because he had evidently once been a man of some note in the world.

As the Fourth of July drew near, a proper observance of the day was talked of among the inhabitants of Tres Pinos, and the sentiment grew so warm that by unanimous approval a meeting was called in Doc Taylor's saloon to formulate some definite plan of procedure. All went well until it came to the selection of an orator of the day. Every man known to be a fluent talker in ordinary conversation was proposed, and as quickly declined the honor. No one would attempt a public address, and the meeting was all at sea on that one important point, until Harry Hale suggested that the Professor might be induced to give them a talk.

"Hi know 'e can do it," the foreman said. "'E's a learned old cove an' I dare say 'is heloquence 'll assay hall right if we can bring it to the test. Hif it's the sense o' the meetin', hi'll see 'im about it."

This seemed a possible solution of the difficulty, and Hale was appointed a committee to wait upon the old man and endeavor to secure his services for the occasion.

"I dislike the publicity," the Professor said when Hale called upon him, "but if the good people of the camp can secure no one else, I will undertake the task. I have often addressed audiences in my younger days, and have no fear that I cannot interest all who will listen to me. I will brush aside my antipathy to attracting undue attention to myself, Harry, because you ask it, for I am under very great obligations to you. I would do it for no one else."

During the afternoon of the day on which Hale interviewed the Professor, it was observed that something was weighing more than usually heavy on the old man's mind. For several hours he walked about with his hands crossed behind his back and his eyes bent on the ground as if in deep reflection, and several who met him in his rambles averred that they had heard him frequently sigh deeply and mutter incoherent words. He finally entered Taylor's saloon and drank a glass of whisky, stood a few moments at the bar, and drained another glass. Then seating himself at a card table, he buried his face in his hands, and at times a sigh escaped him that was plainly audible to all in the room. Finally he arose with a strange look of fixed determination on his face and approached the bar.

"Doc, have you writing paper and pen and ink in the house?" he asked.

"Yes, Professor, right here, plenty of it."

He handed the old man the desired articles, and at his request again placed the whisky bottle and a glass before him. After swallowing another drink of the fiery liquor, compared to which the pure juice of Kentucky would be as a tallow dip beside an arc light, the Professor sought a table in a remote corner of the saloon and began to write. Sheet after sheet was filled and laid aside, the old man's hand moving with unwonted rapidity as he traced his thoughts.

"The Perfessor's a writin' his Foth o' July speech, an' I'll play a big stack wide open on it bein' a corker," said a blue-eyed devotee of the faro and poker tables.

"That's about what he's doin'," Taylor replied. "Don't let anybody disturb him, Rocky, till he gets through."

He had scarcely concluded the sentence ere the Professor arose and approached the bar.

"I will have to trouble you for an envelope and a couple of postage stamps, Doc, if you will kindly let me have them. I have written an unusually long letter and one stamp will be insufficient to carry it."

Here was a new matter of surprise. Never since the old man came to the camp had he been known to send or receive a letter, and at the request Taylor eyed him with astonishment. He handed over the stamps and envelope, and as the Professor returned to his table gave vent to his surprise in the words:

"Well, I'll be ——!"

A moment later the old man hurried from the saloon as if fearing a resolution he had begun to carry out might yet fail of completion, and almost ran to the post office. There he deposited the letter in the box used for that purpose, and hastened away to his rude habitation.

The Fourth of July of that year fell upon Thursday, and on the Monday preceding Harry Hale started in a buckboard with a good team of native horses for Rico saying he would return Wednesday evening and bring a supply of fireworks for the night celebration of the coming anniversary. It was known to one or two of his personal friends that his errand was to draw from the Rico Bank the funds to pay the miners of the Sunlight their June wages. The regular pay day was on the 15th, but on this occasion the foreman decided to pay the men earlier so they would have funds to properly celebrate the Fourth in accordance with the mining-camp idea of how the day should be observed.

An hour after Hale's departure the Professor rode up to Taylor's saloon on a mule he had borrowed from the mining company and secured a pint of whisky, saying he was going to visit a neighboring camp. He started down the Rico road, but as branch roads to several mining camps led off from the main trail, this fact did not cause anyone to question the truth of his assertion.

Wednesday evening came, and Hale had not yet put in an appearance; 6, 7, 8, 9 o'clock, and yet he did not come; 10, 11, 12, and yet no sound of wheels was heard coming up the river.

There was a telephone line to Rico operated by the stage company, and at midnight the agent was asked to endeavor to learn the cause of Hale's non-arrival. Word came that he had left Rico at daybreak that morning, and had been heard to say he would reach Tres Pinos by five in the evening. At Silver Mountain, fifteen miles below, the station keeper said he had passed there at 4 o'clock, had halted a few moments to water his horses, and had accounted for being so late by saying he had broken the pole of the buckboard and that it had taken him a long time to repair it. But even then he should have easily made Tres Pinos by 7, and it was now after midnight.

"I think I can explain it," the agent said, as he hung up the receiver of the phone. "It is a dark night and this end of the road is bad, and Harry has laid up at Jarrett's Ranch, five miles below for the night. He'll pull in early in the morning."

Yes, that must be right. All uneasiness vanished, and the crowd which had assembled dispersed, each going to his tent or cabin to secure some rest ere the festivities of the day began.

In the early dawn the camp was astir, and the people began to flock to the one street of the camp. Now and then from different points came rapid reports, as revolvers fired salutes to the day, and whoops could be heard accompanying the shots. Miners from other camps, and ranchers and cowboys from the valley ranches began to pour in at an early hour, and the street was soon thronged with such a crowd as Tres Pinos had never before seen. The various bars did a flourishing business, and patriotism, fired by the libel on whisky then in use in the West, ran high. Patriotic songs were sung by rapidly thickening tongues, and when old Bob McKee, a veteran of the war, and his son Joe came down the street playing "Yankee Doodle" on fife and drum, a pandemonium of cheers greeted them. One of the saloon keepers, with a shrewd eye to business, had sent to Rico some days before for several hundred small flags, and had early made it known that a flag would be given with each drink taken at his place, and before the sun had peeped over the summit of Bull Mountain in the eastward, every flag had been given out and served as a decoration in the hat of a patriot.

At Taylor's saloon, the lower one on the Rico road, an anxious crowd had collected. At 9 o'clock Harry Hale had not yet appeared, and at the unanimous wish of all two men prepared to mount horses and go in search of him. When they were about to start a mounted figure was seen coming up the road, and as it drew near all recognized the Professor mounted upon his mule. As he slowly rode up to the crowd it was observed that he was very drunk, and when he attempted to dismount he staggered and fell heavily to the ground, and laid there in a half-stupefied condition.

"Did you see Harry Hale on the road, Professor?" one of the men asked.

A few unintelligible grunts were the only response, and turning himself onto the flat of his back the old man fell into a drunken sleep. All efforts to rouse him were vain, and the horsemen were urged to take the road at once. As they mounted their horses a package

which protruded from the breast pocket of the Professor's ragged coat attracted attention, and believing it to be a bottle of whisky one of the men drew it out and removed the newspaper covering.

A cry of astonishment went up when the package was found to contain a large sum of money—new \$20 bills which had never yet been folded, a new issue of the Rico bank. While this remarkable discovery was yet being discussed, a horseman was seen coming rapidly up the road, urging his animal to its utmost speed.

It proved to be one of old man Jarrett's boys, and in an excited manner he told a terrible story.

Harry Hale had reached their ranch about dark the previous evening. He had been urged to put up for the night, but said that both himself and his team knew the road well, and he would push on for camp. At early dawn young Jarrett had caught up a horse and started for Tres Pinos to take part in the festivities of the day, and when passing the mouth of a gulch about a mile from the ranch he saw Hale's buckboard standing in a clump of bushes. He rode up to it, and was horrified to find the foreman lying dead on the seat, a ghastly wound on the back of the head showing where the fatal shot had struck him. He had evidently been shot from the rear as he drove along the road, and the team had been led into the bushes by the assassin. Without touching the corpse he had ridden with all speed to town to give the alarm.

For a few moments the great crowd of men who had assembled stood looking into each other's faces in astonishment and horror. The messenger was closely questioned, but he knew no more.

Then a terrible suspicion seized upon all. Where did the Professor get the money found on his person? It was announced in the crowd that Hale had gone to draw money to pay the men, and a wild rush was made toward where the old man was lying. He was yet unconscious, and heeded not several vicious kicks administered by those nearest him. His pockets were searched, but aside from a partly filled bottle of whisky, nothing was found. In a breast pocket of his coat was a letter, but in their wild excitement and rage no notice was taken of the missive, and it was allowed to remain.

At the suggestion of one of the men, a rush was made for the stage office, and the agent was requested to call up Rico and ascertain if Hale had drawn any money from the bank. The reply quickly came that he had drawn several thousand dollars.

"What sort of money did he draw?"
"Bills of different denominations issued by different banks, and some treasury notes. Two thousand dollars of the money paid him were new \$20 bills of our own issue."

When this information was given out the great crowd became wild with rage, and as is usually the case when the passions of a multitude are aroused against an individual, the universal cry was heard:

"Hang him!"
A rope was quickly procured from one of the stores, and, as ravenous wolves swoop down upon a crippled or exhausted animal, the maddened miners swept in a body toward the spot where the Professor had fallen from his mule. He had partially recovered consciousness, and had arisen to a sitting posture, and as the wildly excited crowd gathered around him he gazed into their faces with a stupid leer.

"Rah for the Fo'th Ju (hic) July! Eve'body take dri (hic) drink with me. I got plenty money. Whoop!" he cried, in drunken accents, as the crowd surrounded him.

"Why did you murder Harry Hale, you old villain?" asked one of the men.

"Har' Hale? Murder? Wha's matter, boys? Le's go take drink."

"D— you, it was drink that caused you to do this. Come, men, take hold of him and away to the Tres Pinos. (Three pine trees from which the camp took its name.) Up with him, and we'll make quick work of the old scoundrel."

Yelling and screaming like madmen, the crowd, half carrying, half dragging the old man, started for the trees, some 300 yards distant. The victim muttered half incoherent words as he was dragged along, but his entreaties were scoffed at by the excited miners, who so loved their foreman. Not a hand was put forth to stay the fury of the mob; not a voice was raised in the old man's defense. He had committed a brutal murder, and he must as brutally meet death.

Sandy Mason, not wishing to witness the horrible scene, remained at his office. As he saw the crowd circling around the trees like restless, excited cattle, a violent ring at the telephone called him from the doorway in which he was standing.

"Why did you ask us about Hale's money?" came the inquiry from Rico.

"He was murdered and robbed. His dead body was found in the mouth of a gulch four miles below camp this morning, and an old man called 'The Professor,' came in beastly drunk with a lot of the stolen money in his possession. The boys are hanging the old man now."

"In the name of God stop them! That old man drew the money he had from our bank on a Boston draft—a thousand in our new bills. It was his own money you found on him."

Yelling to attract attention, Sandy ran toward the mob. As he neared it he saw the old man's struggling form drawn up from the ground, while the crowd yelled like demons.

"Hold! hold! The Professor is innocent!" he yelled, breaking through the crowd. "Lower him, quick, and I will explain. He is not guilty of Hale's murder."

The men nearest the end of the rope which was fastened to a tree near that from which the Professor was hanging, quickly unloosed it, allowing the limp body to sink to the ground. The noose was loosened, and all surged about the agent to hear what he had to say.

The story was quickly told, and those who were the most eager for the old man's blood were now the most solicitous in their efforts to resuscitate him. The camp physician poured some medicine down his throat, and the unconscious man slowly revived. He was quickly raised by sympathetic hands and borne to his cabin.

The now humble crowd lingered about the domicile awaiting the assurance from the doctor that the old man would live. As many as could gain entrance crowded into the cabin.

After a time the Professor recovered from the stupor into which he had fallen, and gazed into the faces about him in surprise.

"What is the matter?" he feebly asked.

"We came near making a dreadful mistake, Professor," the doctor replied. "Harry Hale was robbed, and we suspected you of the crime, not only of robbery, but of murder, Professor, for Harry is dead. Where did you get the money we found in your pocket?"

"Harry—Hale—murdered? Me—murder—my—best friend?"

"We believed you had done so, Professor, and had hanging you. We learned our error not a moment too soon."

The old man seemed to grasp the true situation, and a look of horror swept over his pale face. Reaching a hand into the breast pocket of his coat he drew forth a letter, and handing it to the doctor, said:

"Read that."

"Shall I read it to the boys, Professor?"

"Yes, to all. I a murderer? Great God, no!"

Drawing forth the contents of the envelope the physician found two inclosures, and opening one of them he read as follows:

BOSTON, MASS., June 29, 1884.

My Own Darling, Blessed Papa:—We are all wild with joy at hearing from you, for we had long mourned you as dead. Uncle Will brought your letter to the house as soon as he received it, and you can imagine the scene as he read it. We shouted with joy, and Katie and I hugged each other and cried like babies. O, you poor, dear old darling, how you must have suffered on account of that woman who could never be a mother to us, and whom we thoroughly hated. You must hasten back to us, to a home where love and the tender care of your dear ones will remove every thorn from your path and make your future life bright with sunshine. I write but a note to enclose in Uncle Will's letter. Praise God that you are yet alive, and will soon be welcomed home with the love and kisses of the children whose hearts were well nigh broken by your absence. All are well and wild with joy that you will soon be restored to us. Hurry, papa—don't delay one single minute. Your own loving, NINA.

This note was enclosed in a larger sheet, from which the doctor read:

BOSTON, MASS., June 29, 1884.

My Dear Brother Albert:—Your letter of the 21st inst. was received this morning, and the great sorrow which has for more than a year weighed me down quickly vanished when I recognized your well known handwriting on the envelope. I almost screamed with joy when I opened the letter and found it was really from you. I could not share the belief of the girls that you were dead, and employed skilled detectives everywhere to search for you. Your location in an obscure mountain town explains their failure to locate you.

The woman who wrecked your happiness is dead, and will no more trouble you. She was laid in the grave unwept and unhonored, by stranger hands. Come home at once, and surrounded by your loving children, you will soon forget the sorrows of the past and live in peace and happiness. Your business is in healthy condition, thanks to the loyalty of your partner, who shared with me the belief that you would yet turn up and return to your home.

I enclose draft for \$1,000, and the bank at Rico has instructions to cash it without identification. I took this precaution, as in your letter you said no one there knew your name, and there might be a delay that would keep you the longer from us. Wire me from Denver when you will reach Boston, and we will extend

you a welcome that will warm into new life the heart so long chilled by domestic trouble. Your brother, JOHN MALCOMB.

There were tears in every eye as the reading progressed, and when the doctor concluded with a fervent "Thank God, the word of his innocence came in time," the subdued crowd with bowed heads and troubled faces moved from the cabin back to the town.

The party which had hastened away to bring in the body of the foreman was soon seen returning, and there was a rush forward of an excited crowd. Everyone crowded around the buckboard to get a look at the remains.

"He is not dead!"

The cry went from lip to lip, as the eager crowd surged about the vehicle. Doc Taylor, who had been the first to meet the party, stood up in the buckboard and cried out:

"Men, Harry is alive, but is badly hurt. While driving along in the darkness last night a wheel went into a rut and he was thrown out, striking his head against a stone in the road. He was not shot, as reported. He climbed back in the buckboard, but lost consciousness from the shock, and I reckon the team turned into the mouth of the gulch of its own accord. His money is here safe, and he says you shall be paid today."

This announcement was greeted with wild cheers, and the miners shook each other's hands in joy. Harry was helped to his house and medical assistance rendered, and he had recovered sufficiently to superintend the paying off of the men at noon. But there was no drinking among the miners, no carousing or hilarity. The Fourth was celebrated in a very quiet, decorous manner, as one of the men expressed it:

"Out of respects for the Professor."

EMERSONISMS.

We are never tired so long as we can see far enough. Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive.

A man is fed, not that he may be fed, but that he may work.

He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted.

Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk, in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening.

Rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people.

The action of the soul is oftener in that which is felt and left unsaid, than in that which is said in any conversation.

As a ship aground is battered by the waves, so man, imprisoned in mortal life, lies open to the mercy of coming events.

A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success.

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. How many we warmly rejoice to be with. The heart knoweth.

He who confronts the gods without any misgiving, knows heaven; he who waits a hundred ages until a sage comes, without doubting, knows men.

O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision.

From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all. A man is the facade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide.

Beware when a great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end.

The hero is a mind of such balance that no disturbance can shake his will, but pleasantly, and, as it were, merrily, he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness.

He who having lost one ideal, refuses to give his heart and soul to another and a nobler, is like a man who declines to build a house on the rock because the wind and rain have ruined his house on the sand.—Constance Naden.

Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinarily well-born youth; but neither truth or gentleness is a matter of course. Though it be not exacted of you, yet exact it of yourselves, this vow of stainless truth. Your hearts are, if you leave them unstirred, as tombs in which a god lies buried.—Ruskin.

The BANNER OF GOLD

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MATE PALMER, Editor.

EVILS OF THE "TREATING" HABIT.

MUCH of the criticism applied to inebriates for
their lack of will power should be directed toward
the young, who are just beginning the dangerous habit
of social drinking. In their cases will power has not
become an unknown quantity, and it would receive
active practice in an effort to withstand some of the
ordinary temptations of the average young man.

He has no craving for liquor to contend with, and
no fear of consequences, provided he keeps within a
somewhat elastic limit in the number of his potations.
He knows all about the unfortunate fellows who went
beyond their depth and became hopeless drunkards,
and he is quite familiar with the unpleasant fact that
they all began about as he is doing.

But he encourages himself with the assurance that
there the similarity ends, and is happy in the delu-
sion that he is different from those men,—that he pos-
sesses finer sensibilities and better-balanced judgment.

Perhaps he is reminded that many of those who have
fallen were men of brilliant intellect, rare ability and
great promise. Then, he argues, they must have been
sadly deficient in will power. He has little charity for
their shortcomings because he does not realize the
torture through which they are passing.

He prates loudly of will power and criticises its
lack in others, while he proves by his actions that
his own will power will not stand the extra exertion
of refusing a drink that he does not want from a
companion that he does not value.

A petty fear of being thought peculiar or overtemper-
ate is often the corner-stone in a career of inebriety,
which is pushed to rapid development by the modern
system of treating and social drinking. Twelve or
fourteen drinks would seem an exaggerated order for
one man; but a party of six or seven who chanced
to meet in a friendly drinking bout would feel that
their liberality was in question if each in turn did not
order drinks until at least two or three rounds had been
served.

This branch of social drinking has few defenders,
but unfortunately it has many followers. It is the
prolific cause of drunkenness among young men, who
would be a long time creating such a tolerance for
alcohol by individual orders as they easily acquire
through the numerous drinks of the treating process.

This phase of the liquor problem presents a broad
field for temperance reformers. It is with the young,—
those who are just starting on the treacherous path,
that reform measures are most effective. Once con-
vinced that the course they are taking means ruined
prospects and blighted lives, they are quick to abandon
it. The desire for wealth and the hope of happiness
are dominant motives, and will power is still strong
enough to obey earnest convictions.

But the dangers of the treating system are by no
means confined to the young. Like many evils they

have no age limit, and frequently work their saddest
havoc among those whose mature years should bring
ripened judgment.

The treating habit is a stumbling-block to the poor
inebriate who is trying to conquer the craving for
alcohol, and many a man who is making a brave battle
against his addiction owes his defeat to an unfortunate
invitation to drink with some shortsighted or un-
scrupulous acquaintance.

In such cases will power cannot be relied upon to
overcome temptation, because the simple existence of an
overwhelming craving for liquor is proof that the
dividing line between the habit of drinking and the
disease of inebriety has already been passed,—and no
disease, whether it is typhoid fever, pneumonia or
alcoholism, can be cured by the mere exercise of will
power.

For the young, who never drank, preventive work
is most important. Those who have formed the habit
of drinking, but as yet have developed no special craving
for intoxicants, need to reform, and they require
no assistance, because their will power has not been
weakened. But for that other class, the suffering ones
who have become so diseased by the continued use of
alcohol that every nerve demands it, there is but one
last chance of escape, and that is through medical
treatment.

DEATH OF BISHOP SHANLEY.

THE Catholic total abstinence societies have been
called to mourn the loss of one of their chief
supporters and best friends in the death of the Right
Reverend Bishop Shanley, the brilliant prelate who
recently passed away at his home in Fargo. Bishop
Shanley was a friend of humanity and was deeply
interested in everything that promised an improvement
in the conditions of mankind. He was a man of ex-
cellent judgment, remarkable wit, practical ideas, and
great benevolence and kindness of heart. He loved
his fellowmen, and he was esteemed and beloved by
all classes.

Bishop Shanley had many friends among readers of
the Banner of Gold, and was an earnest believer in the
cause it advocates. In an address delivered at a meet-
ing held in the Opera House at Fargo, May 31, 1895,
he said: "It is because I know it does save them, be-
cause I know it is God's truth, that I take the deepest
interest in the Keeley Cure, and so long as I live I
shall raise my voice in advocating its efficacy. I have
been associated with the temperance move for twenty-
one years, and during that time have administered the
pledge to a great many—some have fallen back and
some haven't. So long as a man is diseased you cannot
restore manhood by moral suasion; there is something
deeper than that, and I firmly believe that Doctor Keeley
has got it. I used to be a great skeptic about the Keeley
Cure, and I tended to ask if it was like modern things and
would cure baldness. I don't believe that baldness can
be cured, because I've tried everything, but I do think
alcoholism can. I am not a stockholder in the Insti-
tute, and have no interest other than the interest of a
Christian in the elevation of mankind. The Institute
is almost in front of my residence, and every day al-
most I see physical wrecks staggering there for treat-
ment, and after four weeks coming out new men."

The following from the Fargo Forum of July 20th
shows the high honors paid to the memory of the dis-
tinguished churchman by citizens and coworkers:

With the most impressive ceremony ever witnessed
in the city, funeral services over the remains of Rt.
Rev. John Shanley, bishop of Fargo diocese of the
Roman Catholic Church, were held today from St.
Mary's Cathedral. Never in the history of North Da-
kota has so pretentious a ceremony marked the end
of a career on earth.

For two hours business was suspended in the city.
Stores and offices in the uptown district were closed
in reverence of the memory of the bishop of the
Catholic Church whose life came to so sudden a close
Friday.

Long before the doors of the cathedral were thrown
open, crowds began to gather about the square desiring
to secure the most advantageous point to witness the
ceremony. Hundreds of prominent churchmen from
over the state were in the city to pay their last respect
to the man they loved and followed during his life.
Men of cloth were to be seen everywhere, lamenting
the death which many were yet unable to realize.

At 8:30 o'clock the cathedral was closed, the priests
gathering at the club rooms at 9 o'clock to enter the
cathedral in a body. Vested in cassock, surplice and
baretta, between 175 and 200 priests, the majority from
North Dakota, entered the cathedral.

Following came the congregation. Close to 1,500
surged in, filling every seat, with standing room in the
aisles at a premium, while there were many who were
unable to secure a place on the steps. Never in the
history of North Dakota has such a crowd gathered
on a like occasion.

The interior of the cathedral was decorated in a most
appropriate manner. Streamers of purple and white,
interwoven with the solemn black, draped about the

walls and hung from domes in the center. An air of
reverence and dignity pervaded the place, befitting the
occasion.

Clothed in the deepest mourning, relatives of the
bishop occupied front seats in the center section, with
sisters to one side, priests to the rear and other side.

The divine office of the dead, after which the
priests after entering the cathedral, after which the
visiting bishops, including Bishops Scannell of Omaha,
Neb.; Davis of Davenport, Iowa, and Lenihan of Great
Falls, Mont., entered the sanctuary. Of the three men
consecrated in December, 1889, Bishop McGorlick is
the only survivor, the death of Bishop Cotter being
followed only one month by the death of Bishop Shan-
ley. Bishop McGorlick sang the funeral masses.

The address by the archbishop of St. Paul, Most
Reverend John Ireland, D. D., was characteristic of that
man, who paid most glowing tributes to the life of
Bishop Shanley. Having been closely associated with
him since early childhood, he was well qualified to
speak. Pontifical high mass was said by the arch-
bishop. Requiem mass was sung by the priests of the
diocese under the direction of Father Lemieux. Rev.
Arsenault of Williston presided at the organ.

At the end of mass the absolution of the dead was
given by the archbishop and four bishops, after which
the purple covered casket was moved slowly to the
vestibule by pallbearers, who also acted at the cemetery.

Hundreds of laymen formed in line in front of the
cathedral under the direction of Henry Boyle to follow
the cortege to St. Mary's Cemetery, where the body was
temporarily interred near the big cross until prepara-
tion is made for interment in the vault in the cathedral.
The services at the grave were most impressive.

JOHN DILLON, COMEDIAN.

IN earlier times in the northwest there was no great-
er favorite behind the footlights than John Dillon,
the comedian. When he stepped upon the stage the
audience roared its welcome. His enthusiasm was
contagious. His attitudes, his voice, his make-up
were irresistibly funny. His characters were so real
that for a time you forgot everything else. But with
all of his splendid ability Mr. Dillon was handi-
capped by an addiction which periodically incapacitated
him for work. Eighteen years ago he went to
Dwight and took the Keeley Cure, and the uncontroll-
able craving which had been his rock ahead for
twenty-seven years was forever destroyed. Mr. Dillon
retired from the stage some years ago and lives with
his daughter and her husband in Hyde Park. He is
literally seventy-seven years young, for the milestones
of life have left him active and alert and filled his
heart with loving interest in the welfare of human-
ity. John Dillon and Doctor Keeley were close per-
sonal friends, and it was the source of as much hap-
piness to the good doctor to cure his old friend of the
infirmary which had hampered his ambition as it was
to the great comedian himself. Mr. Dillon never allows
the anniversary of his graduation to pass without a letter
to the Leslie E. Keeley Company telling of his con-
tinued gratitude for the blessing that came to him
through the Keeley Remedies. We are glad to be per-
mitted to publish the following, which was written
under date of June 25, 1909, at St. Joseph, Michigan.

*The Esteemed Keeley Institute, Dwight, Ill.—My
Most Dear Friends:—Next to my God the late Doctor
Leslie E. Keeley is my best friend, and my heart goes
out to that lovable man in sincerest gratitude for
the wonderful blessing his great remedy has bestowed
on me.*

*It is eighteen years ago today since I left your pleas-
ant town a free and new man and I've never had the
slightest desire to return to the cup that kills.*

With best wishes, yours faithfully and gratefully.

JOHN DILLON, Comedian.

(Nearly 78.)

The whole medical fraternity in Great Britain, France,
the United States, and even Germany, testify that by
far the most dangerous patient that can come under
their care is one who has been in the habit of drinking
considerable quantities of beer. Every one of them
will bear willing testimony that even under mild at-
tacks of such customary diseases as pneumonia and
fever, their patients, at the moment when any other
man would begin to recover, slips through their hands
with the suddenness and completeness of blowing out
a candle. Large-limbed, full-bodied, apparently robust
men who have been drinking beer will sink under a
light attack of disease that a child should have easily
survived.—Exchange.

Ireland is now making rapid progress in temper-
ance. Scientific temperance instruction is given in
the national schools. On the title page of one of the
Irish text books are the words: "Ireland shall then
at last be free, for Ireland will be sober."

Sweden has seventy-seven daily newspapers which
represent total abstinence principles. Eighteen or more
other papers refuse to insert liquor advertisements.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE.

THOSE who are interested in practical temperance should read the following letters. They were written by men who are well known in their respective communities—men who are successful in business, public-spirited and reliable, and whose word may be accepted with perfect confidence. Their opinions are not based on theory; they are founded on personal experience. They are in a position to judge of the necessities of the drinking man from actual knowledge. They know how he suffers and struggles and falls. They know how he cheats and deludes himself with the belief that he can give up drink, while he proves by his actions that he cannot. They know how he tries to fight physical craving with weakened will power. But they know, too, that when every effort fails, and hope seems dead the Keeley Cure will destroy his craving for liquor and give him another chance in life. They have proved its efficacy by a test of many years, and they tell their experience that others may know that they can be cured of their addictions.

From a Well-Known Prosecuting Attorney.

MEMONINEE, MICHIGAN, July 16th, 1909.

The Keeley Institute, Dwight, Ill.—Dear Sirs:—Annually since July 4th, 1903, on which day I closed my treatment at your Institute, a few words have gone to you from me in commemoration of the event. I am late this year in writing you; continued pressure of work has from time to time caused delay, and as it is I am able at this hour to snatch but a moment that you and my colleagues of 1903 may know that I am still on earth enjoying the best that a sober life insures.

I am daily drawing handsome dividends in health, peace of mind, moral strength, domestic happiness and business prosperity from my investment of six years ago at Dwight. Good luck to the Keeley management and the boys in line—past and present.

MICHAEL T. DOYLE.

Prosecuting Attorney, Menominee County, Michigan.

Owes Everything to the Keeley Cure.

LETTIS, IOWA, July 2, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—In reply to yours of late date I wish to say that I am still protecting my cure. I haven't the least desire to drink, any more than if I had never tasted it. I am prospering financially, have a clear conscience, and can look all men in the face, because I know that I am now a man among men. All this I owe to the greatest savior of fallen humanity on earth—the Keeley Institute.

I read every word of THE BANNER OF GOLD, from cover to cover, and when through hand it to some poor fellow who is in need of the cure.

Wishing the Institute and faculty all the good things of this life, I am,

Yours truly,

J. H. COLLINS.

From a Railroad Conductor.

MONMOUTH, ILL., June 28, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Yours of June 25th received, and in reply would state that I am still on the water wagon, and am grateful to the Keeley Cure for it. It is a great thing for anyone afflicted as I was, and I wish all inebriates would or could have a chance to try it.

I am still running a train on the Iowa Central, having been promoted to a position as conductor more than a year ago. But that is not the best of it. I do not use liquor in any way, form or manner, and have no desire for it. I have my family with me in Monmouth, and it seems good all around. My wife and daughter are well and like their new home very much. We have a good house and Monmouth is a pleasant city.

I am glad to get THE BANNER OF GOLD, for I like to read the good news of what the Keeley Cure is doing.

With a good word for all and assuring you that I enjoy life a great deal better than I did before I became a Keeley graduate, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

H. S. LATHAM.

Wishes He Had Taken the Cure Years Before.

CHICAGO, July 1st, 1909.

Leslie E. Keeley Company, Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—Your favor of June 19th at hand and contents noted, but owing to the fact that I have changed my place of residence since coming home from Dwight and my mail still keeps going to my old address, I did not answer it before.

I have not taken a drink of anything which contains alcohol, and never as long as I live will I again "bump" up against such a tough proposition as "King Alcohol." If it had not been for my going down to Dwight I do not know where I would be today. I only wish I had not put it off so long; if I had gone five years ago I would be much better off today.

I am working for the Santa Fe Refrigerator Dispatch Company and have a good position, and hope to redeem myself and get back to where I was before I began to

trifle with the "Demon Rum," through which I lost a good position and came very near losing my wife and family. But now I am living as I should, happily and contented, with very bright prospects before me, and claim it all through my going down to Dwight.

If your business will derive any benefit from the use of this letter or its contents you are at liberty and have my consent to do with it as you may, for I think your company is working wonders and I think it is a God-send to humanity.

Hoping your hotel is overcrowded with patients, and with best wishes for your success, I remain,

Yours truly,

3140 Shields Avenue. RALPH MCGREGOR.

Has Stood the Test of Sixteen Years.

SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO, July 1, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—The fifteenth of August will be the sixteenth anniversary of my graduation from the Keeley Institute at Dwight, Illinois, and I can truthfully say that from that time until the present I have been blessed with good health, prosperity and happiness. I owe everything to the Keeley Cure. It gave me the strength at any and all times to say no when asked to drink or offered intoxicants. Before taking the cure I would occasionally swear off; but it was only a question of time until something out of the ordinary would turn up, and I would be drinking worse than ever. Now, no matter what may arise, I never think of whisky. Before taking the cure the one thing that worried me the most was, "What will the people say? and what a disgrace!" To the good brothers now in line let me say, on my return my friends were more



MR. JOHN DILLON.

loyal than ever, and I was in shape to protect myself against my enemies better than ever, having a steady nerve and a clear brain. So, as to those several imaginary ideas that originate in a brain loaded with rotten whisky, I say to you, boys in line, cut them out. And remember, any disparaging remarks you may hear on your return will be few and far between. Don't fret or worry over the past, but look ahead. You will be in shape to protect yourself in any man's country. There is just one place to strive for, and that is on top.

It would surprise you to know how many men have called on me for particulars regarding the cure. I always take time to explain everything in detail, and am proud to say that those who have gone to the Institute have found everything as represented. I cannot speak too strongly of the good the Keeley Cure has done in our territory. Some of our best men are Keeley graduates; and lately I have noticed that our merchants and business men in general who understand what the cure will do are reaching out and picking up their customers as well as their clerks and getting them to go to Dwight. I can name several such cases in this county, and they are all making good. This is not alone the American element; several Mexicans have taken the treatment, and it is noticeable and surprising how the Mexicans are seeing into the benefits of this wonderful cure. They are making rapid progress when it is considered that until a short time ago they had no one to enlighten them on this subject. A very light percentage has fallen back into the old rut. Of course, we are aware that the Keeley Cure can't make brains, and if some one slips back occasionally we must stand for it. It is food for bums to comment on, and others, who are too ignorant to give any credit to scientific methods of the day. But when one learns that there are more than 350,000 Keeley graduates in America, which directly affects

more than three million people, it sets people guessing whether the cure is reliable or not. The Keeley Cure is all right if the patient tries to be anywhere near right.

With best wishes, I remain, sincerely yours,

P. J. SAVAGE.

Best Investment for a Drinking Man.

MORRIS, ILL., July 2, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is now more than two years since I left Dwight, and I am glad to say that I am still "in line," and can truly say that during that time I have had no desire whatever for liquor. There is no question about the Keeley Cure doing what is claimed for it, and it has certainly been the means of saving many good men who would otherwise have filled drunkard's graves. I know that I would not be among the living but for the Keeley Cure. I am always there with a good word for the Cure and do all I can to influence those who need it to go to Dwight for treatment. The cost of the treatment seems large to a poor man, but it is the best investment a drinking man could possibly make. At any rate, I am well satisfied that I got my money's worth.

Hoping this letter will be the means of leading at least one unfortunate to Dwight, I remain, truly yours,

MARTIN E. HARRINGTON.

809 East Jackson Street.

From an Illinois Merchant.

VERA, ILL., July 9, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—To anyone who has investigated the results of the Keeley Cure it should be a settled fact that alcoholism is a disease, that needs to be treated, like any other disease; and that the physicians in charge of a Keeley Institute know better how to relieve this disease than any others in the world. Then I can't see why anyone who has been so unfortunate as to contract the disease of alcoholism should hesitate for one moment to go to Dwight and be cured, that they may be relieved of this dreaded enemy of mankind. It seems to me that common horse sense would dictate this action.

It has been more than ten years since I was cured at Dwight, and I have at no time since had any desire for drink or been tempted to take any of the "accursed stuff" into my system.

Wishing you and all others engaged in this noble work continued success, I remain, sincerely yours,

N. B. JINNETT.

From a Southern Postmaster.

SHELL BEACH, LA., July 2, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I am never too busy to answer a letter about the Keeley Cure. We like to hear from Dwight, and like to get THE BANNER OF GOLD. My wife reads it as soon as it comes. You can tell the patients at Dwight that I am still sober. It has been ten years since I took the cure and I would as soon take a drink of coal oil as a drink of whisky. I am always glad to say or do anything I can for the Keeley Institute, as I am sure it has saved lots of my old friends, as well as myself.

If any of you come to Lake Arthur be sure and come to see us. It is a fine place for an outing. We are fixing for a big day tomorrow. I wish some of you could be here. It is a great place for fishing and hunting in season. We are about forty miles from the gulf, and on one of the finest lakes you ever saw.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN BRESNAN.

Thankful That He Took the Cure.

MENDOTA, ILL., June 18th, 1909.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Dear Friends:

Your letter received and in reply will say your cure for me has been a success. I am in good health and nothing bothers me any more. I go about my work every day and am not ashamed to meet my friends, and friends are plenty, too. I have never had any desire for liquor since the second day of my treatment, and it also took away my taste for chewing tobacco. I am so thankful that I took the cure, and only wish I had taken it several years ago. I know of others who I am sure would take it if they knew how nice they would be treated, and they had not been prejudiced by someone not reliable. You may publish any part of this letter you wish.

CHANDLER D. WHITE.

Cured, and Cured to Stay.

LETTIS, IOWA, June 25th, 1909.

The Keeley Institute, Dwight, Ill.—Dear Sirs:—It is just one year today since I landed in Dwight, all shot to pieces, and as I thought, nearly beyond redemption. Well, I left there four weeks later feeling as well as I ever did in my life, and, barring a slight attack of rheumatism, I've been feeling fine ever since. And better than that, I haven't touched a drop of the damnable stuff that sent me there and haven't ever had a desire to. In other words, I was cured and cured right, and cured to stay. It amuses me sometimes to hear some wise guy (and always some one who has never taken the treatment) tell how a man who has taken the Keeley Treatment is never the man he was before, etc., etc.

And also, if he should ever go to drinking again how quick it would kill him. Well, I don't know but it ought, but I never heard anyone who had been there but that said he was better off in every way when he left. Even the man who goes back to drinking always says it was no fault of the cure.

The other graduates here in town are still riding the water wagon. They have been on considerably longer than I have, but if they stay on any longer than I do from this on they will have to outlive me, that's all.

I received a cheering welcome from my family and friends when I reached home. I am getting along nicely and am very thankful I made up my mind to go to Dwight. It's like I told a fellow to whom I was talking the other day, and wanting him to take treatment. He said, "Oh, I could quit." "I know it," I said, "but you won't." I firmly believe if I hadn't taken the cure I'd either be dead or still be a drunkard. I don't want to take too much of your time. Give my regards to any of the management who remember me, and if you hear of anyone who would like to take the treatment but is in doubt about its efficiency just cite them to me. With best regards and many thanks for what was done for me at the Institute, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

J. T. PAULLINS.

Cured of an Addiction of Twenty-Five Years.

CHICAGO, July 8, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I take pleasure in informing you that my cure has been an absolute success. Since leaving the Institute I never have had any desire to use intoxicating liquor in any form. Before taking the cure I had been addicted to the use of strong drink for more than twenty-five years. I was not what is known as a chronic drunkard, but would go on a spree occasionally. But as time went by these sprees became more frequent, until I lost all control of myself and became an absolute slave to drink.

I used to make the assertion that I could stop when I wanted to; but at last, thank God, I awoke to the fact that I had an awful master, and that I must have help or go to my grave. When I realized my condition, and became honest with myself, kind friends came to me and advised me to try the Keeley Cure. I consented and went to Dwight, where, I am happy to say I was cured absolutely.

Long use of liquor had made me almost a total wreck, mentally and physically. But today my mind is clear and I enjoy the best of health.

As I look back the only regret I have is that I did not awake to my true condition twenty years sooner. How much misery it would have saved me. I cannot help but think what I missed while I was a drunkard. All has changed now. The world is a beautiful world now, but in the old way it seemed like a desert. It is only a little over two years since I took the cure, but those two years have been the brightest and happiest years since I became addicted to drink.

I thank God, the Keeley Cure, and my kind friends, for my present happiness. My dear wife and children are also very thankful to the Keeley Cure that made father a man again. I never miss an opportunity to say a word in favor of the institution.

Best regards to all my friends in Dwight. I shall never forget Doctor Hamilton's good advice.

Yours sincerely,

W. L. HASKIN,

90 Damon Street, Corner May Street.

From a Veteran Who Took the Cure Eighteen Years Ago.

BROWNSTOWN, ILL., June 29, 1909.

DEAR EDITOR:—There is nothing to be proud of in the cause of going to Dwight, but having been caught in the toils of the roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, you might be proud of the fact that through the instrumentality of God and man there is a remedy to defeat the devil in his plans for the destruction of mankind. I have often wondered why God gave Satan the power to incline man to evil instead of good, with man so weak he cannot resist temptations of evil that are thrown in his way without a strong desire on his part and outside help to overcome them. We say, when in our cups, we love our wives and children, our uncles, aunts, etc. What a lie! We go home, the food our beloved wife has cooked does not suit us, we complain, she protests mildly, and we fly into a rage, perhaps break the dishes, strike the woman, kick the children and the dog out of the house, and try to show them that we are lord and master. We say we earn the money that pays for our drinks, and it is nobody's business. Still we say we love our wives and children. What will an honorable man do for love? Why, sacrifice his life. But the drinking man will not sacrifice his toddy. How strange, and yet how true, that he will not forsake his way when he knows that with the help of God and man he can overcome his strong desire for drink and be cured of his sickness. But he says, "I am too proud to acknowledge that I am not man enough to control myself." Stoop low, brother, humbly at yourself, and you shall be exalted. Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Four weeks' treatment at a Keeley Institute will put your system in as good condition as a child's, and you can keep it pure or you can defile it.

Twenty years ago I did not like to go to church or meet a respectable friend. I enjoy both now. I have a loving wife and three children to meet me with a kiss when I go home now. When I went to Dwight I was a widower; for eleven years I was too honorable to ask any good woman to share my miserable fortune, and I suppose too wise to seek my equal, because it would be like the Englishman said in regard to building his house, "he would build a hell to it."

We in our younger days thought it was necessary to take a drink occasionally. I was in the Seventh Illinois Cavalry four years and three months, from 1861 to 1865, and frequently when whisky was captured I was detailed to issue it to the boys, because I had the reputation of knowing how to govern myself, and I do not remember taking enough to cause drunkenness for several years.

After the war I continued to take my drink when I thought I needed it, and did not realize that the needs came often until it was too late and I became a periodical drunkard. Many times when I began drinking I did not stop until I was placed under a physician's care. It is not necessary to tell my experience in sobering up. Every drinking man knows the horrible feeling, the good resolutions made at such a time never to indulge again. But how can a weak mortal resist with the poison in his system? Again and again I fell. I did not want people to know of the mental shame and suffering I endured, and my secret desire to become once more a sober man. In September, 1891, I saw that I was getting on one of the worst benders I ever had, and I had been thinking of Dwight for some time, so I told my friends to send me there. My experience you are now receiving. I graduated in four weeks, and no one has seen me drink since that time. I have dreamed of the old time, and in horror would awake and thank God that it was only a dream.

With the assistance received at Dwight and from God, with a firm and steadfast resolution not to take the first drink, I am what I am, with a happy, loving family and many friends—and I feel confident that any drinking man with the help of the Keeley Cure can become sober and better.

I was somewhat skeptical when I went to Dwight, but eighteen years' evidence has dispelled all doubt. I give my experience in the hope that it will reach those who are suffering and give them confidence in the cure. I would not want the public to know that I was once a drinking man unless it would help to save others.

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL W. RODE.

THE KEELEY TREATMENT.

THE KEELEY CURE—WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES.

[The following is the text of an artistic booklet recently issued by the Leslie E. Keeley Company. It gives a comprehensive idea of the Keeley Treatment, and answers questions which frequently are asked with regard to the methods used at Dwight.]

NO one can claim that the title of this pamphlet is misleading. It is written for those who desire information in relation to the Keeley Treatment. Some desire the information for themselves, comparatively few however, but many more want it for the benefit of some friend or acquaintance in whose welfare they are interested.

What is it? The Keeley Treatment has been in constant and successful operation for more than thirty years. The remedies used are those discovered by the late Dr. Leslie E. Keeley; the system of treatment is that formulated by him also, and while there have been many ups and downs, and many improvements in various branches of medicine, it is a fixed fact that the Keeley Treatment is recognized by the public as being the only successful treatment for liquor, drug and narcotic addictions. This is seen in the fact that imitators recognize the Keeley Cure as the standard by comparing their treatments to it; some claim that theirs is better; some point out alleged dangers of the Keeley Treatment, but in doing this, they all concede that the Keeley Cure, as it is popularly called, is the best known and the most generally used of any. So fully identified has the name of Keeley become with treatments for liquor and drug addictions that many people assume that every establishment where such treatments are administered must be Keeley establishments; this is a great mistake and sometimes has worked to our disadvantage.

How, then, can the real Keeley Treatment be distinguished from any other? There is one infallible test: no Keeley remedies are administered anywhere except in establishments authorized by The Leslie E. Keeley Company of Dwight, Illinois, and known by the uniform name of "The Keeley Institute." There is no exception to this rule.

AS TO PHYSICIANS.

No physician is permitted to administer the Keeley remedies unless he is a graduate of a medical school of high standing, and unless, in addition, he has been engaged in the general practice of medicine a sufficiently long time to merit confidence by reason of such experience. Besides these requirements, he must go to Dwight to be specially instructed in the diseased conditions which he will be called upon to treat in Keeley Institutes and in the handling and administration of the Keeley remedies. Experience in general practice is necessary because everyone having knowledge of the

condition of inebriates knows that from neglect of their health and other causes there are many collateral ailments which require attention, and which are always carefully looked after in Keeley Institutes. No physician can obtain Keeley remedies for administration anywhere except in these authorized Keeley Institutes. What does the Keeley Treatment accomplish? As far as drink patients are concerned, in four weeks' time it relieves them of all craving, appetite and necessity for alcoholic stimulants. As for users of opium, morphine and other drugs, the Keeley Treatment relieves them of their addiction in from four to six weeks. These are rather startling statements, but thirty years' successful administration of this treatment justifies us in making the claim. This book is small and consequently we cannot go very fully into details, but those who require additional information can have it upon request, both written and printed; it will also be sent in a sealed envelope if you so desire.

WHAT IS INEBRIETY?

Why do people need treatment for the liquor addiction? Doctor Keeley's definition of drunkenness will of itself answer this question; he says: "It is a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." Inebriety, therefore, is a diseased condition of the nerve cells, and while it may be possible that a person will survive a longer or shorter time without treatment of any kind, yet there is very little hope, judging from experience and observation, that the inebriate will stop drinking of his own accord.

MISTAKES CORRECTED.

The Keeley Treatment does not nauseate a patient and no attempt is made to cure inebriates by creating a disgust for liquor; a treatment depending upon nausea for a cure can never be anything but a failure, because the patient will soon learn that liquor does not nauseate him, and the diseased condition not being relieved, he will soon return to his old ways. In taking the Keeley Treatment there is not a moment's illness caused by or attendant thereon; on the contrary, the general health improves from the beginning and at the completion of treatment the patient is not only relieved of all desire for alcoholic stimulants, but by reason of the building up of the nervous system, is in greatly improved mental and physical condition also. The nerve cells are restored to their original unpoisoned condition, and consequently the necessity for alcohol is entirely eliminated.

"But," some one says, "people who take the Keeley Cure sometimes go back to drink." That is true, and probably will continue to be true as long as human nature is weak, for it is unquestionably a fact that it is through weakness or negligence that a Keeley patient ever relapses. The man who becomes an inebriate becomes so because his nervous system is such that he cannot be a moderate drinker. After taking the Keeley Treatment he can be a total abstainer, but on account of the nervous system with which he was originally endowed, he cannot be a moderate drinker, and every attempt to become one will end in failure. No one should go to a Keeley Institute except with the desire and expectation of remaining a total abstainer as long as he lives.

IS THE TREATMENT INJURIOUS?

It seems absurd to be asked to answer questions of this kind, considering the fact that there are nearly four hundred thousand people who have taken the Keeley Treatment, and the fact that it is almost universally conceded that the general health is improved thereby; yet occasionally reports of this kind are circulated; why this is done it is unnecessary to state, but we are successful and prosperous; if we had been injuring our patients for thirty years, we could hardly say that of ourselves, and certainly our reputation would be different from what it is. The Keeley Treatment never injured any person; on the contrary, it is impossible to conceive of a remedy which will build up and strengthen the nervous system, as does ours, and which will not at the same time improve the general health.

We do not withdraw liquor abruptly from a patient, but permit its use until such time as he is able to get along comfortably without it. Sometimes the idea prevails that a patient in a Keeley Institute gets all the liquor he wants; this is not so—what he does get is all that he needs; he is not deprived of it until such time as he himself admits that he no longer needs it.

DRUG USING.

In a general way we have stated what the Keeley Treatment does in drink cases; a few words may be added as to its effect in drug cases. As has been said, it takes a little longer (one or two weeks) to effect

a cure of these cases. What do we mean by a cure? Suppose a patient is addicted to morphine or opium in any form, cocaine, chloral or any of the drugs to which people become addicted, and comes to us for treatment—we claim that we have cured such patient when he is eating and sleeping well, when he is comfortable and is not dependent on the drug in any sense of the word. People who are addicted to drugs understand what this means. There probably is not one of these addicts who has not said to himself, and perhaps also to others, that if he could go without the drug for a week he would never return to it as long as he lives; the trouble, however, is to get in a condition to do without it for a week, or even for a day, without some substitute.

NO CONFINEMENT.

Keeley patients are not confined, but they have to conform to the few simple rules of the Institute; they are carefully looked after in order to see that remedies and treatment are taken with the utmost regularity, but this is effected in such a way as not to irritate or annoy the patient. When treatment is completed they know they are cured, and they know that for weeks before leaving the Institute they have had no drug.

Is there any pain in connection with the treatment? This might be answered in the negative, flippantly or positively, as is often done in the printed matter sent out by some establishments, but we know that it is impossible to deprive a drug habitue of the drug to which he is addicted without causing some inconvenience; this inconvenience, however, is reduced to a minimum by the tonic effects of our remedies which support the patient. In addition to that, at the beginning of treatment, patients addicted to drugs are apprehensive as to the future; they miss the effect which the drug produces, and while they are able to bear this with ease, yet there is a feeling of dread as to what is coming next, a feeling which, we are glad to say, is never justified.

Bearing on the question as to whether drug patients suffer, it is proper to say that the drug is not withdrawn abruptly, but the reduction is exceedingly gradual, and usually the patient is entirely off the drug for one, or even two weeks, without knowing it; if this can be accomplished, it follows that the pain or inconvenience in the withdrawal must be very slight indeed. We desire to state emphatically and unequivocally that under no circumstances is there inconvenience experienced in discontinuing the use of our remedies. Many drug patients, having tried alleged "home cures" before coming to us, find it as difficult to discontinue the so-called remedy as they did to discontinue the drug to which they were addicted, sometimes even more difficult; with us there is absolutely no trouble of that kind.

Books have been written by the score in relation to the use of morphine and other drugs. We have been engaged in the work of curing these patients for thirty years; we understand them, and we have had unparalleled success in their treatment. Other printed matter and full information will be sent upon request.

THE COST.

It is always important to know the cost. The cost of the Keeley Treatment is uniform in all Keeley Institutes, namely, \$100 for four weeks. Drink and drug patients are not accepted for shorter terms than four weeks. As has been stated, drug patients usually require one or two weeks' additional treatment, the cost of which is in the same proportion, namely, \$25 per week. Board is an additional expense, varying in price to meet the requirements of all patients. Full information in relation to board can be obtained by addressing the Institute.

We realize fully in closing that there are many things which have been left unsaid. We have endeavored, however, to state the most important facts and to answer the questions most often asked. The inebriate, whether from the use of drugs or alcoholic stimulants, is very badly equipped to perform any of his duties, and is handicapped to an extent which makes success impossible. In addition, the moderate drinker is also at a discount. There may have been a time when moderate drinking was overlooked; it is not so today, because the business man knows that the moderate drinker is the material out of which the inebriate is made; besides, many a man considers himself a moderate drinker when in fact he is an inebriate in the true sense; the test is whether or not a man is comfortable without liquor. In conclusion we will say that all correspondence with us is strictly confidential.

He who would do some one great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—John Foster.

ADVANTAGES OF PROHIBITION.

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS OF HON. FELIX T. MCWHIRTER
IN INDIANAPOLIS DEBATE.

WE copy the following from the argument of Hon. Felix T. McWhirter, treasurer of the National Prohibition Committee, in his debate with Senator R. E. Proctor, of Elkhart, Indiana, a member of the last General Assembly, held at Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, Indiana, Wednesday evening, June 30th, 1900. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That Prohibition as applied to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages is right," with Mr. McWhirter in support of the affirmative. He said in part:

A total population of nearly two millions residing in great cities have rendered their verdict that Prohibition of Intoxicating Beverages is right. Over two-thirds of the territory of the United States is now under legal Prohibition. The tide is rising and will soon cover our great land as the waters cover the deep.

Now hear the results where prohibition has had a trial. Judge whether the people have been right in driving the liquor traffic from their midst. Let us take for example Worcester, Massachusetts, a city of 128,000 inhabitants. Under license this city had arrests in 1907 of 2,187 drunks, and under prohibition in 1908, 842; 237 disturbers of the peace in 1907 against 174 in 1908; four murders in 1907 against none in 1908. Total arrests for all crimes, 9,875; reduced under prohibition to 6,400, a decrease of one-third.

Judge Thomas A. R. Nelson of Knoxville, Tennessee, a dry city, says: "If larger attendance at Sunday-School and other church services; if larger and more regular attendance at day schools; if better shod, better clad and cleaner children; if \$40,000 more money for increased room and better equipment and larger pay for teachers; if sixty per cent decrease in arrests; if decrease in even greater percentage in homicides and all grades of crime; if a million dollars annually spent in necessities of life, which were formerly spent for liquor, indicate failure, then Prohibition has failed."

BOSTON AND PORTLAND.

It may be of interest to compare sections near each other. In Boston under license for every 10,000 population, there were last year 426 arrests; in Portland, Maine, under Prohibition, 84. Boston pays for her police \$3.00 per capita; Portland, \$1.05. Boston pays 29 cents per capita for support of her jails. The entire state of Maine, 2 cents. Massachusetts has 28 of every 10,000 population insane. Maine has less than half that number. Massachusetts with better climate and better soil, has 19 of every 10,000 in poorhouses; Maine, 16. Massachusetts has a death rate three times greater than Maine. Whether Prohibition wholly prohibits, it certainly reduces marvelously the evils from which Massachusetts and Indiana and every rum cursed state suffers. Could you ask better evidence that Prohibition is right?

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AN ENEMY TO LABOR.

The increasing territory of Prohibition and its fine history of success are not surprising when we take another point of view. The liquor traffic is the enemy of labor. Wages, like any other commodity, depends upon the supply and demand. When the supply is great the price is low. When the demand is lessened, the wage-earner suffers loss. Whatever, therefore, tends to decrease the demand for or increase the supply of labor is of vast interest to the great army of wage-earners.

If we take as a working basis one-sixth of the retail price of such commodities as are used in every family for the part paid to labor, in their manufacture, we shall find that liquor on this basis should pay two hundred million dollars. As a matter of fact, its wage payment is less than twenty million, being a net loss of one hundred and eighty million dollars annually because of the consumption of liquor instead of other commodities. With this loss, one million people are now in the straits of poverty, and ten million more are traveling the road to want. This vast army, with an average of four additional dependants in each family, deprives the wage-earner of a normal demand and an increasing ability to buy useful commodities. These commodities are now crowded out by strong drink from not less than fifty million consumers. We have heard much about over production, but I am here to say, that as long as there is a barefoot boy in wintry blast, a poorly clad woman at a wash tub, a hungry child at a table without the best the land affords, we are not living up to our possibilities, and there is no over production.

RIISING INDIGNATION.

The liquor business is a crime producer. It inflicts untold suffering upon the criminal, and burdens the tax payer with his arrest, conviction, and incarceration.

The percentage of crime issuing from the doors of the saloon is fully seventy per cent of all the crimes known to us, for which arrests are made.

There is a rising indignation, and now the citadel of the liquor traffic, the brewery and the distillery is receiving the fire of an outraged people.

Remembering one million homes in desolation with a drunkard reeling into the doorway, to meet a wife in sorrow and children in want; remembering ten million other homes, where the rum fiend has entered and, like a serpent, is slowly coiling itself about the finest of manhood, at last and within at most ten years

to fasten itself and sting the victim, until half-dazed after a few more years the story will be told, another drunkard murdered by rum; remembering 60,000 new made graves over which the autumn has not yet shed her leaves of mourning; and looking forward to other graves, 100,000 a year to be dug for drunkards; the brewer has at last come to his own. But he is no worse than he was twenty years ago; the saloon keeper is no better; the drunkard is not different. Public consciousness has been aroused by the increasing disregard of law and the failure of officials in its enforcement and we have come to see the brewer and distiller as he is. Prohibition of the whole traffic is the only remedy—and is right. The Brewer, Distiller, Saloon keeper, and blind tiger—all shall go.

THE RIGHT USE OF ALCOHOL.

As a prophecy in the midst of the perplexing problem a better day is dawning. The nature of alcohol is becoming more widely known. Scientific temperance instruction has done much to clear superstition. This sort of teaching has increased in popularity and is here to stay. The school boy of twelve years of age knows more now than do some older college graduates about how alcohol destroys life, and preserves only the dead. Alcohol has been found fit for fuel, to burn in the industries as is gasoline. A man would be as sensible to indulge in drinking gasoline diluted as he is in drinking alcohol diluted. This knowledge opens the way to use the distilleries and breweries for the manufacture of denatured alcohol, to be used in the arts and industrial world. Then we shall realize that God made alcohol possible for a nobler purpose than to be drunk by man, and that a blessing has been turned into a curse through false teaching, selfish cupidity and ignorance.

PURPOSE OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

The greatest civil document of the centuries is our Declaration of Independence. Following the Magna Charta of King John, this instrument is the keystone of freedom, and the foundation of national life. Upon it our constitution and the constitution of the states are founded. In it the purpose of government is clearly enunciated.

Let us try the liquor traffic by its standard. My time is too limited to apply the test as fully as I should like to do. Take therefore the principles of the protection of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. At every point the liquor traffic is at enmity with these principles. It never protected life, but has slain more human beings than war, pestilence and famine. A carnival of death and murder follows in the train of the saloon. Life insurance companies refuse to insure the finished product of the saloon. Benevolent orders will not admit either drunkard or drunkard maker. Life of the moderate drinker is shortened twenty per cent and the occasional drinker is an easier prey to disease. Many a man has died from diseases of the liver, failure of heart, congestion of lungs and intestinal disorders who would have been proof against such fatalities had liquor not undermined his constitution.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

Liberty is destroyed in the victim of the saloon. The slave of the drink habit is lashed with scorpion whips, and writhes under the torture of his heartless master. The price of liberty is no less than the outlawing of the master slave-maker of this day.

The pursuit of happiness becomes a lost art when rum has had its full sway. See the great hosts of children forced to stunt their lives and lose their heritage in factory life. Drink of the fathers has made child labor a serious problem and shortened the years of happy childhood. See the mother sitting at the window, waiting until the clock strikes twelve, one, two, for a wayward son. At last he comes, and as he enters reeling and bereft of reason her heart almost breaks. See a young wife mourning the downfall of the man who took her hand, with a heart of love and courage, born of happy wedlock. See children as they run away from one who should be to them strength and joy, and in their crouching fear and hardship, become little old people before they reach their teens. What misery hath rum wrought!

THE SUPREME GOOD.

Government must stand for the greatest good. This is the supreme principle which has been incorporated in common law.

Whatever is injurious to the community to the extent of taking life, depriving men of liberty and destroying the pursuit of happiness can not remain lodged in law. Its temporary lodgment does not alter hurtful results, nor does it insure against advanced legislation. Wider experience and self preservation become the basis of saner laws. We are now at this stage of human progress in solving the liquor problem.

Tried upon the tests of Constitutional Government, which must promote peace, insure domestic tranquility and protect life and property the liquor traffic stands condemned and will meet its death.

Prohibition only can accomplish the destruction of this greatest foe of civilization.

The qualities of honesty, energy, frugality, integrity, are more necessary than ever today, and there is no success without them. They are so often urged that they have become commonplace, but they are really more prized than ever. And any good fortune that comes by such methods is deserved and admirable.—Marshall Field.

HARMFUL EFFECTS OF TOBACCO SMOKE INHALING.

BY J. E. BLAINE, M. D.

[Paper read at the meeting of the Keeley Institute Managers' Association held at Dwight, Illinois, June 8, 1909.]

THE following, in reference to the harmful effects of tobacco smoke inhaling, is taken largely from the London Lancet. I believe it to be pregnant with truth. The inhalation of tobacco smoke is the most injurious form in which tobacco is used. It should be understood, therefore, that the real danger of cigarette smoking arises from the inhalation of carbon monoxide, which is extremely poisonous on account of its strong affinity for the hemoglobin, or red corpuscles, of the blood, which brings about cardiac inhibition, or heart paralysis.

The blood is composed of two parts, the serum and cells. The cells are the most important organs in the body. They carry the gases (fifty to sixty per cent) into and out of the body; they carry the oxygen in for the internal fires and bring out the ashes (carbonic acid gas) from the combustion. Therefore, they are the feeders, the ash men, and the undertakers. Carbon monoxide (C. O.) is a substance produced by incomplete combustion of carbonaceous matter, such as charcoal, tobacco, etc., a colorless, tasteless gas of a peculiar odor, readily inflammable, burning with a bluish flame. It acts as an energetic respiratory poison when inhaled, combining with the hemoglobin or cells of the blood to form a compound which will no longer take up oxygen. Hemoglobin, or red blood corpuscles, is the agent by which the respiratory processes are affected as it takes up the oxygen from the inspired air and carries it in the blood to the tissues to which it gives up the oxygen. Hence we see that the tissues are deprived of the vitalized properties of the oxygen, and these red blood corpuscles are also unable, by reason of this change, to load up with the carbonic acid gas to carry it to the lungs to be thrown out of the system, and the blood thus poisoned affects the mentality and sensation.

The gaseous products of the incomplete combustion of tobacco, whether it be smoked in the pipe, cigarette, or the cigar, are so complex that the question, to which constituent are the toxic effects of tobacco smoking precisely due, remains unanswered. Of course, it is well known that nicotine is a powerfully poisonous constituent of tobacco leaf, but it is by no means certain that the alkaloid reaches the system by way of the smoke in sufficient quantities to act seriously as a poison. To begin with, the amount of nicotine in tobacco is very small, and there is reason for believing that the quantity given in previous analyses has been considerably over-represented; moreover, though a volatile poison, nicotine does not occur in the free state in tobacco, but as an organic salt, which is not volatile, and which probably breaks up readily on combustion. It is doubtful whether a seventh part of the total nicotine in the tobacco reaches the mouth of the smoker, and some investigators deny that any nicotine occurs in tobacco smoke at all. But assuming that nicotine is the toxic constituent of smoke, the quantity must be quite minute, since in most mild tobaccos the proportion is rarely over one per cent. On the other hand, the incomplete combustion of tobacco gives rise to the formation of aromatic compounds, oils, bases, amines, and gases, some of which are undoubtedly poisons, and these are obviously produced in a far larger amount compared with the quantity of nicotine in tobacco. In this connection too little attention seems to have been paid to the relatively large quantity of the poisonous gas, carbon monoxide, in tobacco smoke. When the insidious nature of this gas is considered, its absorption into the system, which must be very rapid when inhalation is practiced, would sufficiently explain the train of poisonous symptoms which excessive smoking is apt to set up.

In some particulars the physiological action of nicotine and carbon monoxide is similar. The dizziness and *swoon*, the trembling of the limbs and the hands, the disturbance of the nerve centers and of the circulation, palpitation on a slight effort, insomnia, and the feeble pulse may be the indications of either carbon monoxide or nicotine poisoning. But since one ounce of tobacco gives no less than one-fifth of a pint of pure carbon monoxide gas when smoked in the form of cigarettes—and probably as much more in the form of cigars or in pipes—it is not improbable that to a very large extent these symptoms are due to the carbon monoxide.

We have recently tried the following instructive experiment which bears upon this point: Two or three mouthfuls of tobacco smoke from a cigarette were taken up with a few drops of blood diluted with water

in a bottle. Almost immediately the blood assumed a pink color characteristic of blood containing the gas, and further observations with the spectroscope confirmed the presence in the blood of carbon monoxide. Similarly a few mouthfuls of smoke from a pipe and a cigar were tried, and the results were even more marked. In this experiment we have some explanation in particular of the civil effects of cigarette smoking, for it is chiefly cigarette smoke that is inhaled—an indulgence by which the poisonous carbon monoxide is introduced directly into the blood. This effect of tobacco smoke upon the blood appears to be of considerable significance.

DEMONSTRATED FACTS.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ALCOHOL AND FOOD.

THE difference between alcohol and food is convincingly shown in the following, from an article by Winfield S. Hall, M. D., on the "Physiological Effects of Alcohol on the Human System," which was read in the Section of Hygiene and Sanitary Science, at the Fifty-seventh Annual Session of the American Medical Association, Boston, Mass. He says, "We note so many antitheses between alcohol and food that we are inclined to try the deadly parallel on the two substances:

FOOD.

1. A certain quantity will produce a certain effect at first, and the same quantity will always produce the same effect in the healthy body.

2. The habitual use of food never induces an uncontrollable desire for it, in ever increasing amounts.

3. After its habitual use a sudden total abstinence never causes any derangement of the central nervous system.

4. Foods are oxidized slowly in the body.

5. Foods, being useful, are stored in the body.

6. Foods are the products of constructive activity of protoplasm in the presence of abundant oxygen.

7. Foods (except meats) are formed in nature for nourishment of living organisms and are, therefore, inherently wholesome.

8. The regular ingestion of food is beneficial to the healthy body, but may be deleterious to the sick.

9. The use of foods is followed by no reaction.

10. The use of food is followed by an increased activity of the muscle cells and brain cells.

11. The use of food is followed by an increase in the excretion of CO_2 .

12. The use of food may be followed by accumulation of fat, notwithstanding increased activity.

13. The use of food is followed by a rise in body temperature.

14. The use of food strengthens and steadies the muscles.

15. The use of food makes the brain more active and accurate.

ALCOHOL.

1. A certain quantity will produce a certain effect at first, but it requires more and more to produce the same effect when the drug is used habitually.

2. When used habitually it is likely to induce an uncontrollable desire for more, in ever increasing amounts.

3. After its habitual use a sudden total abstinence is likely to cause a serious derangement of the central nervous system.

4. Alcohol is oxidized rapidly in the body.

5. Alcohol, not being useful, is not stored in the body.

6. Alcohol is a product of decomposition of food in the presence of a scarcity of oxygen.

7. Alcohol is formed in nature only as an excretion. It is, therefore, in common with all excretions, inherently poisonous.

8. The regular ingestion of alcohol is deleterious to the healthy body, but may be beneficial to the sick (through its drug action).

9. The use of alcohol, in common with narcotics in general, is followed by a reaction.

10. The use of alcohol is followed by a decrease in the activity of the muscle cells and brain cells.

11. The use of alcohol is followed by a decrease in the excretion of CO_2 .

12. The use of alcohol is usually followed by an accumulation of fat through decreased activity.

13. The use of alcohol may be followed by a fall in body temperature.

14. The use of alcohol weakens and unsteadies the muscles.

15. The use of alcohol makes the brain less active and accurate.

What It Is Costing Germany.

In an interesting article in a recent number of *Therapie der Gegenwart*, Berlin, Dr. Laquer, of Wiesbaden, compares the influence of tuberculosis and alcoholism on the population of Germany. He states that in Germany every year 150,000 persons are charged in the law courts with crimes committed under the influence of alcohol, that each year 1,600 suicides and 1,300 serious accidents are due to the effects of alcohol, and that delirium tremens accounts for 30,000 persons being received every year in the hospitals and mad-houses. He estimates that excessive indulgence in alcohol costs the country \$25,000,000 annually in treating patients in hospitals and mad-houses and incarcerating them in prisons.

"JUST IN CONFIDENCE—THE SAD AND SORROWING SALOON."

THE WOMAN'S WORLD—WELL-KNOWN CHICAGO MAGAZINE, PAYS TRIBUTE TO PROHIBITION MOVEMENT IN NOTABLE EDITORIAL.

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There is something almost pathetic in the way in which the saloon is being slammed and swatted on every hand. Perhaps you have seen a picture of the old-time schoolmaster cuffing a young culprit first on one ear and then on the other until the head of the victim vibrated violently between the merciless hands of the master. There is something in the situation of the saloon today which pointedly suggests the boy in that old colored chromo. It certainly is having a hard time of it—and the worst is yet to come!

Of course mothers and fathers will weep copious tears of sympathy for the sad predicament of the persecuted saloon! In order that their hearts may be more touched by the painful and calamitous circumstances which have fallen upon the saloon in these degenerate and ungrateful days, let's take a look at the latest geography of the temperance movement and ask the question: "Where are we at?"

There are today nine states having prohibition laws, with a total population of nearly 15,000,000, of which six have been added within the past eighteen months. These prohibition states are Maine (1846-1856-1884), Kansas (1880), North Dakota (1889), Georgia (1907), Oklahoma (1907), Alabama (1907), Mississippi (1908), North Carolina (1908), and Tennessee (1909).

This is certainly going some, but it isn't a complete catalogue of the liquor traffic's woes—not by a jug-full! Putting it conservatively, there are today 35,000,000 people living in prohibition territory in the United States, of which number 10,000,000 have been added within five years. And, what is more, unless all signs fail in a dry time, the folks who make up this 35,000,000 like it first rate. As far as heard from, they feel that prohibition territory is good enough ground on which to raise families; they also feel that their children are somehow safer than they would be if they had become used to the sights that saloons always furnish.

But take another look at the "wet" and "dry" landscapes; there are today under prohibition *fifty-three cities*, great industrial centers of population in fifteen states, each having a population of 20,000 or over, *seven of them exceeding 100,000 each*.

There are today not less than 350 prohibition cities throughout the United States of 5,000 population and upwards listed at National Prohibition Headquarters, of which *nearly one hundred* have been added *within the past three years*.

Illinois has 36 prohibition counties out of 102 and has closed an average of 100 saloons a month for the last fifteen months.

Indiana now has 56 prohibition counties out of 92; Ohio 61 out of 88; Missouri 77 out of 114; and Kentucky 96 out of 119.

The politicians unfriendly to prohibition have in practically every state of the Union during the last three years vainly tried to stem the tide of public indignation against the liquor traffic by the passage of compromise legislation of all kinds. High license and local option proposals have been used where state prohibition threatened and stricter regulations and more strenuous enforcement of license laws have everywhere come into vogue.

Iowa has a prohibition law but it has been nullified for 17 years by the so-called "Mule" law amendment.

Again, largely the result of business reasons alone, there are today millions of abstainers from alcoholic drink where there were only thousands fifty years back and practically none a century ago.

The United States Department of Labor, using percentages based on several thousand reports, found that ninety per cent of railways, seventy-nine per cent of manufactories, eighty-eight per cent of trades and twenty-two per cent of agriculturists discriminate against employees addicted to the use of intoxicants as a beverage.

The great organized labor movement has placed itself distinctly on record against the saloon in these words of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation:

"Fifteen or twenty years ago the common meeting place of a labor union would be the saloon or the room adjoining a saloon, but we changed all that. I would not say that it is now never done, but the whole influence of the Federation is given against it."

Fifty-six of sixty-four leading fraternal orders of the United States, with an aggregate of nearly 6,000,000

members, refuse to admit saloon-keepers and bar-tenders to their ranks—a discrimination which would have seemed preposterous twenty-five years ago.

So much for what actually has been accomplished. Now, as to the outlook—for the temperance folks have just as good a right to indulge in the luxury of an outlook as anybody else.

State prohibition is confidently predicted by the friends of the temperance cause within the next five years in Florida, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Indiana, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire.

In addition to these states, the most determined educational campaigns are being now carried on in Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Michigan, Oregon and Washington.

If the liquor traffic can extract any comfort from such an outlook—and it is stated very mildly, too—it's welcome.

How has all this come about? What is it that has upset the apple cart of the saloon, once so lordly and autocratic? Mainly four things: The cold, clear conviction has finally soaked into the system of the average man and woman that the biggest part of current crime and pauperism can be as easily and directly traced to the door of the saloon as a clothes-line can be traced from one post to another; that dirty politics, town graft, city graft and big municipal graft and all the soiled machinery of bossism stick as naturally and as inevitably to the licensed saloon as burrs stick to the curly coat of a shepherd dog; that the license money which the people ostensibly receive from the liquor traffic is a mere drop in the bucket compared to the actual cost of the liquor traffic to the community in which it is permitted to exist; that experience has shown abstinence to be a prime requisite to success in all legitimate business, and that the saloon is not only a menace to this condition, but is at the same time a parasite on every other branch of trade and commerce.

Other considerations have entered into the awakening of the people, but these conclusions have been the big ones leading to the drubbing which the solid folks of the country have dealt out to the saloon.

Outside of its natural cussedness, its inherent crimes and its constitutional nuisances, there is one additional reason why the liquor traffic ought to have all the grief that it now endures—and then some. This reason is the perennial insult which it offers to the intelligent citizens in the argument that the local liquor traffic "provides for public improvements" and "makes business." Of course, this argument is clap-trap of the most puerile and childish brand. Any citizen of almost human intelligence can figure out for himself in five minutes of honest thinking that if the saloon creates crime, disorder and poverty—as everybody knows it does—it can't pay enough for the privilege of existence to represent a profit to the community—for the simple reason that if it paid all its intake as a license fee the community would still have the short end of the deal and suffer loss. The only semi-plausible argument that the liquor traffic can put up is the frank confession that it is an evil which must be tolerated, and would better be controlled than driven to the expedient of guerrilla warfare, of brazen outlawry, of the sneaking subterfuges of "blind pigs" and other devious devices.

The liquor traffic claims to pay the city, state and national governments a total of \$250,000,000 in "revenue" and license fees; but they like to conceal the fact that while they are doing that they are taking out of the people's pockets \$10 for every \$1 they pay back in license tribute. It all comes out of the pockets of the people and the taxpayer who is permitted to pay for local improvements by the short cut of direct assessment is getting the best end of the bargain every time. The "economic arguments" which the liquor traffic puts out wherever there is a campaign on are as hollow as a joint of rusty stovepipe and thin as sarsaparilla pop.

It is a crime against the name of logic and an insult to public intelligence to ask the people to accept as reasoning the kind of argument which the saloon element has thus far offered as its stock masterpiece in that line. A saloon never "paid for" any "public improvements" in the true and net economic sense of the term, and never "made business" for anything outside of the liquor traffic, its direct dependents, the officers of the law, the jails, the poorhouses, and the like.

If a saloon ever benefited a home—excepting the saloonkeeper's (and that's a matter of doubt), we have never found it out.

"When you feel like quitting your work read this verse again and then get down to business. You may be sure God put you just where your personality will count for most good. Brace up. Buckle down. Stick to it."

THE DOER.

BY S. E. KISER.

WHEN earth's first picture was painted—perhaps on the bark of a tree—
And the people gathered around it and stood on tiptoes to see,
No doubt there were those among them who called it a daub and who
Gave pitying looks to the artist and knowingly murmured
"Pooh!"

When the first of the world's brave poets scratched out on the side of a stone

The first sweet measures that ever a soul had claimed as its own,
We may be sure there were people who solemnly turned aside,
Believing the poet's efforts and time had been misapplied.

Brave Soul, be strong and be faithful in the work that is given to you;

The critics will shrug their shoulders and scoff at the thing you do;

But the world's first artist was followed by others who glorified art,

And the world keeps on having poets whose lyrics men learn by heart.

—Record-Herald.

HOW HE FELL.

BY HERMES.

THE following story which is entirely without fiction, being a faithful relation of what occurred to a promising young scholar of L—— College, Oxford, England, is written as a warning to moderate drinkers, to be conned over by inveterate toppers, and to be carefully studied by young men who have yet to taste their first glass, and who have not yet drunk the bitter dregs of remorse which arise from indulging in alcoholic stimulants.

The writer of the following sketch was at Oxford at the time it occurred, and is thoroughly conversant with all phases of Oxford life, of which the following has been picked out for the cause of promoting strict temperance, and his motto is: "Touch not, taste not, handle not," and the warning coming from one who has seen the bad effects of moderate drinking in many phases of life, ought not to be disregarded.

A few years ago, on the list of successful candidates in an examination held at L—— College was the name of H. Woodville, the successful competitor for the Mathematical Scholarship. Though of wealthy parents, and apparently independent of the salary derived from this scholarship, young Woodville's success filled him with the keenest pleasure. A fond father's earnest wish was now gratified, his own ambition appeased, his dearest wish accomplished, and therefore hastily acknowledging the congratulations of his fellow competitors, successful and unsuccessful, he at once took the cars to carry the news to his expectant father and dear relations.

As bearer of such tidings he was heartily welcomed by his parents and friends, and in a few days he once more stood at the gates of L—— College, accompanied by his father, who had come to see his son, upon whom his dearest hopes were centered, place his foot upon the first round of the ladder which leads to fame. After spending a day or two with him, his father left him to fight the battle of life, to sink or swim in the confectory elements of good or bad which surround a candidate for university honors at Oxford.

Young Woodville was at this time twenty years old, six feet high in his stocking-feet, about 180 pounds weight in training. He was a good specimen of a young Englishman, and his personal character was easily read in his clear blue eye. Good-tempered and generous to a fault, his company was readily sought by all his peers. Coming from one of the greatest schools in the kingdom, with a great reputation for all athletic contests, as well as being a refined classical scholar, an indisputably good mathematician, beside being well read in theology and natural science, he was a good oar, an excellent cricketer, a trained athlete, and a first-rate football player. Therefore, his advent was especially looked for by the undergraduate of L—— College. And the expectations both of dons and undergraduate were speedily fulfilled.

Young Woodville in his first year proved that rumor had not belied him. Each examination, as it came, was successfully passed, and the dons regarded Woodville as one who would do the college special honor in the "schools." In the meanwhile, Woodville had become a member of his college boat club, and an efficient player in the cricket field, while at athletics he had fully kept up his school reputation. His friends were numerous, and outside and inside college his company was eagerly sought for. His prospects were most

promising. Every one made sure of his success in the "schools," while among the knowing ones he was "spotted" for a seat in the university boat for the next year.

Young Woodville had but one fault—he was a moderate drinker. From his earliest youth he had seen his friends drink moderately. He was accustomed to his glass of beer for dinner and supper. A glass or two of wine after dinner was the usual thing at home, and the usual custom all over Oxford, both among the dons and undergraduates. But, being of an easily led disposition, moderate drinking proved young Woodville's ruin.

The close of young Woodville's university career was approaching. He had for three months confined himself to his rooms, reading for his degree. During that time he had touched but little drink. He was studying for his final examination. Perfectly confident of success, he looked upon his "first" as a certainty. The knowing ones backed Woodville for choice. The dons with pleasure had watched him during the twelve weeks' preparation, ever ready to help and assist their favorite for honors over every difficulty, eagerly noting the career of the one who was to gain the college honors.

At length the examination began. Day after day young Woodville flooded the papers. Where he had thought himself weak, he found himself strong. His "first" was never in doubt—it was certain. Each day, as he returned from the "schools," he was met by an expectant throng of well-wishers, dons and undergraduates, while servants of the college hung aloof, eager to catch one word concerning the candidate for honors. At length the final day approached. Up to the night before Woodville's success was certain. The next and last paper was his strongest point in learning, and all who knew him expected him to floor it as easily as he had the rest.

But that evening his greatest chum was giving a farewell supper. Woodville was pressed to be present, and he yielded to the urgent entreaties of his friend. Confident of his own powers to resist temptation, and determining to retire at an early hour, young Woodville attended the banquet, which was held at one of the principal hotels in Oxford. From the moment he entered he was made the lion of the evening. He was urged to drink, and his friends proved themselves his worst enemies in honoring him as they did.

Facilis est descensus Avern. Prudence once being neglected, he overstepped the bounds, and, though not intoxicated, he stayed with the rest until the orgy was completed.

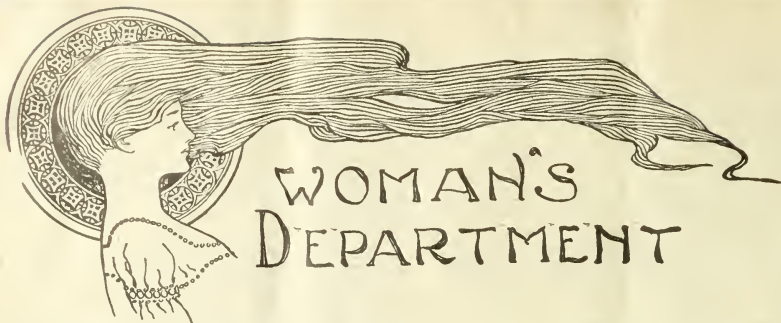
Early in the morning he sought his college. The gates were locked, and the porter was absent, for, as the term expired, he did not sit up at night. So young Woodville, to gain his rooms, scaled the walls by aid of the ivy that grew thereon. Having gained the top, he prepared to descend into the college garden, from which he expected to reach his rooms. But at this point his foot slipped, and he was hurled some seventeen feet onto a gravel walk. There he was found when the day broke by the college servants. In vain they tried to arouse him. With a fractured skull and a broken leg, he was carried to his bed. When he recovered consciousness he learned his disgrace, how the prize he had toiled for was lost, and how he had lost caste in the eyes of his college.

Soon after he threw up his scholarship, for he could not face the examiners again; his heart had turned against the work. When he got well he left England, and when I heard of him last he was a total abstainer, and an enemy to the friend that had caused his disgrace.—Exchange.

A man only begins to be a man when he ceases to whine and revile, and commences to search for the hidden justice which regulates his life. And as he adapts his mind to that regulating factor, he ceases to accuse others as the cause of his condition, and builds himself up in strong and noble thoughts; ceases to kick against circumstances, but begins to use them as aids to his more rapid progress, and as a means of discovering the hidden powers and possibilities within himself.—James Allen.

We must make use of our quarter-hours. We must do something more than merely play. What a large amount of knowledge we can get in the intervals! Are you a good listener? If you take heed of what's said—the best of what each one knows—you'll improve yourself wonderfully. So I say, be greedy to understand those matters which do not especially belong to you.—Geo. Herbert Palmer.

He that is choice of his time will be choice of his company and choice of his actions.—Jeremy Taylor.



ONLY TODAY.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

I WILL not look along the years
And try to face my future way—
I only need to see my path
For this one day.

Oh, Thou who art my life, my hope,
Who art each weak heart's strength and stay,
Help me to live within the line
That bounds today.

Then loving with Thy patient love
That waits to lift and heal away,
My heart can hold no thought, no wish,
Beyond today.

—Selected.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO DRINK.

IT is seldom that one sees such an exhibition of cruelty under the guise of kindly indulgence as was witnessed by some of the patrons of a popular restaurant a short time since. Possibly the incident might not have attracted so much attention but for the seeming prominence of the persons concerned.

Two men whose manner and dress indicated refinement and prosperity had entered the restaurant accompanied by a small boy of perhaps six years, a child of such remarkable beauty that every woman's heart went out in loving admiration for the "dear little fellow."

They were seated in a conspicuous place and the child smiled back in friendly recognition of admiring glances, which quickly changed to shocked surprise when those who were near enough heard the order: "Bring us a quart bottle for a starter; and bring a small glass for Tommy, here."

Was it possible that baby was to be given a glass of the treacherous stuff? Perhaps they had not heard aright. But all doubts vanished when the waiter returned, and after serving the two men filled a small whiskey glass with the foaming beer and handed it to the child, who took it with the assurance of a veteran, and deftly blowing some of the foam off the top quickly drained the little glass.

There were tears in kindly eyes, gentle hands were half outstretched and then quickly withdrawn, for these men were strangers, and none dared voice the protest which every heart was uttering against such a slaughter of the innocents.

Again and still again the tiny glass was drained. Evidently the child was accustomed to it. "Aren't you giving the kid a pretty big load?" said one of the men, "I can stand a good deal myself, but you don't catch me giving it to my boys."

Even he was amazed, and his friend's defence, that he didn't think a boy would be half as apt to become a drunkard if he was taught to drink moderately as if he were forbidden altogether to do what he knew that his father did, didn't seem to be a very convincing argument.

In the meantime the pretty face grew flushed and feverish, the blue eyes became dull, and long before the two men had finished their dinner the curly head drooped forward and the heavy breathing told that the poor child had fallen into the heavy sleep of intoxication.

The man who had ordered the beer adjusted his overcoat so as to make the boy as comfortable as possible, remarking that he had been running about all day and was tired out. But his friend replied, "More likely the little rascal is drunk on that beer."

Those who were nearest heard a sad chapter of family history as Tommy's uncle told his companion how he happened to have the care of the little boy. It was the old story of a broken home, a ruined family. "Tommy looks like his mother; I hope he won't prove to have as weak a will as she had," he said as he finished the pitiful story.

But in his shortsighted stupidity it never occurred to him that he was deliberately laying the foundation for a future of wretchedness for the child that he said he had got so that he almost worshipped, and that the weak will which might develop would be scant protection against evil influences.

The law prohibits the sale of liquor to minors. Would that there were some law that would reach and punish the infamous and reckless practice of giving intoxicants to the helpless little ones.

FROM MRS. ELLEN M. WATSON.

MRS. ELLEN M. WATSON gives a few echoes from the general Assembly in the Presbyterian Banner. Mrs. Watson is deeply interested in practical temperance, and is loved and honored by Keeley workers everywhere:

While our conference was being held at home I was out in Denver attending our General Assembly. I will quote one of the resolutions, adopted by our men, that will prove helpful to our work: "No. 8. That this assembly cordially invites the woman's societies of our church to forward the temperance reform by active co-operation with the Permanent Committee in its plans and methods of local work, and to exert their influence to abolish the practice of serving or partaking of any intoxicating beverage in the home or social circle." I have attended twelve General Assemblies, but never once have I seen "temperance" on a program of our Woman's Board. The strongest opponents to the election of temperance secretaries in missionary societies were Mrs. Ella A. Boole, of the Woman's Board, Miss Sue B. Scott, of Kentucky, and our own Mrs. Diffenderfer, but it is time our women knew that Boards can only persuade or advise. They have no controlling power, and the Pittsburgh and all other presbyterials have a legal right to decide on what is or is not "proper."

The greatest surprise of the woman's meetings was the fact that not one of the Synodical officers said a word about temperance victories in their respective States. Surely they should have held a praise meeting over what the Lord has done to cripple the worst foe of the Church, from Seattle north to Maine. There was nothing unkind in our Denver discussions, there was simply a decided difference of opinion in regard to methods. It could afford to be patient, for I was sure that Mrs. Euwer was lengthening our cords and strengthening our stakes at home. I also knew that 1908 was our best temperance year, for which we thank generous friends, whose donations made it possible to send temperance literature into many a saloon cursed locality. All of our teachers and missionaries have more or less trouble with the liquor traffic, and gladly use the literature we send them.

Societies in Pennsylvania should not forget that for years our Synod has had a committee of women appointed to aid along temperance lines. At our last Synod the following women were appointed: Mrs. J. F. Hill, Canonsburg; Mrs. S. S. Gilson, Crafton; Mrs. V. C. Euwer, Bellevue; Mrs. Thos. Watters, East End; Miss Lide McConnell, East End; Mrs. Sarah A. Bryant, Sixth church; Mrs. D. W. Cornelius, South Side; Miss R. W. Shanahan, Carnegie; Mrs. A. G. White, Point Breeze; Mrs. J. L. Anderson, First church; Mrs. Ellen M. Watson, Bellefield; and Mrs. M. M. Bryant, Venetia. Dr. R. L. Stewart, who wrote the life of Sheldon Jackson, had charge of his memorial service and told in a touching, tender way of what had been done by our best home missionary. The interest in all pioneer work was intensified by speakers, whose historical facts let young workers understand what wonderful things had been done all over the West under the leadership of one consecrated man.

The most satisfactory address on the work of the Woman's Board was made in the Assembly church by Mrs. Fred Smith Bennett, the president, who has taken the place of Mrs. Darwin R. James. Mrs. Bennett is a competent leader and her knowledge of the work has already done much to encourage some of us who are sure that 1909 will be our best year. It was a great pleasure to again meet Miss Kate C. McBeth and her niece, Miss Crawford, who have done such successful temperance work among the Nez Percés Indians. Miss Maria C. Brehm, one of our temperance committee secretaries, was one of three women who spoke in the Assembly church. That was her last address in America, for she had to chase off on a late train and is now on the other side of the Atlantic, where she is filling appointments under the auspices of the temperance com-

mittee of the Irish Presbyterian General Assembly. She is the coming temperance woman among Presbyterians, and in pulpit after pulpit is convincing missionary societies and congregations that temperance is a branch of both home and foreign missions.

MISS BREHM AT THE IRISH GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Northern Whig, Belfast, Ireland, gives great praise to Miss Marie C. Brehm who addressed the Assembly on Temperance. It says: "Miss Brehm delivered a magnificent address, which created such interest and produced such a deep impression that it was difficult and at times impossible to restrain expressions of gratification and approval. Possessed of a commanding presence, a cultivated and musical voice, every tone of which was heard to advantage by the remotest auditor—that rare gift which places the speaker in easy and sympathetic relation towards the audience—and a mastery of the subject of her address, Miss Brehm captivated and held spellbound for about an hour hundreds of men and women, among whom were some of the most earnest and best-informed temperance workers in the city. As all light in the natural world came from the sun, she said, so all light in the world, moral and spiritual, came from the Savior of men, and these men were in turn to shine as lights in the world. So with the prayer on her lips used by the fishermen of Brittany, 'O God, keep my barque, for it is so frail and the ocean is so great,' she proceeded to turn the light revealed in the Sermon on the Mount upon the temperance problem, indicating the successive steps in the path of progress and reform during the last three-quarters of a century. 'Nine American States had banished the saloon. Forty million citizens were living in 'dry' territory. Two million employees were occupying positions to which no drinker would be appointed. Not a few of the great railway corporations had made total abstinence on the part of all officials an absolutely necessary condition of appointment and continuance in their service. On account of the division of labor which obtained in all branches of industry, from the making of a shoe to the manufacturing of a piano, the inefficiency of the drinker was swiftly discovered, and he was soon weeded out of the ranks. She had recently been in conversation with an employer of 2,700 men, every one of whom was an abstainer through this simple and natural process. Reference was made to a meeting held last year in Chicago, representative of 10,000 medical men, who accepted with general applause the statement that with the passing of the drink would disappear 40 per cent. of the diseases which afflicted humanity, and to the increasing number of hospitals in which alcoholic medication was unknown, and which rapid recoveries in them had placed them among the most popular institutions of the country. She made hearty allusion to the part taken in the work of reform by Church courts, by the Sabbath schools, by the women of the land, and above all through the systematic instruction of the boys and girls in the public schools of the United States. Until the work in the school began reformers had been educating the minority, now they were educating the majority, and the time was near when the forces engaged in a baneful and selfish business would be liberated to render service to the great republic of the West. At the close a large number of temperance workers pressed round Miss Brehm to take her by the hand and to congratulate her and one another on an address which lifted the temperance question to a lofty level, and which, from its cheery outlook over the world, imparted hopefulness and encouragement and stimulus of no ordinary character."

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

IT seems natural that Kate Douglas Wiggin should read her charming stories first to her neighbors and friends in the little Congregational Church at Buxton on Saco. A writer in Woman's Home Companion for July had the good fortune to hear her read her newest story, "Susanna and Sue," to a mixed audience in that church. The governor of the state was there with his staff. Fashionable New-Yorkers and Bostonians from Bar Harbor were there, also, but most important were the farmer friends and neighbors who know the famous author as Mrs. Riggs. The writer says:

Mrs. Riggs proved to be a most charming reader. She had apparently never heard of such a thing as an elocution lesson, but her art was perfect because there was no art. Once in the course of the Reading she sang one of the quaint Shaker hymns in a voice of wonderful sweetness, and the audience burst into spontaneous applause. It was noticeable that the story, considered simply as a story, held the close attention of the audience, and in the several intermissions, when there was music, there were many whispered surmises as to how it was "going to come out."

When the Reading came to an end, all too soon

as the still eagerly expectant manner of the audience showed, there was a little informal reception in which each person was the host or hostess and everybody the guests. Indeed, it half seemed as if every one thought he or she had helped write the story, such is the local feeling of proprietorship in Mrs. Riggs. No doubt it came about largely because this was by no means the first Reading by Mrs. Riggs at Buxton Lower Corner. Mrs. Riggs does most of her writing at Quillcote during the summer, and at the end of the season each year she offers first to her neighbors the fruits of this at the little Congregational Church. Such being the case, it is easy to see why the whole neighborhood has come to feel that Kate Douglas Wiggin is its own, and her work as well.

THE ART OF LOOKING PLEASANT.

A MORE than profitable way of entertaining one's self while riding down town of a morning is to scan the faces of the women passengers on the other side of the car. At least one-half of them have that tired, worried look. Watch them intently for a minute or so and it will get on your nerves. Then glance at the other women, whose expressions are pleasant. Isn't it a relief?

Just because those pleasant-looking women are pleasant looking is no assurance that they ought to look pleasant. For all you know, the woman at the end of the car with the most serene expression is worrying about a thing a thousand times more vital than that which troubles the sour-faced women just across from you. One woman has acquired the art of looking pleasant and the other has not.

If woman only knew it, one of her chief charms is a placid, pleasing expression when her face is in repose. The average woman finds it easy to look pleasant when her shoes pinch or an unreasonable pun is making its presence felt; but she gives up in despair if the cause of her unpleasant expression be mental worry.—Philadelphia Evening Post.

A BRITISH ISLE IN WHEATON.

THE COUNTRY HOME OF MR. DUDLEY WALKER.

JUSTLY famed for its natural beauty and its high state of cultivation is the Isle of Jersey, a lovely island in the English Channel, lying just south of England and almost within a stone's throw of France. This wonderful island is only eleven miles long and four miles wide, but its shores are washed by the swiftest currents in the world, and its whole undulating area with its gentle southern slope appears like a continuous flower garden and orchard, dotted with picturesque villages containing old buildings which are full of antiquarian interest. The climate of the Isle of Jersey is delightful and the soil is noted for its fertility. The sun shines nearly all the year around and millions and millions of the most beautiful flowers are grown to be showered upon England in bountiful profusion. With the flowers, indeed so beautiful as to be spoken of together, cows and calves are raised. These Jersey cattle are a delicate fawn color, and with their fine bones and their perfectly chiseled lines they constitute a distinct standard of beauty.

But it is not necessary to visit the Isle of Jersey to see one of these beauty spots of nature. We have one close at hand. There is a British Isle in Wheaton. Emory Farm, the beautiful country home of Mr. Dudley Walker, superintendent of advertising and assistant general passenger agent of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, combines the delights of a Jersey farm with the convenience of access of a Chicago suburb. The same artistic tastes and keen sense of values that have enabled Mr. Walker to convert an advertising pamphlet for a railroad into a dainty brochure that one is glad to preserve have transformed a tract of land in Wheaton into one of the quaint blooming gardens where fine Jersey cattle receive the same careful attention that is given to them in their Channel Island home. Mr. Walker and his charming wife are both nature lovers, and they have made their farm an ideal place. Mrs. Walker gives the model dairy her personal supervision, with the result that the rich, creamy, frothy Jersey milk from Emory Farm is becoming widely known and is in great demand. Other attractions at Emory Farm are its splendid Scotch Collie dogs, its great Plymouth Rock hens, and its Poland China swine.

Emory Farm lies on the southwest limits of Wheaton, at Arbor Avenue and Emory Terrace. It is only fifty-five minutes from Chicago, and the Aurora, Elgin & Chicago "third rail" electric passes the gate. It makes one of the most enjoyable outing trips around Chicago, and it will interest you and delight the children to see a British Isle in Wheaton.

SEEDS OF SCANDAL.

BY FATHER RYAN.

A WOMAN to the holy father went,
Confession of sin was her intent,
And so her misdeeds, great and small,
She faithfully rehearsed them all.
And, chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,
And borne a bit of scandal up and down,
To all the long-tongued gossips in the town.
The holy father, for her other sin,
Granted the absolution asked of him;
But, while for all the rest the pardon gave,
He told her this offense was very grave,
And that to do it penance she must go
Out by the wayside, where the thistles grow,
And gather the largest, ripest one.
Scatter the seeds, and that when this was done
She must come back again another day
To tell him his commands she did obey.
The woman, thinking this a penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night,
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well.
Next day but one she went the priest to tell.
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
And said: "There's something more for you to do.
Those little thistle seeds which you have sown
I bid you to re-gather, every one."
The woman said, "But, father, 'twould be in vain
To try to gather up those seeds again.
The winds have scattered them both far and wide
O'er the meadow vale and mountain side."
The father answered, "Now, I hope from this
The lesson I have taught you will not miss.
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds;
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be again undone." —Selected.

GIRLS WHO ARE "GOOD FELLOWS."

BY H. EFFA WEBSTER.

SHE calls herself a "good fellow."
There isn't any doubt but she deserves the appellation, since all the men who know her agree that she possesses this qualification.

One of these men said the other day:

"She's no end of fun, jolly as can be—a rounder with the best of us. There's a lot of satisfaction in taking her to a summer garden, for she sits right up and takes her cocktails and champagne and beer just like a little man. And she can say things—she doesn't sit like a bump on a log and let the other fellow do all the chaffing—not she!"

The sister of this man not so much as by a wink betrayed a prejudice against the girl—indeed, later she confessed to her dearest friend that she feared the smallest criticism would nag him into a precipitous marriage with the "good fellow." So she wisely said:

"Vivacious—sprightly—just the sort to interest men—yes—and I suppose you are very much in love with her," her heart thumping with trepidation.

You see, the sister being gentle in her manners and otherwise refined in her demeanor, was a bit afraid that the "good fellow" would deteriorate the social prestige of the family through a matrimonial alliance with the brother.

"In love with her?" he repeated, broadly smiling—"even the possibility of such a serious phase of my acquaintance with the girl never ruffled my thoughts until you mentioned it," and he impulsively tousled his hair as a little demonstration of his amusement.

But his sister was not at all amused. She feared she had suggested just what she wanted him to escape. She didn't know what to say, so she vaguely ejaculated: "Oh—well—is—that so!"

"Hum, hum! yes," he interposed, grinning exasperatingly. "You are all right, sis, but a trifle verdant. You see, I make love to the girl, and that answers the requirements of a courtship in a certain sense without being in love with her. 'Making love' is a diversion, you know—jolly, flirting, some folks please to call it. She's a 'good fellow,' and has her little recreation listening to my compliments and protestations and giving me a like return in words and glances and an occasional sly caress. Of course, she knows, just as I do, that the whole business is a jolly joke. It's one of the gay little ways of the world, sis. It's all good and proper enough."

The sister looked solemn—she wasn't exactly ready to accept his explanation as consistent. Likely, in her own true heart was a fear that her brother was making merry to a later bitter cost to the girl. She ventured to murmur:

"If she should be mistaken in your meaning—why—is it fair to—"

"Don't vex yourself the least bit," he interrupted. "The girl is a 'good fellow' and there are too many men ready to be entertained and to be entertaining for her to miss me should I suddenly become obliterated. She's the sort of girl men make love to—but not one of the

bunch falls in love with her. Men don't care to marry a girl with whom Tom, Dick, and Harry and several others have played the game of love to the clink of Manhattan and high-ball glasses."

"How—how—common—and past comprehension!" chipped in the sister, clearly quite disgusted.

"Common enough," said the brother briskly, "because it's as frequent as the habit of putting on your hat. Easily comprehended, too—say, you can understand an auto ride?—yes?—well, that's your way of enjoying yourself. Men and girls who are good fellows prefer a skate around town as one of their kinds of ways of enjoying themselves."

Then he whistled a refrain known as the "Tale of the Kangaroo," clapped his hat on his head, said, "La, la!" and skipped down the front steps and into the dusk of the evening—perhaps on his way to make love to some good fellow or other as a diversion.

The sister's face took on a gloomy regret—nobody may know whether on account of her brother's little gay way of the world or "the complex condition of society."

The girl who is this particular "good fellow?"

She came to Chicago two years ago. Then she was quietly natural in her manner and speech—apparently a sweet product of a simple and well-ordered home. She had a certain poise of self-respect and sincerity. She was not artificial in any respect.

But the girl wanted "a good time." She didn't have any difficulty getting it. Most girls can get the same kind of "a good time" if they'll accept it.

Still, the girl is having "a good time." She's building a reputation along with it. The reputation isn't "bad"—no, it's definitely as "the brother" described it. She's the kind of girl men make love to and don't fall in love with—and don't intend to marry.

She's playing her merry game—to what kind of a finish?

The answer may not be given with any degree of certainty—it's all the more uncertain since the girl is developing an inordinate confidence in her own "moral strength."

In this self-confidence lies her greatest peril.

WHAT HAS LIFE FOR ME?

BY AIMEE B. MARSH.

IT is a question which it is well for each one to put to himself or herself, "What has life for me?" How and in what way can each accomplish the most good and do the most work in the world?

Every thinking man and woman realizes that we are each in the world for a purpose, and the greater the abilities in a practical, executive way, or in a talented way the greater the duty to the immediate family and the community.

Human life is a serious thing, and to be a thinking, reasoning man or woman means duties and responsibilities, also opportunities which cannot be overlooked. It is a cross which some are called upon to bear to possess all the desire to do much and to have the ability to do only a little. There are few crosses in life harder than that. Some who apparently have a great deal to do with and the ability to give a great deal seem to have no wish for anything more than to kill time and having as much so-called pleasure as possible. To a true, noble spirit is there any greater pleasure than the ability and opportunity to give?

Life is only worth living in proportion as each lives in and for the good of others. It is not given us for ourselves or for the accomplishment of selfish ends, but for the good of the home, the community, and in some rare cases the world.—Boston Ideas.

Wait.

Keep still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion, once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me and I kept the letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness, I leaned to resistance, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur.—Dr. Burton.

C.T.A.U. Department

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THE C. T. A. U. OF ILLINOIS.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION IN STATE CONVENTION—
REMARKABLE RESOLUTIONS—PLANS FOR
NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois in Chicago, Sunday, June 27, was one of the most successful and enthusiastic gatherings in the history of the organization. Vigorous and unrelenting warfare against the liquor traffic was declared and active preparations were made for the great National Convention of Total Abstinence Catholics to be held in Chicago August 4, 5 and 6.

The condemnation of the liquor business as expressed in resolutions and oratory was strong and unequivocal, and surpassed anything put forward at any former meeting. Catholic clergymen announced their determination to spread the total abstinence movement, and members of the church were called upon to join in the fight for a "dry state."

Special condemnation was given to societies within the church which permit Saturday night dances and Sunday picnics under their auspices at which intoxicating drinks are sold, and an earnest appeal was made for the enforcement of the Sunday closing law. The findings of the Supreme Court of Illinois were quoted as authority for declaring that saloons have no moral or legal right to exist, and that humankind has no inherent right to deal in liquor.

In arranging for the National Convention, which it is expected will be attended by more than twelve hundred delegates from every state in the union, a monster parade was planned for the evening of August 4 to precede the session to be held at the Auditorium. The parade is expected to include representation of every Catholic society in Chicago and to constitute the Catholic answer to Mayor Rose, of Milwaukee. Every effort will be made by means of transparencies and floats to refute any implication that the Catholic Church is with him in his work in behalf of the liquor interests.

The speakers expressed the opinion that the temperance movement is destined to "quicken" the country's judges in the performance of their duties, and attention was paid to public officials of city and county in a closing session in the evening.

The Rev. D. J. Crimmins, of St. David's parish, declined election to office on the grounds that he has pledged himself to go forth over the United States in the interests of the Father Mathew League—an organization of only a few months' standing—and swell the allegiance of Catholics to the total abstinence cause.

The Rev. Father W. J. McNamee, of Joliet, in accepting the office of spiritual adviser, pledged himself to go over the state of Illinois in the interests of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union and charged his hearers to tall him to account for his promise at the next annual state convention.

The remarkable set of resolutions embodying the spirit of the total abstinence movement in the Catholic church were presented by the Rev. Father Crimmins, chairman of the committee on resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS.

Your committee on resolutions begs leave to report as follows:

Whereas, We believe the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, factor on this continent in making for better homes, more exemplary citizens, more holy and devoted Catholics, we again pledge ourselves with all the zeal and energy at our command to continue with renewed vigor our fight against the terrible vice of intemperance until we succeed in convincing Catholic people that membership in our total abstinence movement is synonymous with good citizenship and practical Catholicity.

Whereas, Our movement is blessed by the holy fathers, Pope Pius IX, Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius X, and has been heartily commended by the archbishops and bishops of America, we confidently expect the cordial approval and sincere cooperation of the loyal and faithful members of our holy mother church, particularly those who are abstainers from principle rather than from necessity; and

Whereas, The great majority of men who are today the backbone of the total abstinence movement have been total abstainers from boyhood or from early manhood, we believe the best and purest of our Catholic people should affiliate with our splendid society, if for no other purpose than as a protest against intemperance and as a hope their example may serve to encourage others who perhaps may need the advice and encouragement of stronger and more determined associates.

Be it, therefore, resolved:

1. That we rejoice in the fact that so many of our good Catholics are recently embracing the opportunity God has given them to lessen the evil of intemperance and to remove from our midst the greatest and most

prolific source of scandal with which the Catholic Church in this country is afflicted.

2. That we gladly welcome to our support the new total abstinence society known as "The Father Mathew League," and sincerely hope it will grow and flourish all over the land until it becomes a power for good in its chosen field.

3. That we sincerely congratulate those devoted bishops and priests who have so earnestly labored with us during the last year, and sincerely trust that they may continue to lend us their powerful influence, to the end that temperance societies may be instituted in every parish in the state of Illinois.

4. That while we deplore the loss our cause has sustained by the removal from the midst of us of that splendid champion of sobriety and good judgment, his lordship, Bishop Muldoon, still we rejoice at his justly merited promotion and confidently hope that he will not relax his splendid efforts in behalf of our cause in his new field of labor.

5. That we again denounce with all the force and power at our command, the shameful and degrading practices of those Catholic societies which permit under their auspices Saturday night dances and Sunday picnics at which intoxicating liquors are sold, and as Catholics who have the honor of our holy church at heart, we call upon these societies to prevent in future such disgraceful practices so prolific of scandal and so fraught with danger to the youth and manhood of our church and nation.

6. Whereas, The church, through the last plenary council of Baltimore, held twenty-five years ago, decreed that the liquor traffic was a dangerous and an unbecoming business, and called upon those engaged in it to get out and seek a more honorable means of livelihood, and

Whereas, The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that "there is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail. It is not a privilege of a citizen of the United States."

Therefore, As the saloon has no moral or legal right to exist, we call upon all good Catholics to work and vote for its extinction wherever it is possible to do so, depending upon the fact that if the elimination of the saloon increases the consumption of liquor the manufacturers of liquor would welcome its elimination, but the way brewers and distillers fight for the retention of the saloon indicates plainly that its presence means more business for them and consequently more drunkenness and evils that flow from drunkenness.

7. Resolved, That we condemn the saloon trade for its open and shameless violation of Sunday laws prohibiting the sale of liquor on the Lord's day. We regard the open Sunday as now observed as seriously menacing the continuance of our free institutions. We further hold the open saloon on Sunday to be responsible for the weakening of the religious spirit amongst our citizens, which fact alone, if none other can be advanced against it, should be sufficient to condemn it.

8. Resolved, That we recommend the publication known as the Catholic Temperance Advocate to the members of our state and local organizations. The splendid and efficient work of its management during the last year merits our heartiest support and encouragement.

9. Resolved, That in order to early instill into the minds of our children the benefits that accrue to those who voluntarily assume the pledge of total abstinence, we recommend to those in charge of our parochial schools that instruction of a parochial character on the evils attendant upon the use of strong drink form part of their school curriculum.

10. We again, as last year, recommend the formation of Catholic Total Abstinence cadets in every parish.

11. Whereas, Almighty God has seen fit to take from our midst one of our best temperance workers, the late Mrs. Mary McGuire, supreme trustee of the ladies' auxiliary, K. F. M., be it

Resolved, That we extend to the husband and children of the deceased, who are all total abstainers, our heartfelt condolence in their bereavement.

12. Resolved, That we extend to the state officers our sincere thanks for the splendid work they have accomplished during the last year.

13. Resolved, That we extend to his grace, the Most Rev. James Edward Quigley, D. D., archbishop of Chicago, our sincere thanks for the splendid assistance he has rendered our cause during the last year.

INTEMPERANCE MOST PROLIFIC SOURCE OF EVIL.

The sermon of the Rev. Father P. J. O'Callaghan in St. Mary's church followed solemn high mass celebrated by the very Rev. Dr. Purcell, of the Cathedral College, with the Very Rev. D. J. Crimmins, of St. David's church, and the Rev. E. Mallon, of St. Mary's church, as deacon and subdeacon, respectively. The gospel, which preceded the sermon, was taken from Luke, in which Jesus told Simon, one of his disciples on the sea of Galilee, that they should "catch men." In plunging into his subject, the priest said:

There is no such prolific source of evil in the world today as intemperance. I do not hesitate, after years upon the missions, to say that one-half at least of the mortal sins that are committed by Catholics and by those who are outside of the church, with whom I am not so well acquainted, but I have seen the consciences of Catholics by the thousands and the hundreds of thousands; I have seen them in every part of our country, and I do think that I am well within the limits of a conservative estimate when I say that one-half the mortal sins that are committed are inspired by intemperance; and yet there are those who say that they are lovers of Jesus Christ, who are indifferent to the cause, who say that they believe in his gospel, who will not recognize, as the apostle declared in the beginning, that not in chambering and in riotous living, but in sobriety and self-restraint is the kingdom of God to be found.

Whether it is in the colder or more vulgar forms of

treating or in the higher walks of society, what difference does it make whether the victim be a poor unfortunate that is outcast from his home or one going forth from the homes of the wealthy who is sent upon his road to destruction by some fair dame who in a delicate glass offers to him, perhaps with a jest and with a smile or with coaxing, offers him the cup that intoxicates and sends him unto ruin, that makes a life that might be a blessing unto the world a positive curse, that makes an influence that might be wielded unto good a positive evil in the whole world?

Let us rejoice then that we have been willing to do more than we have been forced to do. Let us rejoice, we that are members of the National Union of Total Abstinence, let us rejoice that God's grace has made us interested in his service, so that we are ready to throw whatever influence we have, whether it be great or small, upon the side of sobriety.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The election of officers of the state organization was carried through with the utmost good feeling and the few breaks in unanimity appeared to be on account of candidates desiring to withdraw in the place of others equally admired for their services in the total abstinence cause. The election of the Rev. Father O'Callaghan as president was unanimous, nobody being nominated against him.

The other officers elected follow: Spiritual director, the Rev. Father J. W. McNamee, pastor St. Mary's church, Joliet; vice-president, P. B. Flanagan, Chicago; secretary, Miss Anna Stapleton, Oak Park; financial secretary, Miss Mayme Durkin, Chicago; treasurer, Miss Frances Mortell, Chicago.

DELEGATES TO NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The following delegates to the forthcoming national convention were chosen: John F. Cunneen, Chicago; P. B. Flanagan, Chicago; Miss Margaret Haywood, Joliet. The alternate delegates: John T. Lillis, Chicago; Mrs. W. C. H. Keough, Chicago; W. J. Quinlan, Chicago.

Delegates were elected to attend the convention of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois to be held in Chicago in December as follows: The Rev. Father O'Callaghan, the Rev. Father D. J. Crimmins, the Rev. Father T. M. Kelly, John F. Cunneen, Miss Alida H. O'Connor.

The Rev. Father O'Callaghan and Mr. Cunneen are members of the board of directors of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois.

REPLY TO MAYOR ROSE.

Mrs. Keough, member of the board of education, was responsible for the "Answer to Mayor Rose" feature of the parade plans. The thought ignited in a second and amid rounds of applause it was put through as "special business." Mrs. Keough declared that in his utterances in behalf of the liquor interests, Mayor Rose has sought to convey a false impression to the effect that the Catholic church is in sympathy with the liquor interests.

"Let the parade be the silent answer of Catholics to Mayor Rose," said Mrs. Keough.

An instant later the delegates were busy whispering suggestions to each other as to transparencies to be carried in the parade bearing such sentences as: "The Catholic Answer to Mayor Rose."

Father O'Callaghan had stated that arrangements were being made for a large number of "floats" for the conveyance of delegates through the streets in the course of the parade.

Delegate John J. Brennan, 150 North State street, suggested that an attempt be made to find the largest Catholic Total Abstinence family in Illinois and put it alone on a float in the parade, plainly placarded.

"That's a good idea," said Father O'Callaghan, with enthusiasm.

"Who has the largest total abstinence family in Illinois? It would be a fine thing to put such a family in a prominent position in the parade."

CLEARY CHAMPIONS' TEMPERANCE.

Bishop Muldoon's letter of regret because of his absence was read to the evening meeting and with his name dropped from the program the task of delivering the principal address was assumed gladly by Dr. M. H. Cleary, a physician of Galena, Ill., who has been recognized as a public speaker in support of total abstinence and especially Catholic total abstinence for many years. He spoke in part as follows:

The idea that a church temperance organization is composed of reformed fallen ones is wrong. It is composed of men and women swayed by strong moral impulse that leads them to bear with those who need it against this evil. They are willing to put forth their strength not only for themselves, but for those who have fallen as well. To build up a strong, virulent Catholic spirit in support of this idea of temperance.

I am told that about one-half your city is Catholic. How many of the men in these 7,000 saloons then are Catholic? How could a man stand behind a bar and deal out liquid hell and claim to be a Catholic? If one-half the unfortunate drunkards, the stupefied fathers, the men to whom is dealt out this liquid perdition, are Catholics, is there not reason why our women should

band together for protection from shame, sin, degradation and vice?

You of Chicago may think that the success of temperance here is a thing of only the far distant future. I want to tell you that it is not true. Every day a militant spirit against rum is growing among courageous and virtuous women, and daily they are knocking at the ballot box. That demand will be heard even in rum soaked Chicago.

There is in you too much love and admiration for liquor. In traditions from your ancestry—phrases deceptive and illusive—this soul ruiner has been held up to you and you have accepted the Christian faith emasculated and degenerated by prejudices of your own hearts, until today the claim of the majority to the Catholic church is something ill defined. It will remain so until you accept God's faith fully and make it the law of your life.

The other addresses of the evening were delivered by Father W. J. McNamee, of St. Mary's church, Joliet, and William J. Onahan, each of whom spoke briefly complimenting the organization on its success. The musical numbers were given by Miss Laura Gansel, Miss Margaret Slattery, and the Ravenswood quartet.

THE GLASS OF BEER.

A SMALL QUANTITY OF ALCOHOL LESSENS A MAN'S POWER TO WORK.

IN this question of alcohol the discoveries of the scientific inquirers are a thousand times more trustworthy than the conclusions of doctors formed at the bedside.

Is the pint of beer or glass of whisky or bottle of wine really, then, a help to work? There is not the least doubt that it is not a help, but a great hindrance. Here is a little experiment that was carried out at Heidelberg a few years ago:

Four compositors were made to abstain from alcohol on some days, and on the other days they were dosed with small quantities. The doses were very small and they had no effect. The men set up as much type after the dose as before. This puzzled the scientists, for they knew by experiment that all kinds of drink weaken the heart and paralyze the nerves.

Remembering, however, that all the compositors were moderate drinkers and were so thoroughly used to alcohol that small doses could do little one way or another, they observed what happened after a Sunday carouse.

No. 1 man was in the habit of drinking four glasses of beer every week day and eight on Sunday.

No. 2 drank a couple of glasses daily and four or five on Sunday.

No. 3 seldom drank on week days, but took three glasses on Sunday.

No. 4 took three glasses every week day and five on Sunday.

Now, all these men admitted that they found their work more difficult on Mondays and they made more mistakes. But they had no idea what the effect of the alcohol was on the output. The scientists measured it exactly, and, to the compositors' surprise, found that they did 15 per cent less work on Monday than on other days.

This is only one of many experiments. Doctor Smith got some men to drink alcohol equal to two glasses of whisky or about two and a half pints of beer in the twenty-four hours. Then he let them rest for twelve hours, after which he tested them. The result was startling. Their capacity to add figures was 20 per cent less. Their power to remember was 70 per cent less.

Other experiments showed that very moderate quantities of drink reduced the power to make measurements with the eye, to perform any feat of strength, to reason and also reduced a man's mind.

Now, all these powers are essential to good work, and so it is clear that alcohol lessens a man's power to work. Doctor Smith's conclusion was that alcohol, whether as beer, whisky, wine or anything else, "not only destroys the beneficial effects of practice in every occupation, but depresses every kind of intellectual and muscular ability." This is what an amount equal to from two to four glasses of beer daily effects.—London Answers.

The Working Classes.

Mr. John Burns, the British labor member of the Liberal Cabinet, said not long ago: "The fault I have to find with the working classes is the meanness of their wants, the misery of their desires, the poverty of their aims, tastes and ideals. They could make a new heaven and earth for themselves with the \$15,000,000 a week they waste on drink and various forms of gambling."

Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement; nothing can be done without hope.—Keller.

DOINGS AT DWIGHT.

J. R. Oughton, President of The Leslie E. Keeley Co., accompanied by his brother, Dr. Charles M. Oughton of Chicago, is enjoying a fishing trip on the Au Sable River, Michigan. A letter received from Mr. Oughton recently says that the trout fishing is excellent and the weather fine. It is to be regretted that the game laws of Michigan are so strict that none of the catch can be taken out of the State.

Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, of St. Louis, the well known Vice President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, lectured at the Pontiac Chautauqua on Sunday, August 1st. It was the last day of the Chautauqua and there was a large crowd in attendance. Many friends of Mrs. Lake from Dwight and vicinity were present and were glad to notice that, as usual, she acquitted herself in a manner to make her friends proud of her.

Col. Frank L. Smith's many friends are being constantly reminded that he is across the water; letters and postal cards received here show that he has not forgotten the people at home who are not so fortunate as to be able to take a long vacation. A letter from him was recently published in The Star and Herald, giving the writer's impressions of Ireland. Colonel Smith is accompanied by his wife and they will remain abroad about three months, returning early in September.

Mr. Martin Nelson, bookkeeper for The Leslie E. Keeley Co., has just returned from a two weeks' vacation looking much improved by reason of his outing. Mr. F. A. Haise, the cashier, leaves on Tuesday, August 3d.

Dr. Charles L. Hamilton, of the Medical Staff of The Keeley Institute, is taking a five weeks' outing in the woods and on the lakes of Canada; he and his family are at Fenelon Falls on the Kawartha Lakes. Letters received from him recently indicate that there is a good deal of rain, which interferes somewhat with the fishing. Mr. Haise and family intend visiting the same locality before they return.

Dwight never presented a more attractive appearance than it has this summer. There has been an abundance of rain and in consequence the lawns and gardens are in fine condition for this season of the year. Out in the country the corn fields are resplendent; the oats have been cut and the yield is said to be unusually large.

Rev. John F. Power, the Parish Priest of St. Patrick's Church in Dwight, was chosen by Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, to accompany the newly appointed Bishop Dunne to Washington, where the Papal Delegate to the United States notified him officially of his appointment as Bishop of Peoria. Bishop-elect Dunne was accompanied by four priests, two from the Archdiocese of Chicago, and two from the Diocese of Peoria, Father Power being one. Father Power takes great interest in the patients at the Institute and is very helpful to all who seek his ministrations and to some who do not seek them.

The Livingston Hotel is deservedly popular among automobile people, many of whom arrange to stop there over night and even longer on their tours. Manager McIntosh is found to be genial and thoughtful and the reputation of the hotel has improved under his management.

The Grand Central, at which for a number of years Keeley patients boarded, has recently changed hands. The new owners of the hotel have plans of their own, into which the Keeley work does not enter, and Keeley patients no longer board there. Keeley patients recommending patients to Dwight should be careful not to send them to the Grand Central, as such a course would involve explanations and delays which can be avoided by leaving the selection of the boarding place to the Institute people.

A new Institute has been opened at Aberdeen, South Dakota. It is to be managed by Cyrus Arndt, who has for so many years successfully managed The Keeley Institute at Sioux Falls in the same State. Mr. Arndt believes that the new Institute will be a success, as it is conveniently located and is accessible from many parts of the state which it is difficult to reach from Sioux Falls. Very desirable quarters for the Institute have been obtained and the citizens of Aberdeen are welcoming the new enterprise in an enthusiastic manner.

Dr. J. E. Blaine, for so many years on the Medical Staff at Dwight, is passing his vacation in crossing and recrossing the ocean. Doctor Blaine's close application to his work has made a long vacation imperative. On his return he intends to spend a few days at Dwight before resuming charge of the Institute at St. Louis.

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY ON ALCOHOL.

THE doctrine that temperance is the foundation of national prosperity and efficiency was strongly enforced by Sir Victor Horsley in speaking at Whitefield Tabernacle, London, on Sunday, January 17. He also asserted, says The Pioneer, the desirability and practicability of high license duties. Dealing with the question of alcohol in the physiological, economic and moral aspects, Sir Victor denied that it produced cheerfulness, and ridiculed Lord Robertson's statement in the House of Lords that any reduction in the consumption of alcohol would destroy the jollity of the English people, as well as Lord Halsbury's declaration that alcohol was one of the most important foods of the working man. The income of the nation had risen 50 per cent in ten years, but could they say that it was wisely spent when they saw that forty millions were spent on corn, and no less than £160,000,000 on alcohol. When money was thrown away like this what was it fair to turn around and complain of commercial depression? As to the question of a higher license duty, he did not think that many of them realized that New York alone gathered by taxation on the sale of alcohol more than the whole of the United Kingdom, with a population ten times as large. Statements that we had reached the limits of taxation were founded on sheer ignorance. Did higher taxes reduce the number of public-houses? Most certainly they would do so, as he had seen in Canada. He did not believe in "disinterested management," or in municipalization, but that from the moral, economic and physiological points of view the better life of the nation demanded the disuse of alcohol.

Alcohol and the Criminal.

In a Mexican district which has an estimated population of 600,000 inhabitants there is reported for the recent year a total of 12,234 violations of the law. According to the official report of the attorney general for the district, 5,566 of these crimes were committed while the offender was under the influence of liquor. The official affirms that alcohol is the chief element in the increase of criminality, and was the determining factor in 4,786 cases of murderous assaults, and a large majority of the minor crimes committed in the district. Among the ancient Mexicans intemperance was accounted a grievous crime, and was punishable with the severest penalties. Modern legislation for the suppression of crime must deal with the liquor evil as an important and primary cause.

A Little Girl Inventor.

That a little schoolgirl of fourteen should invent something remarkable enough to arouse the interest of trained engineers, something important enough to lead a government to treat for its purchase, seems hardly to be believed and yet it is what has just happened in Belgium, according to the New York Tribune. The schoolgirl is Ernesta Carston di Lusi, and her invention is a kind of turntable which will allow a vehicle to revolve on its own axis so that it can reverse its direction in a moment. Every one who drives, whether a horse or an automobile, is naturally interested, for the device will, it is said, revolutionize the present methods of traction; but it seems odd that it was a little girl who first thought of it.

THE KEELEY CURE.

SOME IMPORTANT FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

PEOPLE WHO TAKE THE CURE—EFFECT ON THE GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—PRICE OF TREATMENT, ETC.

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a diseased condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder that the victim yields? To bring about a cure, therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition. The Keeley Remedies are absolutely a specific for this disease.

How Long Does It Take?

The cure of drunkenness is usually effected in four weeks. All patients receive a thorough physical examination, and the treatment is adapted to the needs of each individual case. Alcoholic stimulants are supplied to patients undergoing treatment for drunkenness during the first few days, after which the desire disappears, and, hence, there is no struggle to "quit," no craving and no delirium. If upon arrival a patient is unable to care for himself, he is placed under the supervision of an attendant until sober. There is no sickness caused by the treatment, and the physical condition improves from the start.

At the end of four weeks the patient is vastly improved, mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active and thought consecutive, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright and complexion clear; morally changed because of his disgust for his former life, and his determination to live properly in the future. It is a common thing to hear a Keeley patient say, "I feel ten years younger."

Opium, Morphine, Etc.

Opium, morphine, laudanum, cocaine, chloral, and other similar or kindred drugs, when used continuously, induce diseases, each of which is characteristic of the substance used. The definite symptom is always the necessity for repeated doses, which is commonly designated as "craving." The use of these drugs is usually begun to induce sleep or to relieve pain, and the victim has the disease firmly fastened on him before he realizes his condition. It is then discovered that the desire for the accustomed "dose" dominates all other desires, and even death itself is scarcely more to be dreaded than the cutting off of the usual supply. These diseases have been considered incurable, but Doctor Keeley has demonstrated otherwise. They yield to scientific treatment, and from four to six weeks only are required to complete a cure. This statement may seem startling, but it is true. We will gladly refer you to people who have been cured and who have standing that will bear investigation. Send for printed matter on opium and other drug using.

No Confinement.

One feature of the Keeley Treatment that commends it to those needing it, is that there is absolutely no confinement. Patients are required to take the remedies with the utmost regularity, and are expected to attend the lectures, but the remainder of each day is disposed of as the patient pleases. It is needless to say that no improper conduct is permitted, and that liberty does not mean license. No one visiting Dwight would suppose, unless informed, that the fine-looking, quiet, well-behaved people observed at the hotels and on the street are there for treatment—yet such is the case. They appear in all respects to be temporary residents of the village, and are so recognized. Lifelong friendships are formed and good comradeship prevails.

Effect on the General Health.

There can be but one truthful answer and that is that it is beneficial in every sense of the word. There is no nausea or other sickness caused by our treatment. The remedies build up the nervous system, and it follows from this that the general health must be improved. Ask our patients or graduates; they know and will tell

you truthfully. Do not ask a saloon-keeper, or other person whose interests are against our work. Information upon any subject should be asked of those who know, not of those who guess. The Keeley Cure is now more than twenty-six years of age—time enough, the most captious will admit, to test its merits and the permanency of its effects. Could we remain in business more than twenty years and still be prosperous if we injured the health of our patients?

What Our Remedies Do.

These remedies are reconstructive nerve tonics which restore the nerve cells to a normal, healthy condition, the same as before being poisoned by alcohol or toxic drugs. When this is done the "craving" disappears because, as has been proved, that is a symptom of a diseased condition of these cells. A parallel case is that of a cough, which indicates a diseased condition of throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs; when the cause is ascertained and removed, the cough disappears.

Owing to lack of space these diseases and addictions, their causes and cure, cannot be fully described, but



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

literature upon any and all of these subjects will be sent free upon application. We will consider it a favor to be permitted to prove our assertions.

Who Takes the Keeley Cure?

We have cured thousands of veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the National Soldiers' Homes of the country, whose ages range from fifty to eighty years.

We have cured several children under five years of age who were addicted to morphine and opium, such addictions having been acquired through the mother's own addiction or direct administration. No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

We have cured hundreds of soldiers in the Regular Army of the United States, and have letters from officers of all ranks, from Major-Generals to Lieutenants, commending the Keeley Cure in the highest terms.

We have cured senators, congressmen, lawyers, clergymen, business men, merchants, laborers, men of all occupations and of no occupation, to the number of more than 300,000. Among them are 17,000 physicians.

"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

All who have taken our treatment are perfectly satisfied with the results. This is a broad statement and would hardly be made if not true. Nine-tenths of all our patients come to us accompanied by, or through the influence of, our graduates, and this is the best evidence of the efficacy of our cure. In fact, Keeley graduates are so enthusiastic about their condition that some 30,000 of them have formed an organization known as "The Keeley League." This is the only temperance society in the world composed exclusively of men who have been drunkards. Men and women who have taken the cure are the best judges of its effects, and there are more than 300,000 of these. We will refer you to reliable and well-known people in your immediate vicinity if you ask us to. Send for "Evidence and Proof from Reliable Sources."

The Livingston Hotel.

The magnificent new Livingston Hotel is owned by The Leslie E. Keeley Co., and is maintained primarily for the accommodation of patients taking treatment at the Institute. This hotel is three stories in height, and is equipped with every modern convenience. The style of architecture is colonial, insuring broad, cool verandas and spacious rooms. The electric lights, steam heat, and hot water are supplied by our own plant adjacent to the hotel. The hotel itself is absolutely the most thoroughly fireproof hotel in the country, as there is no woodwork in the construction except the doors and window-frames, the floors being tile, mosaic, or monolith. Every precaution is taken to insure cleanliness and a thorough sanitary condition. The plumbing is the most modern and practical system, and absolutely precludes the possibility of any danger from this source. The Livingston is arranged upon such a plan that patients can have, if they so desire, the absolute privacy of a home. There are several entrances, a ladies' parlor, a reception room, an amusement room, besides one for correspondence and reading, private baths and lavatories, a telephone in each room, in fact everything needful to minister to the comfort and convenience of guests. A feature which pleases all, is a well-selected library of standard works for the free use of patients. The dining-room is a marvel of beauty and good taste, elegant decorations, beautiful highly polished columns, mosaic floor and fine service, while the kitchen is equipped with every appliance to secure excellent results, as far as fare is concerned; the construction and arrangement insures absolute cleanliness at all times and under all circumstances. The office is spacious and elegant, with a colonial mantel and open fireplace, mosaic floor and all modern appointments.

Lady patients will find that residence in the Livingston will insure them any degree of privacy which they desire; our attendants and nurses are under the same roof, and thus will be always within call. Each lady receives treatment in her own room and there is no reason why, if she does not mention the fact herself, that she will be regarded otherwise than as a visitor at the hotel. No pains or expense has been spared to add to the comfort of patients and make their brief residence in Dwight pleasant as well as beneficial. Send for pamphlet containing illustrations of Livingston Hotel and attractive features of Dwight.

Send for printed matter pertaining to the Home Treatment of the Tobacco Habit and neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion.

DWIGHT is the home of the Keeley Cure. It is on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, 73 miles from Chicago, 36 miles from Joliet, 81 miles from Peoria, 52 miles from Bloomington, 111 miles from Springfield, Ill., and has direct railroad communication with all these cities. It is accessible, healthy, progressive and "wide awake." All communications confidential and literature free on application. Address

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.,
Dwight, Illinois.

Chicago Office

Suite 906 Rector Building
122 Monroe Street

Long Distance and Local Telephone, Central 3555

PRINTED matter on Alcoholic Inebriety, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and other drug addictions, Tobacco using and Neurasthenia, as well as any information regarding the Keeley Cure may be obtained at our Chicago Office.

All arrangements for the treatment of patients at Dwight may be made at the Chicago Office, and patients will be visited and accompanied to Dwight if desired.

Patients en route to Dwight will be directed as to trains, etc.

The Leslie E. Keeley Company



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Authorized Keeley Institutes

The following is an authentic list of the Institutes established under and by authority of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., and which are known by the uniform name of "THE KEELEY INSTITUTE." In each of these establishments the remedies used are prepared in our laboratory at Dwight, Illinois, and they are administered by physicians who have been specially instructed by us at Dwight in their administration and in the Keeley method of treating Inebriety, Drug and Narcotic addictions. The address of the Institute is given in each case, and this list will be corrected from time to time as may become necessary.

Dwight, Illinois, June, 1909.

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.,
THE PARENT INSTITUTE

ARKANSAS Hot Springs, 702 Park Avenue	NEW HAMPSHIRE Manchester, 982 Hanover Street
CALIFORNIA San Francisco, 2930 Sacramento Street Los Angeles, 1022 South Flower Street	NEW YORK Buffalo, 799 Niagara Street White Plains
COLORADO Denver, 18th and Curtis Streets	NORTH CAROLINA Greensboro
CONNECTICUT West Haven	NORTH DAKOTA Fargo
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA Washington, 211 North Capitol Street	OHIO Columbus, 1087 Dennison Avenue
FLORIDA Jacksonville	OKLAHOMA Oklahoma, City, 1225 North Broadway
GEORGIA Atlanta, 229 Woodward Avenue	OREGON Portland, 71 East Eleventh Street
ILLINOIS Dwight	PENNSYLVANIA Philadelphia, 812 North Broad Street Pittsburg, 4246 Fifth Avenue
INDIANA Marion Plainfield	RHODE ISLAND Providence, 306 Washington Street
IOWA Des Moines, 706 Fourth Street	SOUTH CAROLINA Columbia, 1329 Lady Street
KENTUCKY Crab Orchard	SOUTH DAKOTA Sioux Falls, Spring Avenue and Fifth Street
MAINE Portland, 151 Congress Street	TEXAS Dallas, Bellevue Place
MASSACHUSETTS Lexington	UTAH Salt Lake City, 334 W. South Temple Street
MICHIGAN Grand Rapids, 265 South College Avenue	VIRGINIA Richmond, 130 North Thirty-Second Street
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MISSOURI Kansas City, 716 West Tenth Street St. Louis, 2803 Locust Street	WASHINGTON Seattle, 3433 Meridian Avenue
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NEBRASKA Omaha, Twenty-fifth and Cass Streets	

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ENGLAND London, 9 West Bolton Gardens, S. W.
MEXICO Puebla, 7A de los Aztecas, No. 1

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Neurasthenia.

The Keeley Remedies have now been before the public for more than a quarter of a century and are recognized by the public at large as well as the medical profession as being the most efficacious treatment in existence for the diseases



THE LIVINGSTON HOTEL

which they are designed to overcome. Printed matter, consisting of testimonials both from people who have taken the cure and others who have simply observed its effects, will be furnished free upon application; also printed matter descriptive of the diseases we treat and the claims made in behalf of our remedies. All correspondence strictly confidential.



LABORATORY AND OFFICES OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

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THE BANNER OF GOLD



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THE CALL OF AUTUMN.

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.



Trudging, trudging through the town
By dingy doors and walls,
I dream of hedges turning brown
And hear the mystic calls.
I sense the murmur of the trees
With shadows dark and green
Where he who is acquainted sees
The fairies dance between.

The little roads that wind and turn
And clamber up the hills
Past where the woodbines flash and burn,
Or loiter by the rills—
They send a coaxing call to me
To come and fare afar,
To wait for dusk's great mystery—
The blazing evening star.

And orchards with their laden boughs
Are whispering the while
Of breezes that come there to drowse—
They call me mile and mile.
The good bare fields where golden glow
Bloom all about the edge
Are calling that 'tis time to go
A-tramping through the sedge.

Ho, dusty paths and grass-grown trails,
They fain would know my feet,
And I can hear their far-off hail
Heft in the city street.
The grapes are bursting full of wine
And purpling in the sun;
They send a flavor fair and fine
That thrills the blood of one.

From silver dawn to ruddy dusk
I go as one in bond,
While tangled scents of fruit and huck
Come to me from beyond.
O, trudging, trudging, through the town
By soulless doors and walls,
I dream of tramping up and down
The roads where autumn calls.
—Chicago Evening Post.

AN UNACCEPTED CHALLENGE.

BY HENRY FIELDING.



WO young men, one with a black leather cap on his head and military buttons on his coat, sat in close conversation together in the smoking room in a hotel at Cologne. The subject that occupied their attention seemed to be an exciting one, at least to him of the military buttons and black cap, for he emphasized strongly, knit his brows awfully, and at last went so far as to swear a terrible oath.

"Don't permit yourself to get excited now," interrupted the friend, "it won't help matters at all."

"Oh, I've got no patience!"

"Then it's time you had some," coolly returned his friend. "If you intend pushing your way into the good graces of Kitty Brownlow, you must do something more than fume about the matter of difference that has sprung up."

"Yes, but to think of a poor scribbler of an author—an author, bah! a scribbler!—to think, I say, of a spiritless creature like that Weldon pushing himself between me and such a girl as Kitty Brownlow—and even gaining her notice—it's too bad. He has sonneted her eyebrows, no doubt, flattered her in verse and prose until she doesn't know what or where she is. And in this way he has become a kind of rival. But I'll not stand it, I'll—I'll—I'll—"

"Well, what will you do?"

"Oh, I'll—I'll wing him, that's what I'll do. I'll challenge the puppy and shoot him."

And the young Lieutenant, for such he was in rank, flung forth his right arm, *a la duello*, and looked pistols and death.

"But he won't fight."

"Won't he?" and the Lieutenant's face brightened. "Then I'll post him as a coward. That'll hurt him most of all. All women hate a coward. I'll post him, and cowhide him into the bargain, if necessary."

"Posting will do," rather sarcastically replied his friend. "But on what pretense will you challenge him?"

"I'll make one. I'll insult him the first time I meet him, and then, if he says anything, I'll challenge and shoot him."

"That will be quite gentlemanly; quite according to the code of honor," returned his friend quietly.

The young military gentleman to whom we have introduced the reader was Reginald Bostwick, quite a good-looking fellow, though not altogether the

Adonis he fancied himself. He had fallen deeply in love with the charms of Kitty Brownlow, and was making rapid inroads upon her heart—at least he flattered himself that he was—when a young man well known in literary circles, Bernard Weldon, made his appearance, and was received with a degree of favor that confounded the officer, who had already begun to think himself sure of the prize. Bernard had a much readier tongue, and a great deal more in his head than the other, and could, therefore, in a matter of mind, at least, appear to much better advantage than his rival. He had also written and published one or two books, which gave him a standing as an author. Take him all in all, he was a rival to be feared, and Reginald was not long in making the discovery. What was to be done? A military man must not be put down and beaten off by a mere civilian. The rival must be polished off in some way. The professional way was, as has been seen, thought of first. Weldon must be challenged and killed off, and the coast would be clear.

A few days after this brave and honorable decision the officer met the author in a public place and purposely jostled him rudely. Weldon said nothing, thinking it possible that it might have been only an accident. But he remained near Bostwick to give him the chance of repeating the insult, if such was his intention. It was not long before the author was again jostled in a still rudier manner than before, and at the same time some offensive word was muttered by the officer. This was in the presence of a number of persons, who could not help hearing, seeing and understanding all that passed. Satisfied that the insult was intended, Weldon looked Bostwick in the face for a moment, and then asked, loud enough to be heard all around:

"Did you jostle me intentionally?"

"I did," was the angry retort.

"Gentlemen never do such things."

As Weldon said this he looked with marked emphasis steadily in the officer's face.

"You shall hear from me, sir!"

As the officer made this reply he turned and walked away with a military air.

"There's trouble for you, Bernard. He'll challenge you," said two or three of that gentleman's friends, who instantly gathered about him. "He's a perfect fire-eater."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly; he's an officer—fighting's his trade."

"Well, let him fight."

"What will you do?"

"Accept the challenge, of course; what else?"

"And fight him?"

"Unquestionably."

"He'll shoot you."

"I'm not afraid."

Weldon returned to his lodgings, where he found a letter from Bostwick already awaiting him, that officer evidently being impatient for an encounter with his adversary.

The next morning two friends of the belligerents were closeted together for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of the duel.

"The weapon?" asked the friend of the military man. "Your principal, by the laws of honor, has the choice, and also the right to name the time and place of meeting."

"Yes, we understand. All is settled."

"He will fight, then?"

"Fighting! Certainly. Bernard Weldon is no coward."

"Well, then, name the weapons."

"Two good fountain pens."

"Sir!" exclaimed the other in profound astonishment.

"The weapons are to be two of the best fountain pens; the place of meeting, the register office, and the time, tomorrow morning, bright and early."

"Do you mean to insult us?" This was said with sternness.

"By no means."

"You can't be serious."

"Never more so in my life. By the rules of honor the challenged has the right to choose the weapons and the time and place of meeting. Is that not so?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. Your principal has challenged mine. All these rights are of course his, and he is justified in choosing the weapons with which he is most familiar. The weapon he can use best is the pen, and he chooses that. If Bostwick had been the challenged party he would, of course, have named pistols, with which he is most familiar, and Weldon would have been called a coward, a poltroon, or something

equally as bad, if, after sending a challenge, he had objected to the weapons chosen by his adversary. Will your principal find himself in any different position if he declines this meeting upon like grounds? I think not. Pens are as good as pistols, and will do as much execution."

"Fighting with pens! Preposterous!"

"Not quite so preposterous as you may think. Mr. Weldon has more than intimated that Mr. Bostwick is no gentleman. For this he is challenged to single combat which is to prove him to be either a gentleman or not. Surely the most sensible weapon with which to do this is the pen. Pistols won't demonstrate the matter. Only the pen can do it. So the pen is chosen. In the Register tomorrow morning my friend stands ready to prove that he is a gentleman, and your friend may prove that he is one, and that a gentleman has the right to insult publicly and without provocation whomsoever he pleases. Depend upon it, you will find this quite as serious an affair as if pistols had been used."

"I did not come here to be trifled with."

"There is no trifling in the matter at all. I am in earnest. The Register is the battlefield; the time, as early tomorrow morning as you please. Are you prepared for the meeting?"

"No."

"Do you understand the consequences?"

"What consequences?"

"Your principal will be posted as a coward before night."

"Are you mad?"

"No; cool and earnest. We fully understand what we are about."

The officer's second was nonplussed. He was unprepared for such a position of affairs.

"I'll see you in the course of an hour," he said at length, rising.

"Very well; you will find me here."

"Is all settled?" asked the valiant Lieutenant, as his second came into his room at the hotel, where he was impatiently pacing the floor.

"Settled! No, nor likely to be. I objected to the weapons, and, indeed, to the whole arrangements."

"Objected to the weapons! And pray what did he name—a mitrailleuse, or a cannon?"

"No, nor a galling gun; but an infernal pen."

"A what?"

"Why, curse the fellow, a pen! You are to use pens—the place of meeting, the Register office; the time, tomorrow morning. He is to prove that you are no gentleman, and you are to prove that you are one, and that a gentleman is at all times privileged to insult whomsoever he pleases without provocation."

"He is a cowardly fool."

"If these terms are not accepted he threatens to post you as a coward before night."

"What?"

"You must accept, or be posted. Think of that!"

The precise terms in which the lieutenant swore and the manner in which he fumed for the next five minutes need not be told. He was called back to his sober senses by the question:

"Do you accept the terms of the meeting?"

"No; of course not; the fellow's a fool."

"Then you consent to be posted. How'll that sound?"

"I'll cut off the rascal's ears if he dares attempt such a thing."

"That won't secure Kitty Brownlow, the cause of the contest."

"Hang it, no!"

"With pens for weapons that would be killing you a little too quickly."

"No doubt. But the public won't bear him out in such an outrage—in such a violation of all the laws of honor."

"By the code of honor, the challenged party has the right to choose the weapons and the time and place of meeting."

"I know—"

"And you are afraid to meet the man you have challenged upon the terms he has proposed—that is all plain and simple enough. The world will understand that."

"But what's to be done?"

"You must fight, apologize, or be posted. There is no other alternative. To be posted won't do. The laugh would be too strongly against you."

"True; what then?"

"It must be made up some way or another."

"So I think."

"Will you write an apology?"

"I don't know—that's too humiliating."
 "It's the less of two evils."

So at last the valorous lieutenant thought. When the seconds again met it was to agree upon a settlement of the difficulty. This could only be done by a very humble apology, which was made the next day.

The young officer left the city a little wiser than when he came. Weldon and his second said but little of the matter; but a few choice friends were let into the secret and that is how we heard it. Among these was Kitty Brownlow, who not long afterward gave her hand and heart to the redoubtable author.

As for the lieutenant, he declared that he would as soon come in contact with a torpedo as an author with his infernal pen. He understood pistols, small swords, rifles, and even cannon; but he couldn't stand up when penwork was the order of the day; the odds would be too much against him.

DRUNKENNESS AND HEREDITY.

BY LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., LL. D.

[The following article was published some years since. It is of importance at this time because it answers the questions that constantly arise regarding the heredity of inebriety.]

ONLY a short time ago, the doctrine was prevalent that drinking had but one cause and that was vice. Drinking was, then, a licensed crime. The government took the money as a license, or the government, under this doctrine, compounded the felony. I think drinking is a vice—when a man begins drinking; but when he becomes a drunkard, then he drinks because the alcohol has caused the disease of alcoholism. He drinks because he is a slave to alcohol. He is no more responsible for drinking—when a drunkard—than a man is for having a chill or fever when he is poisoned by malaria. The drunkard will stop drinking for a few days, or weeks, or months, perhaps. You may say then, why not stop continuously? But this is a law of the disease of alcoholism. A man may have an attack of ague and may then go two days, or a week, or two or three weeks, or even a year, without a paroxysm. You may say if a man can throw off the disease for a week, or month, or a year, why can't he do so continuously? The reason he can't is because the nature of the disease is to cause these paroxysms periodically. If the malarial disease is cured, the paroxysms will cease forever, and the same law is found to hold good with alcoholism.

No end of evidence has always been forthcoming that drunkenness is hereditary. I believe it is all mistaken or shortsighted evidence. The daughters of drunkards are notably temperance people. Every one knows that the direct line of heredity is from father to daughter and mother to son. The mothers of drunkards are usually the purest and best of women—so are the mothers of sober men.

But what I believe about heredity is that in relation to drunkenness, it tends to prevent drinking. The same law holds good in all of the so-called diseases, as consumption, scrofula, plague and all diseases. To understand this, you must know that in all diseases there are two main factors or forces—the action of a poison and the physiological resistance to the poison. There is no way of getting a resistance to a poison except by fighting the poison, or by being poisoned. If a man takes poison and is not killed, then the next time he can take a larger quantity, because he has acquired, by being poisoned, a larger resistance of physiological character, to the poison. The more poison, while life lasts, the more resistance, or, in other words, the more poison a man can take without killing him.

In ordinary health a man can take only a small dose of morphine. If he keeps on taking the poison, the more he takes, the more resistance he will have, until he can take a bottle full of morphia at a dose. In thinking of poisoning and of all diseases, we must think in these terms of force and resistance to force, otherwise we will doubtless make mistakes. If, then, a man can acquire, by long continued poisonings with morphine, a resistance to the poison sufficient to enable him to safely swallow morphia enough to kill ten men, he has increased his resisting power to the drug.

Now this power of resisting drugs or poisons—whisky, tobacco, opium, typhoid poison, consumption poison and all other poisons—is a physiological and anatomical quality of the nervous system. It is, in fact, a quality of every tissue cell of a man's body, and the quality of resisting poisons is transmitted by

hereditary descent. It is this quality which gives people immunity from diseases. It is this quality which prevents people from having small-pox after they have been vaccinated. It is this quality which prevents six-sevenths of the people of the world from dying from consumption, though the remaining one-seventh die of this disease. The people who inherit a resistance to the disease do not have the consumption. Those who inherit a weak resistance die with the disease.

All people are equally exposed to all diseases, as a general rule, but only a small portion are susceptible to any one disease. The reason is that they inherit a resistance to the disease from an ancestry who acquired the resistance from a long combat with poison, lasting through many generations. The only reason why all people are not drunkards is because so many of them inherit a resistance to alcohol. Some men, during an illness, can take alcohol as medicine; others, if given the same quantity, will be drunkards. The only reason is because the former inherit a resistance to alcohol and they inherit it from an ancestry who drank the poison, and thereby acquired the resistance and transmitted it.

Native Australians, native Americans, or other aborigines, who did not inherit Noah's brew, will all become drunkards alike, if furnished with whisky. None of them have any physical resistance to alcohol, as a heritage; but throughout the countries of corn, rye and the grape, only a small portion of the actual consumers of the fermented product will become drunkards or are drunkards. Nothing can be clearer than the proposition that if all people had a physical resistance to alcohol, sufficient to prevent them from showing any intoxicating effects from any quantity, that no one would ever become an inebriate. It is equally true that if alcohol is drunk a tolerance to it can only be acquired by building up a physical resistance to it in this manner and by heredity.

If a man who takes poison, who takes a disease, or eats opium or drinks whisky, cannot create in his tissue cells a variation of structure, enabling him to resist the poison, then the poison will kill him, or the disease will kill him.

The disease of alcoholism is caused by the poison of alcohol, resisted by the vital integrity of the cells. The disease consists of a variation of the cells, enabling them to resist the poison. The drunkard's disease is caused by poison resisted by society, family, morality, religion, civilization and all that goes to make life worth living, as well as by the physiological forces of his heart's blood and his nerve cells.

But this is not all. The man so diseased will continue to drink rhythmically. His persistence in drinking is a part of and the main part of his disease. Can we make it clear and plain why a drunkard will continue to drink in spite of everybody and everything good? I think if we examine the laws of disease, relating to the actions of poisons, and compare them with similar laws in the physical and mental world, that we can make the question and its answer plainly understood.

Why does the drunkard continue to drink? It is true that in a drunkard his disease is caused by alcohol, but it is also true that in this disease, when once it is established, alcohol is a necessity. The drunkard is diseased because he drank whisky with his friends, or socially, or took it as a medicine, or for any reason whatever that caused him to begin drinking; but he continues to drink because his disease demands alcohol. Why does the disease caused by alcohol demand more alcohol?

The law of life is, whether vegetable or human life, that a change to new conditions, if more or less abrupt, is difficult and may be painful, because it requires organic changes and a new adaptation, and that any adaptation to any sort of condition, in which a person can live at all, necessitates the presence of that condition in order to live the most comfortably. This is the reason why the disease of alcoholism requires the presence of alcohol. The absence of alcohol causes a sort of pain that the drunkard will not endure if he can get his drinks, and it does not follow that such a person, under such conditions may not drink, though he may know that the poison will ruin him. It is very easy to say that the drunkard could resist the craving or appetite for drink if he would, and that many often do; but the fact remains that the majority of them do not, and our business is with the lost sheep of Israel.

I think the physiological and anatomical basis for the explanation of periodicity in drunkenness is easily found and understood. That drunkenness is periodical must be admitted. The inebriates and

their immediate friends, as well as their enemies, all know this fact. If we have a rhythm in the results or in the phenomena of this world—whether in physical, mental or biological effects, the natural inference will be that the things or forces which underlie them all must also be rhythmical. I have said that all things and all phenomena are the products of opposing forces which are unequal. If all election forces were exactly equal, no public officer would ever be elected. If gravity and the attraction of the moon were equal on the ocean, there would be no tides. If the sun's heat and the surface temperature of the earth were equal, there would be no rain. If the volcanic forces in the earth and the resistance of its crust had always been equal, there would be no ranges of mountains. If the poison of the microbe and the resistance of the tissue cells to poison were equal, there would be no disease. If a man's physical or vital resistance to the poison of alcohol were equal to all the alcohol his stomach could hold, no man would ever get drunk. He couldn't. But having an understanding that all forces are rhythmical, and all things are products of opposing forces acting against each other, unequally, let us look at diseases and see if the law holds good.

Epidemics do not prevail continuously. They occur periodically. In a fever the temperature is not always the same. In typhoid, the morning temperature is 102 degrees, while the evening temperature may be 105 degrees. All pain is naturally rhythmical. If the toothache, even, were a constant quantity, the toothache would kill its victim.

People prevent epidemics by fighting their rhythmical returns. They combat diseases by interposing remedies which break up the settled rhythms of chill and fever.

Right here is the secret of the cure of inebriety. The chronic inebriate acquires a resistance to alcohol when he has a drunken fit. His family, friends, his will and his tissue cells resist it. All these things make such an impression on his mind he stops drinking for a while. But these resisting forces lose their power in time, and then the clamor of tissue cells for alcohol is again predominant and he goes off on another spree.

From this standpoint, a drunkard is made up of the rhythmical predominance of all the forces which lead him to drink and of the forces which prevent him from drinking. If all these forces could remain equal, he would be naturally cured, but they never remain equal. My remedy breaks up this rhythm. It puts the inebriate into an entirely new sphere, externally and internally. It is very like, and just as effectual, as giving a man who has the ague a quantity of quinine and a change of climate. It breaks up the regular swing of the pendulum which ticks against sobriety at one extreme and into debauchery at the other.

Society naturally, or necessarily, looks at the drunkard from different standpoints. From the scientific standpoint society regards the drunkard as a diseased and poisoned lunatic, and so he is. The larger number of crimes are the work of men who are under the influence of liquor. The drunkard becomes a social outcast in proportion as the sentiment against drinking is developed in the public mind. The inebriate is held to be morally responsible because he voluntarily takes the poison. But in this view of the case, society at large is responsible for all the crimes that the drunkard commits, and for the disease of inebriety. Society at large is responsible for all preventable diseases, including inebriety.

The millennium will not reach this world until humanity is emancipated from poisons. It makes no difference whether the poison is that of a disease microbe, or if it is a drug which people consider and use as a remedy. We want no poisons of any kind. If the disease poisons are banished, the antidotes, which are equally poisons, will fall themselves. I believe in prevention rather than cure if it can be had.

But great reforms come slowly. When typhoid, consumption, malaria, sewer gas and kindred diseases and poisons are banished from the world, the average duration of human life will be lengthened twenty-five years, and preventable diseases, including inebriety, will be unknown.

"Besides the general knowledge which I presume most people possess of the excellent work done by the Keeley Cure, I happen to know intimately several cases of its triumphant working; I can therefore heartily endorse it."—Rev. Cameron Mann.

The BANNER of GOLD

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THE BANNER OF GOLD,

122 Monroe Street. CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

MATE PALMER, Editor.

A QUIET BUT POWERFUL FACTOR IN THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

"OUR town went dry, but the majority was small. This was the time when the votes of Keeley graduates counted," said a well-known railroad man shortly after the election last spring. "We put in a lot of quiet work, but it saved the day."

This incident calls attention to a factor in the prohibition wave which is not generally understood. This factor is that great army of men who have been freed from the drink curse by means of the Keeley treatment. And what an army it is!—an army composed of men of every calling and every gradation of society; of representatives of every profession and every branch of trade; an army which includes statesmen, soldiers, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, merchants, farmers and mechanics; an army which includes intellectual giants and men of affairs; employers and employes, superintendents of departments and day laborers; men whose fortunes are counted by hundreds of thousands, and men so poor that they were helped by public charity. For every class has felt the withering blight of intemperance, and every class has furnished its quota of men who have sought freedom and found healing in a Keeley Institute,—that great hospital where drink-poisoned patients are cured of their infirmities and restored to their natural strength and vigor.

More than three hundred and fifty thousand men have taken the Keeley treatment, and at a conservative estimate this has affected in a direct manner the lives of more than two million people. It has influenced their opinions. It has made them temperance workers in a more or less active degree.

The men who have taken the Keeley treatment have not all let it be known where they found healing. Thousands of them slipped away from their homes or their business on some pretext or other, and only their most intimate friends were aware that they had reached the point where it was difficult for them to let liquor alone. But they realized that the craving for drink constituted a heavy handicap, and they took the cure. They returned to their homes and their business, and no one knew the secret of their little vacation trip. But henceforth these men were teetotalers,—believers in, and workers for, total abstinence.

Others, and a still larger number, waited until the ravages of drink were strongly in evidence before they turned to a Keeley Institute for help. Some of these men also kept the knowledge of their cure as a secret which was closely guarded, and some proclaimed it to the world, so that others who were

bound by drink might know that there was an unfailing remedy for their addictions. But all had become temperance men in the true sense. They had sounded the depths of the whisky gulf. They had measured the dangers of moderate drinking. They had learned the perils and the pitfalls that lurk in the wake of all indulgence in strong drink, and they were heart and soul in sympathy with any movement that promised to do away with such temptation. They were the experienced product of all the experiments with social drinking, regular drinking, and drunkenness. They understood the drink value of beers and light wines, with their fairy tales of harmlessness, and their real place as stepping stones to stronger liquor.

They know the nature of every variety of alcoholic drink. They know its seductive promises, its treachery, and its unfailing trail of ruin. They have escaped. They are free men again,—free to use their minds and their strength; free to make the most of what remains of their lives. But they have not forgotten the old temptations, the old diseased cravings, nor the old useless struggles. And because they remember what they suffered, they would try to save others from such suffering. Because they know how difficult it is for the drinking man to resist the temptation to drink, they would remove the temptation. Because they know how easy it is to acquire the habit of drinking, they would make it impossible to obtain liquor.

The Keeley-cured man is a practical temperance worker. The sharp axe of his logic goes straight to the root of the drink evil. Remove the temptation and their will be no more drinking. Prevention is good for the young who never have learned to drink, and the cure is good for the inebriate. But prohibition reaches both classes, and does away with the necessity for preventive work or cure.

Keeley graduates are a powerful force in the work of reform, but they are not in a class by themselves. It is sometimes difficult to discover who are the Keeley graduates. There are hundreds of Keeley-cured men whose best friends,—whose children, even, do not know that they ever were drinking men. Their cure was complete and permanent, and the old life is never referred to. But they are staunch temperance men. They may safeguard their own secret, but they will see to it that their children do not have such a secret.

There are thousands of others who do not tell of their cure unless as a means to induce some friend to try the same remedy. But fortunately there are other thousands who make no secret of the fact that they have taken the Keeley treatment. They reached the point where will power was ineffective. They had become diseased through the poison of alcohol. They took the treatment and were cured. The experience was a revelation to them. Doctor Keeley's discovery took the sting out of the word, "inebriety," and recognized it as one of the diseases caused by poison. They have been cured, and they want every other drinking man to know that he can be cured.

Keeley graduates differ in their ideas about letting it be known that they have taken the cure. But they are a unit in their opinion of the liquor traffic.

METHODS OF ALLEGED CURES FOR INEBRIETY.

IN another column of this issue will be found an article entitled, "The Hypodermic Method," from the pen of Dr. Charles L. Hamilton, of The Keeley Institute Staff at Dwight. Doctor Hamilton has had unusual opportunities for observing the effects of this method of treatment and what he has to say should be given due weight. The article is particularly opportune for the reason that there never was a time when there were a greater number of alleged cures for drunkenness and drug addictions putting forth claims, in most cases entirely unfounded and often basing their assertions upon reckless statements as to the injury caused by the Keeley Treatment. A favorite method adopted by some of these people is to claim that their treatment does not include "the deadly hypodermic" and that none of the ill effects of that method of treatment can be found in theirs. This statement is often coupled with the claim that complete cures for drunkenness and drug addictions can be effected in three days or even less time. These people have learned something; they have found that the courts protect the Keeley Remedies when the claim is made by imitators that they are able to give the same treatment administered at a Keeley Institute; but that the law does not seem to have any adequate

remedy for slander. They are, as a rule, entirely irresponsible, and to pay any attention to them, or to even name them advertises them, which is what they desire more than anything else.

Investigation of these concerns will invariably establish the fact that their alleged cures are not cures at all, that their scheme is often promoted by men who are not physicians, and whose personal records for integrity, honesty and standing, will not bear scrutiny. It will further be found that the physicians (if they employ physicians to administer the treatment) are men of limited education, with no special knowledge of the diseases which they undertake to treat, and oftentimes their sole excuse for claiming to be able to treat patients is that they themselves have taken treatment at some Keeley Institute, and have thereby come to the conclusion that it is a profitable business in which to engage. The head of one of these establishments, which does a large amount of advertising, but accomplishes nothing as far as results are concerned, took treatment at a Branch Keeley Institute some years ago and has not yet paid for the same; efforts have been made to collect the account without avail; a judgment was obtained, but in the various cities in which he has done business there was nothing found in the shape of property upon which to levy, his sole stock in trade being his unlimited "nerve."

A favorite method with many of these people is to go into a place and by their plausibility interest clergymen and others of comparatively small means, who invest their savings in stock in the belief that they will be performing an act of charity and at the same time will find it profitable. A large amount of advertising is done for a few days or weeks, and during that time the promoter is on hand to demonstrate the effectiveness of his treatment. In a short time, however, he has a business call elsewhere and the new establishment is left to run itself; the advertising, of course, stops; in many cases it is not even paid for, and the promoter seeks fresh fields and pastures new for further dupes.

The appeals these people make are so framed as to catch the ignorant and unwary; they never deceive physicians nor other people sufficiently intelligent to investigate and draw proper conclusions.

Doctor Hamilton's article shows that the hypodermic method in all cases to which it is adapted is safe, painless and effective; these people, however, feel compelled to say something about the Keeley Treatment, and by choosing this weapon, tacitly admit that there is no real criticism available.

As far as the claims of ability to cure drunkenness and drug addictions in three days are concerned, we have nothing to say. Anyone who will be deceived by such a preposterous claim would hardly be convinced by anything we might say. The majority of patients who attend a Keeley Institute are from thirty to fifty years of age; this indicates that they have arrived at maturity; some have had their addictions from ten to twenty years, and to believe that these addictions can be cured in three days is the height of credulity. Doctor Hamilton's article will well repay perusal, as he gives in every case medical authority for his statements, which are also verified by his own large experience.

VETERAN OF WAR MEETS DEATH.

UNDER the above heading the Chicago Tribune of September 23 publishes the following notice of the death of Col. Dennis J. Hynes. Colonel Hynes took the treatment at Dwight in 1893, and was prominently connected with the Keeley League, having served a term as president of Keeley League No. 1. He had many friends among the readers of THE BANNER OF GOLD, and all will learn with deep regret that he has passed away.

Arrangements were completed yesterday for the funeral of Col. Dennis J. Hynes, who died Monday at his residence, 3120 Indiana avenue. The services will be held tomorrow morning from the St. James' Catholic church, burial being in Kenosha. Many old soldiers of the civil war, among whom Col. Hynes was an idol, will attend the funeral. Col. Hynes succumbed to heart failure, his end coming suddenly.

Born March 17, 1841, in Mayo County, Ireland, Col. Hynes came to America a few years later. After finishing his high school course, he found employment on The Tribune. When the war broke out he enlisted as volunteer, fighting side by side with Maj. William Medill, brother of Joseph Medill of The Tribune, both of whom were warm friends of his. Later he became mayor of Kenosha and president of the school board.

From 1884 until 1902 Col. Hynes was in the employ of The Tribune, leaving then to enter the county treasurer's office. He was connected with that office up to the day of his death. He is survived by his widow and two daughters.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE.

THOUSANDS of men are being ruined by drink and drugs, who do not know that they easily can be cured of their cravings and their infirmities. For the benefit of such sufferers the BANNER OF GOLD publishes testimonial letters from men who have taken the Keeley Cure. The men who write these letters are in a position to judge of the needs of the drinking man and the drug habitue. They have passed through similar experiences. They know how useless it is to fight physical craving with weakened will power. They know the discouragements and the hopelessness that follow the failure of unaided determination. They know the skepticism and doubt with which the first suggestion of the Keeley Cure is usually received. But they know, too, that when everything else fails, and in sheer desperation the Keeley Remedies are finally given a trial, they accomplish the result so quickly and so painlessly that it is a source of regret that they were not tried before. They know that others are passing through the same suffering, and groping in the dark for some means of escape from a habit that is dominating every purpose of their lives; and they tell their experience for the benefit of such afflicted ones. It will be noted that letters in the BANNER OF GOLD always give the full address of the writer, so that a personal letter can be written if desired:

From a Well-Known Southern Manufacturer.

NEVADA, Mo., September 9, 1909.

BANNER OF GOLD:—September 2, 1891, eighteen years and one week ago, I graduated at Dwight, and during all that time I've not had the least desire or craving for intoxicating liquors. My experience is the same as I have given in many former letters to you.

I believe that drunkenness, or the addition to the drinking habit, is a disease, and in my case this disease has been cured.

I don't profess or believe that I am *immune*; that it is impossible for me to acquire the drinking habit again if so disposed, but as the craving for intoxicants has ceased, there is no occasion for its renewal, and a man of only ordinary prudence would not recklessly return to his former habits. I can't help but distrust a man for any business in life who would voluntarily return to his former habits after having taken and discharged as cured by the Dwight treatment.

Yours truly,

H. CLAY COCKERILL.

Has Stood the Test of Eighteen Years.

MORRIS, ILL., August 28, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I am still in line and there to stay. It seems to me that everybody should look at the Keeley Cure just as I do, and if any man who lacks confidence in the cure or the gentlemen who are in charge of the Institute could be brought before me I believe I could convince him.

When I was in Dwight I often wandered around, and many times the question would come to my mind, is this cure lasting, or is it simply a cure while here under the care of the able staff of physicians who treat you while you are in Dwight? I know now that it will last just as long as you want it to.

It has been eighteen years since I took the cure, and today my cure is better than the day I left Dwight. I have nothing to fear, no appetite to fight, and I never enjoyed better health in my life. I always wear a Keeley button, which answers all questions. When invited to have a drink I find it very easy to point to this little button and say, "You will excuse me." I think every Keeley graduate should wear such a button. It is nothing to be ashamed of—on the contrary, it is something to be proud of. I hope every patient at Dwight will have as little trouble to protect his cure as I have had, and I am sure he will succeed in any undertaking in which he may engage.

I feel that I cannot speak too strongly or say too much in favor of this great work, and you may use my name in any way that will induce men to take the cure. I think more of it each day and am more firmly convinced that my cure is for life.

Hoping to see many more follow the same course and make happy homes for themselves and their families, I am as ever,

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM J. FITZGERALD.

Pays Big Dividends to the Drinking Man.

TABLE GROVE, ILL., September 19, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Another year has rolled around, which makes nine years since I went to Dwight—nine years of pleasure and prosperity.

The man who has been a slave to the drink or drug habit is the man who understands the situation. He is the man who can sympathize with the drinking man. We are the men who should try to persuade

others to reform. The man who lives for himself alone is a failure in this world. Try to make others happy is my motto. If you have drinking friends who are traveling the same road that you once traveled, go to them and try to induce them to be cured of their addiction.

My friend, whoever you are, who has a good wife and children, stop and think just a minute. Every drink that you take diminishes the prosperity and happiness of the ones that love you; of the woman that you promised to love and protect. Stop now! If you can't quit drinking without help, go to Dwight and take the cure. You can't invest your money anywhere else where it will pay as big dividends if you are a drinking man as to take the Keeley Cure.

I think that the Keeley Cure is the greatest institution under the shining sun, and I think that each graduate of a Keeley Institute, after receiving the blessing of a cure, ought to try and influence others to go and be cured. I don't believe that there is any person who has become so degraded through drink but that he is still too good to fill a drunkard's grave.

Wishing the Keeley Institute and the BANNER OF GOLD long life and much success, I remain the friend of both.

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. MARKWELL.

From a Locomotive Engineer Who Took the Cure Seventeen Years Ago.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL., August 30, 1909.

BANNER OF GOLD, CHICAGO:—DEAR EDITOR:—If you will please allow me space in your good paper, I would like to say a few words to those who are in need of a cure for inebriety, and to those who are now taking the cure. Have no doubts as to the efficacy of the Keeley Cure. It is now more than seventeen years since I took the cure, and I can say that never in all that time have I had any desire for drink, but I become more and more enthused as to the efficiency of the cure. My health is good, my head is clear, and while I am fifty-nine years old, I feel better and younger than I did when I was twenty-five. It is the only sure and safe way to quit drinking. A man may quit voluntarily, but he never will have the satisfaction of knowing that he really has quit until he dies. I have quit so often only to be disappointed at my failure to make good. But today, the same as when I left Dwight, I know I have quit for good.

I have always had a job, and the best of it is, no man carries my job on his sleeve, as they did when I was drinking. One other good thing I can say for my cure. I have my good old wife with me. I have a home, a nice little pineapple plantation in Florida and I can give a small check on the bank that will not be turned down. These are only a few of the things which I credit to my cure. I feel that I am up to date on the temperance question. Scientific temperance for the old hard drinker who wants to be on the right side. Get up to date. Take the Keeley Cure. Get on the water wagon while you have a chance. Don't wait to be loaded on; for the temperance people are coming.

Now a word to those who are taking the cure. I wish to say to them, don't be afraid to go home and tell where you have been, for they will find it out on you sure, for your looks will give you away. The old crowd won't look good to you. Their old familiar wine will be recognized with a, "Thank you, I don't drink." And it would be well to say to them, "You would have more money, more sense, and more friends if you didn't drink."

An old "drunk" told me once that a man was not much if he couldn't quit without taking the cure. I told him that was no mistake; but that such a man was more than he was, that wouldn't do either. The world can do without either of us; but it can use me to better advantage than it could him, and of the two, he was the one who could best be spared.

I am afraid I am taking up too much space, but if this escapes the waste basket, I wish to say that all those patients that I was instrumental in getting to take the cure are doing fine, and all speak in the highest terms of the cure.

Respectfully yours,

WM. M. HAYS.

General delivery.

Has Proved to Be a Paying Investment.

BREITUS, MICH., September 12, 1909.

BANNER OF GOLD:—DEAR EDITOR:—Today is my 69th birthday, and eleven years ago today I made my final decision to go to Dwight and test the Keeley Cure; but I will admit, with many doubts as to its being what was claimed for it. But, as I had reached the last ditch (and there had been many of them during the thirty-five years of my bondage), something had to be done, and Dwight and the Leslie E. Keeley Cure seemed the only loophole where I could see any chance for escape—virtually a court of last resort, in which rested all my hopes and chances of freedom. And I can now look back to my fifty-eighth birthday with the satisfaction of knowing that on that day I made one of the wisest and best decisions I have ever made; for I have found in the past eleven years that my doubts were groundless, and that the Keeley Cure was and is all that is claimed for it.

I sincerely wish that all helpless slaves to alcohol

were so situated that they might avail themselves of its benefits. I sent a near and dear friend to the Keeley Institute at Grand Rapids, Mich., last spring, and if my own experience had not proven to me that the cure was genuine and lasting, I would hardly have put one hundred and fifty dollars of my money into it for another person. But it has proved to be a paying investment;—another young man saved from ruin; another mother's heart made glad, and he himself proud and happy at being free.

I realize that there are many doubters—men who think as I once did; but at this time, after being tested so many years, and the thousands of testimonials from those who have been cured, it does seem as though for anyone who really desired to be freed from the curse of strong drink and cured of the disease of inebriety, there could be no reasonable doubt.

The BANNER OF GOLD seems like an old friend, and it has been the means of doing much good to others here. I hope that your zeal in the cause of temperance and the Keeley Cure may never wane, for the BANNER OF GOLD is certainly doing a great deal of good.

Respectfully yours,

H. W. MORFORD.

Cured of Tobacco and Whisky Addictions.

IMBODEN, ARK., September 3, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Just four and a-half years ago, March, 1905, I left dear old Dwight the happiest man in the world. Since then I have never failed to sing the praises of the Keeley Cure as administered by the Leslie E. Keeley Company, Dwight, Illinois.

I can truthfully say I have never had the least desire for whisky or tobacco since leaving there; have not had to use any will power whatsoever to abstain from these poisons. My wife and I think this truly wonderful, for before taking the cure I drank never less than a quart of high proof whisky and smoked at least twenty-five cigars daily; at times this quantity was doubled.

Further than this the cure has had an extremely beneficial effect on my general health. Formerly I was almost a physical wreck. Since leaving there I have had scarcely a sick moment, have not been sick in bed at all, and scarcely ever take a dose of medicine.

My advice to any fellow who loves the red poison, or even uses it at all, is to go to Dwight. It made a man of me; it will do the same for any other poor drunkard or drug user.

Wishing you all the good things of life, and continued success in your efforts, in which my good wife joins me, I am,

Friendly and fraternally,

WALTER D. TAYLOR.

Faith in the Cure Grows Stronger Each Year.

CHICAGO, ILL., September 5, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is nearing the fourth anniversary of my graduation from Dwight, and I am happy to say that my faith in the cure grows stronger as each year goes by. There is scarcely a day that I do not see some example caused by that cursed stuff, whisky, and I never forget to offer up a silent prayer of thankfulness that I am no longer fighting the "booze." I feel sorry for every man who is a slave to drink—men who do not know that four weeks at Dwight, under the care of the excellent doctors of the Keeley Institute, would put them on their feet, and enable them to start all over again.

I receive the BANNER OF GOLD regularly and enjoy every line of it. I never felt better in my life, as well as happy and prosperous.

Wishing success to the Keeley Institute, the doctors connected with it, and the graduates, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

W. J. MULDERICK.

3031 Emerald Ave.

Cured of a Thirty-Five Years' Addiction.

FULTON, Mo., September 6, 1909.

DEAR EDITOR:—I don't know as I can add anything to what I have written before, only to say that I am still master of the situation, and I don't care how hard a drinker a man may be, if he will take the Keeley Cure he will be able to say the same thing, for he will never crave a drink of liquor any more than would a little child.

I am not much of a hand to write for publication, but I feel that it is my duty to do all that I can to encourage drinking men to go to Dwight or some other Keeley Institute and be cured of their addiction, and if I could be the means of saving one person from a drunkard's grave I should be well paid for my trouble.

My good friend, Wallace Williams, has taken three young men to Dwight this summer, and he told me last night that he expected to take another man in a few days. I told him that he was doing more good than any preacher in Fulton. I never shall forget the 6th of December, 1901, the night that he took me to Dwight. I expected to have an awful sick spell, as I had been on a big spree for three weeks. But I was very much surprised when, instead of going to bed as

I generally did and rolling and tumbling in misery for several days, I began to feel like a new man right away. And when I had been there three days I had no use for liquor of any kind, and I never have wanted it since. And I want to say right here that I haven't much use for a Keeley graduate who will touch a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor—even cider; for he knows full well what effect it will have on him.

I drank more or less for thirty-five years—the best part of my life. Beside spending a fortune, it worried my family terribly until I was cured. I never shall forget how Doctor Hamilton in one of his lectures at Dwight said that when a person used tobacco it was harder for him to quit the use of liquor, or something to that effect. I had a big chew in my mouth at the time, but I fired it right out, and notwithstanding I had just eaten tobacco for thirty-six years, I have never used any since. But if I wanted to quit the use of tobacco again, I believe I would take the Keeley Cure for that also.

Assuring you that you are at liberty to publish any part of my letters that you think will help the good work, and wishing the BANNER OF GOLD a successful year, I remain,

Yours very respectfully,

W. H. LARD.

On the Water Wagon for Life.

CHICAGO, ILL., September 1, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is now four years and four months since I took the Keeley Cure for the liquor habit, and I am happy to say that at no time in that period have I ever cared for or even felt as though I would like to take a drink. It seems remarkable to me, when for a number of years it seemed impossible to get along without it. But, thank God, the Keeley Cure pulled me out of a torturing existence. I also want to thank that small band of good women (the Woman's Keeley League) that helped me and made it possible for me to enter the Keeley Institute and be benefited as I was by that great treatment.

If the great number of sufferers from whisky knew the real value of the Keeley Cure, nothing could keep them from taking the first train for Dwight, and I hope the time is not far off when they will see it in the same light that I do.

There are no dearer words to me and also to my family than Keeley and the BANNER OF GOLD. And now, wishing you all kinds of success in the good work, and assuring you that I am on the water wagon for life, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD H. SCANLAN.

744 South Kedzie Ave.

Took the Cure Fifteen Years Ago.

GENOA, ILL., September 5, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It will be fifteen years the 5th of January since I arrived in Dwight to take the treatment for drink, and during all of that time I have not had one second of time—and that is a short space of time—that I have had the least desire for drink, and I thank God and Doctor Keeley that I have never taken one. I can not say too much in praise of the Keeley Cure. My health was never better, and I want to say that it does not require any will power to stay away from drink after being cured. I am seldom asked to drink, but to those who do ask me I just show my Keeley button, which I take pride in showing and wearing at all times. I never was better morally, physically and financially than I am now. My advice to Keeley graduates is, have backbone enough to refuse a drink. Tell everybody that asks you to drink that you have taken the Keeley Cure and don't have to drink. Don't be ashamed of your cure. It is the sober man who is wanted, and not the man loaded up with booze. I cannot express my gratitude for the cure which I received nearly fifteen years ago.

Respectfully yours,

MARTIN MALANA.

Easy to Be Cured of the Craving for Drink.

FORT PIERCE, FLA., September 3, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Three years ago today I took my last drink of whisky at the Keeley Institute in Columbia, S. C. I don't think I will ever forget it and the feeling I had at that time, for I did not believe I could possibly live up to it, because I had been a heavy drinker for seven years. But I find that after three years I care no more for booze than I did when a child. I shall always have a fond remembrance of Doctor Moore, the physician in charge, as well as the happy recovery of patients at the Institute. The mutual feeling we all formed for each other seemed like brotherly love. I only wish that I could make every poor, unfortunate drunkard see the merits of the Keeley Institute, for it is so easy to be cured if you want to be cured. The last six months of my drinking years seem now to me like a horrible nightmare, and I know how to sympathize with others who are having the same battle with liquor.

Yours sincerely,

C. F. OLMSTEAD.

THE HYPODERMIC METHOD.

BY DR. CHARLES L. HAMILTON.

IN administering medicines in the treatment of disease, the physician must bear in mind certain points, chief of which are the following: First, accurate dosage; second, rapidity of action; third, avoidance of ill effects, such as nausea, irritation of the stomach, bowels, etc.; fourth, absence of cumulative effect in the repetition of dosage.

Leaving out the methods, which are of minor importance, medicines are usually administered by mouth or subcutaneously, the latter being commonly known as the hypodermic method. While it is true that the internal administration of medicines (by mouth) is the more natural way, and is most frequently used by physicians, it is also true that, as Doctor Cushney states in "Pharmacology and Therapeutics:" "The hypodermic method is of more recent origin, but is being more widely used every year." The first practical use of this method was by Doctor Wood of Edinburgh about 1853.

In the administration of medicines by the mouth many things must be considered. There is much difference in the ease with which patients take medicine in this way. Some are nauseated by the thought of taking any kind of medicine however pleasant the taste. If the latter be the least unpleasant, some people cannot retain the medicine, as nausea and vomiting are excited almost at once. Again, when given by mouth, they must be absorbed by either the stomach or bowel, and as the absorptive activity varies greatly at different periods, the delay in effect is frequently a source of anxiety to physician and patient alike. No medicine can affect the system until absorbed into the blood, which carries it in solution to the different organs. If the stomach be full of food, or deranged to any degree, one dose may remain in that organ until another dose is administered, and the two doses absorbed at the same time produce a cumulative effect. This means uncertainty in results, worries the physician, causes the patient to believe that the medicines are not what he needs and leads in many instances to unjust criticism. If there is much irritability of the stomach, the medicines are vomited and the physician is further criticised, the patient often refusing to take a second dose because he attributes the nausea to the medicine administered.

Again, in the administration of medicine by the stomach, the chemical action of the various secretions with which it comes in contact is an uncertain quantity, a fact referred to by Doctor Butler in his work on "Therapeutics" in the following words: "Many chemical reactions take place which are further complicated as the drugs pass into the intestines and meet the alkaline fluids, the bile salts and the products of intestinal digestion."

The liver, in the case of some alkaloids, destroys a part of the dose, thereby making results unsatisfactory to both physician and patient. There are also certain remedies, notably the antitoxins, which give best results only when administered hypodermically. In the use of suitable medicines, it is not difficult to see in the hypodermic method a great many advantages unless one is blinded by prejudice, or by personal interests as is the case with the promoters of various so-called cures whose chief stock in trade is exploiting the alleged dangers of the "deadly hypodermic."

Among the advantages may be enumerated the following:

First, the rapidity with which the medicine enters the circulation, which is usually in from five to fifteen minutes. The drug does not have to be absorbed slowly as when administered by mouth, as the subcutaneous tissues rapidly absorb the solution injected under the skin. According to Doctor Wood, if twenty minutes be required for the absorption of a certain medicine from the stomach * * * only five minutes will be required if it is thrown into the subcutaneous tissue.

Second, the entire dose is taken up and utilized, so that in addition to the rapid effect, we obtain accurate dosage.

Third, the patient does not taste the medicine; the tendency to nausea is reduced to a minimum, and in addition there is little or no disturbance of the functions of the stomach and intestines.

Fourth, there is no interference on the part of the digestive organs so far as a partial destruction of the dose is concerned.

Fifth, the dose by hypodermic is much smaller than is required by mouth for the same effect, the usual rule being that about one-half the dose will produce the same effect if given hypodermically.

These advantages are concisely set forth by a recent authority as follows: "The action of the drug is more rapid, sometimes instantaneous; the effect is concentrated and intensified; it takes a smaller dose to produce the same effect; it is sometimes easier and pleasanter than administration by the mouth, and often obviates unpleasant or even dangerous complications."

Let us discuss for a moment some of the asserted disadvantages of this method. Briefly stated, they are: First, the pain caused at point of injection; second, the danger of abscess; third, injury to nerves near the point of injection; fourth, the transmission of disease from one patient to another; fifth, injection of air, or of the solution used, directly into a vein.

In my work I have had a great deal of experience with hypodermic medication, and I do not hesitate to state that if a hypodermic injection is given properly and a sharp needle used, there is practically no pain attached to the injection beyond a slight stinging sensation which lasts only a few moments, and even this is more often absent. Three or four hypodermic injections may be given daily in the upper and outer portion of one arm and these may be repeated over a period of four to six weeks, yet practically no complaint of skin irritation, soreness, etc., will be made. In fact, at the end of the period, one can scarcely find any indication whatever of redness, discoloration, induration or other sign of irritation. I have never in my practice had an abscess result from a hypodermic injection, nor any degree of inflammation, and if the syringes are kept clean, the needle bright, smooth and sharp, the solutions properly sterilized and the needle introduced as it should be, no harm whatever to the patient in the way of abscess, injury to nerves, etc., can possibly result.

As to the transmission of disease from one patient to another, there is little danger even when slight precautions are taken as to cleanliness, etc., and I am positive that no danger can result through the hypodermic if due care is exercised after each injection has been given. This statement is borne out by my own experience extending over a period of sixteen years, and is substantiated by others of large experience in the use of the hypodermic. Physicians who are up to date not only keep their solutions in good condition and use well-polished, sharp needles, but after giving a hypodermic injection to one patient, always cleanse the needle by wiping on properly prepared gauze or chamois skin and then dip the needle into a solution of some reliable antiseptic. As proven by carefully conducted experiments by reputable authorities, the danger of injecting air into a vein is practically nil, and absolute safety follows if the air in the syringe be expelled before the needle is inserted; then if the point of the needle is simply introduced beneath the skin, no fears need be entertained that the solutions used may enter a vein and produce serious results.

It might not be out of place in this connection to quote from recent authorities: Doctor Gould, in "Cyclopedia of Medicine and Surgery," says: "If the solutions are freshly prepared with clean water, the needle sharp, clean, and bright, and the injections delivered *beneath* the skin, and not *into* it, there is no danger of producing abscesses or even indurations with the agents ordinarily employed in this manner." * * * "Potter has injected a * * * solution in this manner on some three hundred patients during the last three years, three or four times daily in the same upper arm for a month in each case, without having produced any more serious result than a hyperemic zone around some punctures in a very few instances."

In Doctor Butler's text-book of "Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Pharmacology," after speaking of the making of hypodermic solutions by heating the water over a flame, adds: "After cooling, the solution can be injected *without causing pain*. Prompt action follows this method, accurate dosage is assured, and disturbance of the gastric or intestinal mucosa is avoided." "Care must be taken that the needles and syringes employed are absolutely aseptic, and if this detail be carefully attended to, there is no danger of abscess resulting from ordinary injection."

As for ordinary hypodermic medication, or serum administration, the writer believes the danger from air injection is absolutely nil.—Doctor McClintock, in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

"The entrance of a small quantity of air does not matter."—Doctor Hobart A. Hare, in "The Therapeutic Gazette."

STORY OF AN ALCOHOL SLAVE.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

[The following article is copied by permission from McClure's Magazine. It appeared in the August number of that magazine, with a note from the editor stating that evidence gathered in a careful investigation of the career of the author showed that he had been just what he said he had been.]

I was at New Orleans that Lincoln, brought face to face with a black slave market, is said to have remarked to a companion, "If I ever get a chance to hit this damnable business, I'll hit it good and hard."

In my humble way, nowise compared to the immortal Lincoln's, I hope to jolt the alcoholic liquor slave business.

At fourteen years of age I developed a love of statistics, accounts, and bookkeeping. Since I was fifteen, I have kept an accurate account of my expenditures in saloons, covering a period from January 1, 1878, to April 27, 1908. The total debit balance of my personal "saloon account" for thirty years is \$17,364.60. This amount covers alcoholic beverages, mixed or straight, purchased by me in saloons, drug stores, blind pigs, bars, buffets, cafes, restaurants, hotels, dining-cars, steamers, and theatres. It also covers slight losses at playing saloon slot-machines; losses at dice-shaking in saloons for drinks; losses at card-playing in saloons for drinks; one gun hold-up in a saloon, three gun hold-ups in saloon districts; and two chloral-hydrate robberies at saloon bars.

THE TIME I HAVE SPENT IN BAR-ROOMS.

I estimate that my drink-mates bought fully as much alcoholic liquor for me as I for them. I estimate that saloonkeepers and bartenders have given me enough alcoholic drinks to offset my losses by the robberies I have mentioned. Therefore my average daily saloon expense was \$1.57 for every calendar day of the thirty-year period named. Reduced to drinks, this is an average of more than ten separate drinks of fifteen cents a drink per calendar day. The reader will comprehend that I must have spent considerable time in saloons to have acquired this drinking average.

My records show that the total time spent in buying drinks in eighteen hundred and sixty saloons in fifty-eight cities of nineteen states was 32,874 hours—1,369 days—nearly four years.

My experience and observation for a period of twenty-nine years in the United States leads me to believe that saloon drinkers over forty years of age are five per cent of the total number; that drinkers between thirty and forty years of age are ten per cent of the total number; that drinkers between twenty-one and thirty years of age are thirty-five per cent of the total number; and that fifty per cent of the total number of drinkers in saloons are minors.

I believe the so-called "best" people of our saloon-licensing states are not aware of the fact that drinkers and drunkards are originally made by illegal liquor-selling to minors. I know the perpetuation of the saloon business is based on minors forming the habit of liquor-drinking at the earliest possible age. I know that certain saloonkeepers and bartenders sell intoxicating liquors over their bars to minors at the earliest moment they can do so without risking legal prosecution.

I wish to emphasize the fact that I have had the inclination, money, time, and opportunity to observe saloon patronage, from outside the bar, for thirty years. Ordinary saloonkeepers and bartenders consider that a person who pays an average of forty cents a day across the bar is a "good customer." Consequently I have been much praised many times, for many years, by my masters. "There's a boy that always buys when he has the price with him"; "Jack's a live wire"; "You're a jim-dandy drinker, and always with the coin"; "I wish I had a hundred like you"—these were some of the commendatory expressions that they used concerning me.

LEARNING SALOON LIFE AS A NEWSBOY.

At nine years of age I lived in a middle western city that licensed one hundred and eight saloons. Outside of school-hours I sold daily papers in the business district. At first I felt a horror of saloons, pity and fear for drunkards, due to home and church teaching. Darting in and out of saloons selling papers, I began to feel a curiosity as to what peculiar quality lurked in the liquids consumed by saloon customers. I soon comprehended that saloon patrons lived mentally in a make-believe world. It tickled my sense of humor to see grown-ups playing pool, billiards, and cards with youthful zest, animation and noise. It was fun for me to loiter a minute and watch saloon life. Pool fascinated me, and I longed for the time to come when I should be big enough to play.

Five years of keen-eyed observation taught me that saloonkeepers and bartenders were business men no different, as individuals, from grocers, and that the saloon drinker had to look out for himself. I noticed that some drinkers drank themselves sodden, quarrelsome, staggering, or nauseated, while other drinkers became joyful and amiable.

MY FIRST GLASS OF BEER.

At fourteen years of age I drank my first glass of beer in a saloon in the most natural way. Seeing me hot and perspiring one summer afternoon, a saloonkeeper offered me a glass of bottled beer, saying, "You're big enough to drink beer now." I then comprehended that my school, home and church teaching of the evils of drinking were inconsistent with licensed liquor saloons. I figured that it was all right for me to drink a glass of beer, if I drank like a gentleman, as I saw sober and sedate business men doing. I was big physically, and saloonkeepers and bartenders would grin amiably at my beer-drinking as I came around to their business places on my paper route.

In my sixteenth year I entered a corporation office as an office boy. The back doors of this office and those of a big saloon were only a few feet apart, and certain officers and clerks, including myself, drank in the saloon while on duty.

At this time I came to the conclusion that becoming a drunkard lay entirely with the individual, and that there was no chance of ultimate personal harm in my taking a drink of ale or beer. I knew that no one could make me drink unless I wanted to drink. I knew that no one could make me drink against my will. I was cocksure of my strength of muscle and mind. I became a pool and billiard player, and enjoyed evening saloon life as a patron. The human animation and life in a saloon gave me great pleasure. There was always a delightful uncertainty as to whether it would be fight or frolic from one moment to another in a crowded barroom. In my seventeenth year I began railroading, and in a few years drew a man's salary every month from the pay car. During the next three years I was a favorite customer with saloonkeepers and bartenders. I bought freely; shook dice for drinks; played cards, pool and billiards for drinks.

I INFLUENCE TWENTY OF MY FRIENDS TO DRINK.

My high-school and gymnasium friends, now working for a living like myself, became drinkers with me. At this time I influenced twenty young men, my contemporary associates, in beginning saloon drinking. The saloons were open, and all we had to do was to go in and be welcomed.

I was good-natured, never quarreled or talked loudly, was apparently never influenced by alcoholic drink, was always well-dressed, well-groomed and well-mannered. I was healthy and athletic, earned good wages, and spent as much in saloons as I saw fit. The local retail liquor-dealer smiled and flattered me. Life was joyous for me and my friends. We laughed about virtually supporting three different saloons by our patronage. We were minors. "No minors allowed" signs stared impotently in our faces in every saloon. I was never questioned, during my minority, by saloonkeeper or bartender as to my legal right to drink intoxicating liquors. I was made welcome in saloons. My patronage was profitable to them.

At twenty years of age I believed myself innately incapable of getting drunk through ordinary drinking, and was very proud that I was so constituted. Saloonkeepers and bartenders complimented me because I could drink without showing the ordinary effects of indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Occasionally I felt exhilarated while drinking, but, having an established reputation for cool-headedness, I managed not to show it.

If my twenty-first year a trip to Europe resulted in my becoming an habitual daily moderate drinker. I fell in with the continental style, and got to prefer to eat while drinking intoxicating liquors. For a time I detested the American perpendicular glutton-drinking standing at saloon bars, as I perceived that my crude method hastened intoxication. On my return home I noticed that my former intimate friends and associates drank more heavily than I remembered. I was introduced to a younger set of saloon drinkers that had come on during my year's absence. My example of drinking helped this younger set to continue drinking, just as the example of drinking business men upheld me in my own drinking habits.

During the next five years I was on the payroll of a large railway company, and traveled in a position of trust, honor and responsibility in eight states of the middle west. My evening diversions were pool,

billiards and card-playing in saloons, with a moderate amount of drinking. I saw thousands of boys, from seventeen to twenty years of age, drinking in saloons during this period. As I saw but one minor refused alcoholic drink in this five-year period, it has remained in my recollection. A red-headed bartender at the old Enos Hotel in Fremont, Neb., Gregory by name, and hailing originally from Iowa, was the law-abiding phenomenon. At the end of five years I was promoted to an official position in Chicago.

I have never kept my drinking habits secret. Saloons were part of my life. I walked in and out, head up, self-respecting and self-reliant. I had never been what is termed under the influence of intoxicating liquor. I have always been able to handle myself mentally and physically in a normal manner.

After several months in a Chicago business district, two of my business colleagues warned me that in drinking I was setting a bad example to employees. I felt humiliated that my personal habits should be criticised and condemned by business friends, and resented the warning as coming from an inconsistent source, both men being circumspect drinkers at preferred saloons.

I had never tried to stop drinking from the time I began, for I knew I could stop any time I desired. I now made the attempt to stop entirely, purely as a business measure. I was successful in not drinking for a week, then naturally gravitated into evening saloon life with drink-mates again. In a few months a downtown drunken affair with a party of friends from the country brought me into some publicity; and I was "let out" for public drunkenness. I was more disheartened at finding conclusively that my boasted moderate drinking for twelve years had made me a drunkard than I was at losing my reputation in the railway world and my salary of \$200 a month.

During the following year I developed a certain grade of intoxication. I would temporarily forget that I was working for a living and stick around saloons until I drank myself sober. I usually lost my jobs from not being on duty, rather than from incompetency while on duty.

FIVE OF MY FRIENDS BECOME ALCOHOL SLAVES.

In 1880 Robert Giddings, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, shot himself at a saloon bar. He was a successful business man of fine character and ability. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of \$50 a month by the suicide of alcoholic liquor slave Bob. Bob began drinking at seventeen years of age; he lasted ten years in saloons.

In 1893 William Jaques, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, cut his throat at a saloon bar. He was a successful business man of fine character and ability. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of forty dollars a month by the suicide of alcoholic liquor slave Billy. Billy began drinking at sixteen years of age, and lasted thirteen years in saloons. Immediately after Billy's death I was excessively annoyed by a persistent hallucination of Billy's presence with me when drinking at saloon bars. Once Billy appeared to have "jumped" my boy and got a drink for himself. I was standing at a saloon bar talking with a friend, but conscious of Billy's presence. Suddenly the "I and I" part of me was several feet from my body, attached to it by a tenuous cord at the solar plexus. Then I was jerked back into my body, and my friend was asking me, "Don't you think so, Jack?" I replied, "I don't know." He insisted, "You do. Say, come out of it! There was an expression on your face just now, when you took your drink, like Billy's. Poor old Billy! I bet he would like a good drink about now." I then noticed that I had drunk my liquor without knowing I had done so. Perhaps being in the same saloon where Billy had killed himself aided in this hallucination. It gradually faded, and in a year entirely disappeared.

In 1895 Cornelius Matthews, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, was burned to death in a hotel fire. The night clerk, knowing that I was a personal friend of the dead man, told me whisperingly that Con had been carried to his room from the bar-room at midnight, a couple of hours before the fire. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of \$45 a month by the death of alcoholic liquor slave Con. Con began drinking at sixteen years of age, and lasted fifteen years in saloons.

In 1897 Daniel Hobbs, one of the friends of my

minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, killed himself by morphine poisoning in a saloon wine-room. Dan was the most successful business man of the old bunch—successful in every way but one. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of \$100 a month by the suicide of alcoholic liquor slave Dan. Dan began drinking at the age of eighteen years of age, and lasted seventeen years in saloons.

In 1905 Samuel Edwards, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, killed himself by falling, fracturing his skull, while very drunk in a saloon. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of \$50 a month by the death of alcoholic liquor slave Sam. Sam began drinking at seventeen years of age, and lasted twenty-seven years in saloons.

In 1909 the twenty young men of whom I have spoken were distributed as follows:

Married under twenty-five years of age; paternity and family duties first checked, then stopped alcoholic liquor drinking....	9
Suicides in saloons while drinking (bachelors)	3
Burned to death while incapacitated by drink (bachelor)	1
Accidentally fell while in saloon very drunk and killed by fall (bachelor)	1
Supposed accident by leaky gas-jet; no reason for suicide other than tired of drinking (bachelor)	1
Died from pneumonia at twenty-nine years of age (bachelor)	1
Died from tuberculosis of lungs at twenty-seven years of age (bachelor)	1
Eartender in Chicago West Side saloon (married)	1
Street peddler in Chicago, South Side (bachelor)	1
Not heard from since 1904; then a tramp....	1

My statistics go to show that matrimony under the age of twenty-five years tends to check and stop incipient inebriety.

Ten of the twenty young men did not marry, presumably because their saloon slavery occupied their time and means to such an extent that there was no time or inclination for courtship and marriage. I have personal knowledge that four of the ten bachelors were refused marriage by intelligent young women on account of the boys' drinking habits.

From 1889 to 1908 I have been variously employed by different individuals, firms and corporations, in factories, yards and offices. In this period of nineteen years I have held twenty-eight different jobs, and been discharged from twenty-four of them, mainly because I remained away from duty while under the influence of intoxicating liquors. I found it easier to get work in the larger cities, and the twenty-eight jobs were in eighteen cities of the metropolitan class. The character of my work ranged from shoveling snow for a week, at twenty cents an hour, to the chief clerkship of a railway office employing one hundred and twenty-five men.

In the saloons of the eighteen larger cities, in this period, liquor-drinking conditions were the same as in my own minority. Fifty per cent of the saloon drinkers were minors. In Kansas City, Missouri, in 1897, in my thirty-fifth year, I was shocked to have a seventeen-year-old drinker say, "Daddy, what'll you have?" Since then hundreds of minor saloon drinkers have joyously and generously asked me the same question.

Respectable moderate drinkers cannot verify my estimate that fifty per cent of saloon drinkers are minors, at the onyx bars where they drink. Nor can my statement be verified at various metropolitan buffets, where sober bartenders, sober cashiers, sober managers, sober porters and sober waiters refuse to serve drinks to ill-dressed, down-and-out appearing persons, or to well-dressed persons showing the influence of liquor in looks, speech or action. In the alleged respectable saloons no drunkards, minors, sleepers, loungers or panhandlers are allowed. The jails, bridewells, workhouses, pens, asylums and reformatories hold alcoholic liquor slaves who at one time drank among the well-dressed and well-groomed at "swell" places. To get my percentage one must go all the way down the line, from the Pompeian Pool Room of the Chicago Auditorium Annex to the village bar-room with its pool-table. All saloons do not sell to the minor trade. The saloonkeeper decides his minor trade. Certain city saloons are so situated that they attract only business and professional men. To clarify my point, I know of a large saloon in Chicago, on La Salle street, near the Board of Trade Building, that does not sell one per cent of its entire trade over the bar to minors; but on West Van Buren

street—a mile from the Loop district—I know of a saloon that one year ago sold to twelve minors whom I knew personally, and sixty per cent of its entire trade was to minors. Another saloon on West Madison street sold ninety per cent to minors; it was known as a "kid joint," and shunned by adult drinkers.

The first time and every time I was arrested for drunkenness and put behind the bars like a caged animal, I lost self-respect, and became temporarily disheartened as to the prospect of ultimately freeing myself from alcoholic liquor slavery. The police court system of arrest and fining drunkards is perfectly logical on the assumption that a slave should not be allowed his physical liberty when he becomes a public nuisance. My own experience of being jailed for drunkenness in 1890, 1896, 1898, 1904, 1905 (twice), and 1907 leads me to believe that jailing for drunkenness either disheartens or makes desperate the liquor slave. Six of the seven times I was jailed I was discharged without being fined by the police judge. Six of the seven times that I was jailed I was working. I lost my job each time, not so much because of the notoriety as owing to the fact that I was temporarily too disheartened to do anything but continue drinking without going near my place of business. I would go to saloons that I knew were sanctuaries for drunkards. I like my masters, the saloonkeepers and bartenders, for they have afforded me succor, protection and uplift to my self-respect after the most humiliating moments of my life, when I have had to say, "Yes, sir," like a whipped slave, to the police judge's inquiry, "Were you drunk?"

Chief of Police Kohler of Cleveland, Ohio, has the right idea of chaperoning drunken men to their homes, instead of putting them under arrest at station-houses. I repeat, after being jailed for drunkenness, a drinker is never the same again. It brings either disheartenment or desperation.

In 1889, at twenty-six years of age, I held an official railroad position scheduled on the pay-roll at \$200 a month, good during good health and good behavior till the occupant was sixty years of age, and for a pension later. My public drunk lost me that position. The total of my wages received during the subsequent period of twenty years, according to my private personal ledgers, is \$18,060. Subtracting this sum from the amount I would have received in the twenty years, had I kept my \$200 job, I find that my loss in wages alone amounts to \$29,940. The interest on this loss, and on my "saloon account," reckoned at four per cent, would be \$14,686.28. Thus my total loss in money for the thirty years between January, 1878, and April, 1908, is \$61,990.88. With this \$61,990.88 in bank at four per cent, I should be in possession of an annual income of \$2,479.63. It gives me pain to put down the figures.

The inexperienced and impressionable young man in a saloon village, town or city does not get a square deal. My definition of a square deal is no saloons. If there are to be saloons, teaching the evils of alcoholic drink at school, home and church ought to be discontinued. The youngster detects the inconsistency between preaching and practice. In my high-school days I drank beer, while studying the effects of alcohol on the human body. I did not believe the text-books, for it seemed inconceivable, to my ignorance, that such poison as it was alleged to be should be licensed to be sold to one group of human beings by another group of human beings.

Saloons must have fresh drinking boys every day, or they must go out of business for lack of patronage. The saloonkeeper cares nothing for the ultimate effect on his customer of the goods purchased. A fresh drinking boy every day is necessary to make the saloon cash register ring musically in the saloon proprietor's ears. A saloonkeeper getting a fresh drinking boy every day is willing to let old liquor slaves fill graves, jails, pens, and asylums.

Every day that the saloons are open in saloon-licensing states, some saloonkeeper or bartender shoves across the bar a glass of cool, refreshing beer to a young man, and says, "You're big enough to drink beer now." Then there is started a fresh minor drinker, who can outdrink a relay of old-timers. If the fresh minor drinker is a boy leader, twenty more minors are started, and half the twenty become alcoholic liquor slaves.

Personally, as an alcoholic liquor slave, from whom eighteen hundred and sixty saloonkeepers took twenty-four good paying jobs during twenty years of my drinking life, I should like to see all saloons legislated out of existence, for the purpose of protecting the growing youth of our nation. Old slaves like myself soon pass out of the material world.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONGRESS

SUMMARIES OF ADDRESSES BY DISTINGUISHED LEADERS—
STATEMENTS SHOW REMARKABLE PROGRESS.

INTERESTING summaries of some of the addresses delivered at the great International Temperance Congress in London a few weeks ago have been sent out by the Associated Prohibition Press. The following are some of the most instructive statements:

Vice Admiral G. King-Hall, in an address on the topic, "Alcohol and Efficiency of Navy Service," declared:

"My experience after forty-four years' service, is that about 80 per cent of the crime against discipline, such as leave-breaking and insubordination, is owing to excess in taking spirituous liquor.

"During the last thirty years great and growing advance has been made by temperance in the navy.

"There are now about 25,000 total abstainers belonging to the Royal Navy Temperance Society. The Lords of the Admiralty, and most of our admirals and captains are patrons, and there are branches in nearly all ships.

"Small substitutes, such as tea and cocoa are given in the service to men who stop their grog, and many more would stop it if given a 1 day in lieu of their grog.

"Admiral Lord Charles Beresford writes that 'The marked decrease of crime in the service is due to decreased drinking habits, and marked improvement in temperance sentiments in the fleet, and to the support given to it by officers and men. Temperance habits add to the happiness, cheeriness, and manliness of the men and directly to the efficiency of the fleet.

"Admiral Von Muller, chief of the German Emperor's Naval Cabinet, writes: 'In German navy grog rations are excluded from ships, and all canteens on shore and afloat, and to every recruit joining the navy is given a pamphlet warning them against alcohol abuse.'

"Prince Bernadotte, Swedish Admiral, writes: 'Alcohol is the greatest cause of disobedience to discipline, and of all the punishment given to sailors in our navy, and it would be a great blessing to our naval forces if we could get rid of the use of alcohol.'

ALCOHOLISM RESPONSIBLE FOR INEFFICIENCY IN POSTOFFICE SERVICE.

F. J. Brown, M. A. Sc., in his paper on "Alcohol and the Efficiency of the Postoffice Service," noted the fact that during the years of 1907 and 1908, the number of dismissals from intemperance was 114, which was 36 per cent of the total number of dismissals, while the number of deprivations of "good conduct stripes" on account of intemperance was 158, or 66 per cent of the total number. Three thousand men are members of the British postoffice service temperance organization, but they comprise but a small percentage of all abstainers in the service.

CONTRAST OF ABSTAINERS AND DRINKERS IN BRITISH NAVY.

"Twenty-five per cent of the soldiers in the British Army are now total abstainers, and in some depots sixty-six per cent of the recruits before enlisting are total abstainers," declared Colonel L. G. Fawkes, R. A., Honorable Secretary of the Royal Army Temperance Association, in his address before the congress on the subject, "Alcohol and the Efficiency of the Army." "The consumption of drink in the British army is rapidly decreasing," declared Colonel Fawkes, who noted the fact that there are now 203 branches of the Royal Army Temperance Association in England and the colonies; that in India the temperance room is recognized as part of the regimental institutions. H. M. King Edward VII is patron of the Association, and every encouragement is given the movement by Field Marshal Earl Roberts, and almost all others among the leading military men.

The Director-General of the Royal Army Medical Department says that in India, the hospital admissions have fallen from between fourteen and fifteen per thousand to between two and four per thousand within the last twenty years. At Sierra Leone, perhaps the worst climate the British soldier has to serve in, notes Colonel Fawkes, the following comparison has been received from the Senior Medical officer for the first ten months of 1908:

Total Abstainers—Strength, 60; admissions into hospital, 29.

Non-Abstainers—Strength, 213; admissions into hospital, 321.

Lord Kitchener states that in India with the diminution of drinking, the number of courts-martial is reduced one-half. There were 32 courts-martial at Singapore in 1907, but not one among the abstainers.

ALCOHOL ENEMY OF THE RAILROAD MAN.

Chairman A. Faulkner, J. P., of the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union, noted the fact that the movement organized in 1882 now has a membership of 44,000, in addition to which there are probably 60,000 more total abstainers in the service of the English railways who are members of other societies. This organization has its own official organ, "On the Line," having a circulation of 160,000 a year. In conclusion, Chairman Faulkner declared:

"The information which I have been able to put before you, gathered from the best sources, proves that in all civilized countries those who direct the railway services are awaking to the important fact that alcohol is not conducive to efficiency, and that in those countries which are comparatively new, and which are untrammelled by ancient traditions and customs, the abolition of intoxicating drinks from the railway service is most drastic. The verdict, therefore, of the railways is, that alcohol is dangerous, and the signals are set against it, for without doubt it impairs the brain power and physique of the workers, and it is essential that it be abstained from by the railway men, that they may be as efficient as the service requires and the safety of the public demands."

ALCOHOL THE DEADLIEST ENEMY OF THE HOME.

One of the most suggestive and impressive papers of the whole congress was that written by Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell Booth, of the Salvation Army, and which was read by Mrs. Booth. The subject was "Alcohol in Relation to the Home." Significant points developed were as follows:

"The home is not only the seed plot of a nation's continued existence, but it is the spring from which proceeds all that is essential to the true patriotism of a people, to the real power of any community, and to the sustained influence of national life and institutions."

"Anything, therefore, which bears for good or ill upon the homes and upon the home life of a people is of supreme importance to every nation."

"A wide experience of the conditions of life in many countries and a somewhat close acquaintance with the inner facts of social progress among the working and peasant classes over a large part of the world, has brought an important body of information on this and kindred subjects to the officers of the Salvation Army. This paper is intended to present to the congress—as briefly as may be—some of the principal conclusions at which we have arrived as to the influence of strong drink upon the life of the people as that life is seen in their homes."

"1. And first we remark—alcohol in the home dissipates and wastes the substance and material resources of the family."

"2. Alcohol dissolves the vigor and spirit which make and keep the home a living factor."

"3. Alcohol humbles and only too often destroys the natural dignity and prestige of home and family life."

"4. Alcohol tends to weaken and ultimately overthrow the authority of the family to the great injury of the children."

"5. Alcohol opens the door of the home to the most vicious forms of self-indulgence and impurity."

"6. Alcoholism is the implacable enemy of all that belongs to the ethical advance of the community."

"For the reasons here briefly referred to, we of the Salvation Army say that strong drink ought to be banished from the home, from the church—which is the earthly home of the family of Christ—and from the use of all civilized peoples."

DECLINE IN USE OF ALCOHOL BY EUROPEAN HOSPITALS.

No paper was listened to with greater interest than that presented by Doctor Holtzcher, of Carlsbad (Bohemia). Doctor Holtzcher gave the results of an investigation which he conducted through inquiries addressed to a thousand institutions of Europe, as to the amount of wine, beer, spirits, milk and seltzer water consumed in the years 1895, 1900, 1905, 1906 and 1907, respectively. More than a hundred sheets came completely filled in and were collated. "The result," states Doctor Holtzcher, "shows that the use of all intoxicants has very considerably fallen in Germany, Austria and Switzerland within

the twelve years. This diminution of the consumption of wine in the three countries taken together amounts to 57.2 per cent per head in asylums, and 46.3 per cent in hospitals. In the case of beer, the corresponding figures are 53.3 per cent and 28.8 per cent."

"The consumption of milk, on the other hand, has risen by 12.7 per cent in asylums, and 19.3 per cent in hospitals. Very considerable is the rise in the consumption of seltzer water and lemonade, of which from 20 to 30 fold the amount was required in 1907 that was dispensed in 1895."

"Very large sums were saved through this diminution. Thus the hospitals paid £1,426 (\$6,987.40) loss for alcoholic drinks in 1907, although the number of patients had risen 79 per cent. In German asylums the yearly saving amounts to £6,984 (\$34,221.60), although the increase of patients here also was 79.6 per cent."

"In general, the average consumption of alcohol has considerably fallen during these twelve years, both in asylums and hospitals. From the communications of many doctors who have replied, we may conclude that this decrease will continue, and the consumption of alcohol be still further reduced."

EXTRAORDINARY DECLINE IN USE OF ALCOHOL IN EUROPEAN MEDICAL CIRCLES.

No truer keynote of the whole world movement against the alcoholic curse was struck at the London congress than that uttered by Doctor Legrain, Ville Errard, Paris, in his intensely interesting presentation of the subject of "Alcoholism and Brain Degeneration," on Wednesday, July 21. Noting the terrible ravages which the alcohol poison is everywhere making in the human organ, Doctor Legrain declared:

"Brain capital ought to have a vastly higher value in the eyes of the nations than financial capital has. Every nation ought to strive to protect this capital from every harm. It is most fitting that social poisons, such as alcohol and opium should be regarded with disquietude by all good citizens; and it is most reasonable that a movement shall be organized to bring about their gradual prohibition."

Doctor Legrain, continuing, pointed out that even temporary intoxication was in reality a brief attack of lunacy, and that after repeated doses of alcoholic drink, the brain changes have a tendency to become permanent.

"The transmission of the alcoholic evil," declared Doctor Legrain, "which sends out into the world dwarfed, degenerated, fallen beings for several generations before it is extinguished, is the most deadly blow against the mental capital of a nation." Analyzing the underlying causes of the present world-wide devastation made by alcohol, Doctor Legrain concluded:

"Greed of wealth, demoralization, political indifference, and the weakening of the social conscience, have today allowed alcoholism to spread terribly. This is why the number of the alcoholic insane has grown fearfully. Society is full of persons soaked to the very marrow with alcohol, either pure or adulterated. Alcohol intermingles with the public and private life of most persons. Such habits cause derangements which alarm those of the clearest vision."

"There seems no more hopeful cure than the voluntary giving up of this brain poison. There is no means of general safety of greater value than prohibition. United efforts are justly directed against such poisons as lead and phosphorous, substances far less dangerous, with a view to their prohibition. With far more reason should similar efforts be put forth against alcohol. To refrain from doing this would be a distinct sign that we mean to bow before the modern deity, Mammon."

Medical Facts Again the Use of Alcohol.

Of scarlet fever I have treated some 2,000 cases. I have never seen a case in which, in my opinion, alcohol was necessary; no case in which its administration was beneficial; but I have seen more than one case in which its action was directly injurious. Alcohol in no case averts a fatal issue where such is pending. The facts are dead against alcohol. In hospitals there has been an increase of 300 per cent in the use of milk, and a decline of 47 per cent in the use of alcohol. Progress in treatment of disease has gone hand in hand with the disuse of alcohol. The use of alcohol formerly was the outcome of ignorance, a confession of weakness and defeat; today it is the expression of inability to discard the fetters of an outworn routine.—Dr. C. Knox Bond, in Medical Times.

THE SANITY SIDE OF THE KEELEY CURE.

BY E. R. PRITCHARD, SECRETARY CHICAGO DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH.

THERE can be no question as to the sanity side of the Keeley Cure. To me it appeals with fully as much force as does the fact that the treatment effects a radical physical cure for that "awful craving for strong drink."

The Keeley Cure leaves a man in his right mind, or rather restores to him the normal mental faculties which whisky and strong drink have taken away from him. Of course, I can understand that this happy mental condition is made possible, or is brought about, by the perfect physical cure. A healthy body means a healthy mind to control, in a large measure, our physical acts. With the utter absence of all bodily or physical craving for stimulants, it is then easy for the will power to assert itself.

The poor, diseased body of the dipsomaniac cries, yea, howls, for just one drink. The mind, the brain, the reason, aye, the conscience of the helpless victim do all in their power to combat this craving, but to no purpose. The body wins and the fight for decency and manhood is lost. This is why we often hear it said: "I know the poor fellow wants to quit. He is not vicious; he has a good heart, but he just can't control that awful appetite." So, you see that though mind and heart be right, they are usually controlled by our bodily weaknesses.

In this phase of the Keeley Cure there lies the highest hopes of those who have taken the treatment at Dwight. It means that you have absolute control of yourself; that the higher and better impulses of both mind and heart are not going to be interfered with by a mere physical ailment. It also establishes what Doctor Keeley always maintained, that the drunkard is not necessarily vicious or depraved, but simply a man ill with a disease that should be treated by medical skill, and a disease for which he had discovered a positive and unfailing cure.

Before I close this brief article I desire once more to affirm my complete and abiding faith in the Keeley Cure. There is no uncertainty about it whatever. The uncertainty lies in the individual, if at all; not in the cure. The conviction with which I write this is mountain high, firm as the everlasting hills, and may not be shaken.

I believe I have said before in these columns that a man whose system has been poisoned with alcohol until he becomes an inebriate is in much the same condition as the patient who has taken poison with his food or drink into his stomach and is stricken with typhoid fever. In both cases the malady yields to medical treatment and careful nursing. The Keeley treatment performs for the inebriate what the regulation medical treatment does for the typhoid fever patient.

In both cases, too, a recurrence of the disease depends wholly upon the system being again poisoned. If this does not occur there will be no recurrence of the disease.

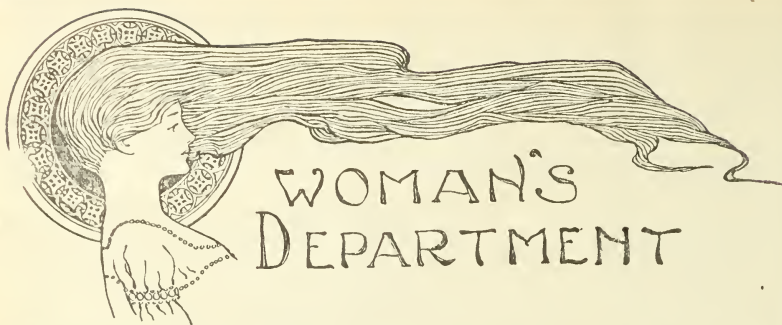
There is, however, this difference: A person may, without knowledge, take the germs of typhoid fever into the system through the food and drink. Not so with the Keeley graduate. There is small chance for him to take the alcohol poison, which produces inebriety, into his stomach without his knowing it.

So, I say, there is no need for any one, much less the man who has taken the Keeley treatment, to worry about the certainty of his cure. Look only to yourself that you keep it.

I have seen a few failures—bitter, humiliating, heart-rending failures, but it was the individual who failed. Human weakness, and in some instances, human cussedness, lay at the bottom. But in no sense can the Keeley treatment be counted at fault.

"I have sent about two hundred of my employees, from butchers to foremen, and all have been permanently cured. (From a personal letter to Doctor Keeley.) I do not think there is any one thing or any one man who ever did the good to humanity that you are doing with your cure."—P. D. Armour, Late head of the Armour Packing Company, Chicago, Ill.

" * * * For these reasons—the outgrowth of my personal experience as a pastor at Dwight and elsewhere, I am convinced that the church ought not to overlook the importance of the Keeley Cure as a factor in moral and temperance reform."—Rev. F. W. Merrill, Peoria, Ill.



TAKE HEART AND GO ON.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

SOMETIMES we are almost discouraged,
The way is so cumbered and steep;
Sometimes, though we're spent with the sowing,
There cometh no harvest to reap.

And we faint on the road, and we falter
As our faith and our courage are gone,
Till a voice, as we kneel at the altar,
Commands us: "Take heart, and go on."

—Selected

WHAT DRINK DOES FOR WOMEN.

THE liquor question should receive the intelligent consideration of every thinking woman. No woman can afford to ignore it. No woman can be sure she will escape its deadly influence. Some of the saddest results of drunkenness have come to homes that were believed to be proof against such dangers.

In trouble that comes through drink woman is always the greatest sufferer. The drinking man may lose position, property and reputation,—he may bring his family to want, and blight every hope, but the very poison that causes his downfall dulls his sensibilities so that he does not realize his condition.

But his wife realizes it. Such suffering as hers makes the senses more acute. If they have wealth she looks to see it lost through bad investments, or squandered through extravagance or carelessness. If they are poor she suffers the actual privations of the present, and the anticipation of greater hardships to come. She sees her children defrauded of their birthright of protection and support, and deprived of the advantages that would make them useful citizens. She sees herself pale, gaunt and miserable, with every hope destroyed, every aspiration deadened,—her days a ceaseless round of toil, her nights an endless vigil—a prolonged dread of still greater horrors.

There may be worse trouble than that which comes to the wife of a drunkard, but it would be difficult to make her think so. There may be heavier sorrow than that which is borne by the mother of a drunkard, but she would not believe it possible.

Whisky works its saddest havoc in the hearts of women. Wherever a husband, father or son is being ruined by drink, there women are weeping over the graves of buried hopes.

To such women there is no innocent social side to the liquor question. To them it is all a boundless pitfall for the weak and the unwary. And if they had their way, everything that could intoxicate would be driven from the world.

But women's suffering on account of drink is not all caused by the inebriety of men. Unfortunately some women have drifted into drinking habits on their own account. Various causes have led to this. Social drinking has been the unwise beginning that has brought desolation to many a clever girl, and laid the foundation for much of the drunkenness among women.

Another prolific cause of inebriety is the habit of resorting to whisky for real of fancied ailments. Many women whose principles would not permit of the use of liquor as a beverage have no scruples against its use as a medicine, and unwittingly form the habit of tipping in dosing for their health.

It would be difficult to determine whether this practice has more followers among self-supporting women or those who lead sheltered lives; but the ease with which it adapts itself to all conditions gives it a dangerous popularity.

The average woman must be violently ill before

she will consent to have a physician called. To the woman in moderate circumstances it seems like extravagance to pay out money for doctor's bills when it can be avoided, and anything not absolutely alarming is apt to be treated with domestic remedies.

Of this class whisky seems to be in most common use, but while in some instances it may afford temporary relief it does not cure the disease.

Some women form the habit of drinking through a desire for a stimulant. They keep themselves at the highest tension until the limit of endurance is reached, and then depend on stimulants to keep up their strength. For this purpose whisky is in frequent demand. It is easily procured, and it lashes the heart into greater activity and deceives its victim into the belief that she is being benefited. But fictitious strength is of short duration. It leaves its victim in a worse state than before, and calls for repeated doses of the same remedy.

Occasionally a woman becomes an inebriate through a futile attempt to drown her sorrow. She has lost a friend, or met with reverses, or had domestic trouble, and she is nervous and can't sleep at nights, so she tries to find forgetfulness in the stupor of whisky. But it takes courage to face a great sorrow, and those who resort to liquor in times of trouble always find that they have not helped it in the least, but have added to it a trouble of greater magnitude than all the others combined.

Every woman who takes a social glass or uses whisky as a medicine does not become a drunkard. But every woman who is an inebriate became so either through social drinking or alcoholic remedies,—and always unintentionally, if not ignorantly.

Women cannot afford to tamper with liquor. It is fatal to success and a destroyer of happiness. The woman who drinks receives little sympathy. Other women feel compromised by her action and are indignant. Men expect better things of her and are disgusted. She is censured and condemned, but there are few helping hands reached out to rescue her.

Women have too many responsibilities to take any chances with whisky. The battle of life is hard enough with the best equipment, and the sensible woman will do nothing to jeopardize her health, intelligence or good looks.

Women who drink would do well to try the experiment recommended to men. Try going without liquor for a while. If it is easy to do this, be thankful you begun in time.

If it is not easy,—if abstaining from drink makes you sick and nervous and you feel completely unstrung until you get your accustomed brace, then be thankful that you have discovered your danger, and go quietly to a Keeley Institute, where, without suffering or publicity, you will be restored to health and the craving for intoxicants will be destroyed.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.—Henry Van Dyke.

WOMEN AS MACHINISTS.

FIVE THOUSAND PLYING CRAFT IN CHICAGO.

FIVE thousand women in Chicago are working as machinists. They stand at the lathe, drill, and planing machine converting formless metal into useful objects, doing the work doughtily like men. The foremen who have charge of the shirt waist machinists will tell you that they can do the work even better than the men by whose sides they operate. They show more patience and suppleness with the result that the products from their hands have a better finish.

Every piece of work the women turn out bears the impress of finer skill. The love for detail of the sex is manifest in every object the women produce, even if the work goes through the apparently unwieldy machines.

Some of the biggest plants in the city employ women machinists. At first they were kept at lighter work. But now they are being initiated even into the functions that had taxed the powers of men. You may see them drilling holes in plates and cutting bars of iron where the sparks fall in showers of fire all around them.

They stand at their machine with collars turned down and sleeves rolled up like their hardened brothers. During the day their hands are literally saturated with machine oil and covered with iron filings, but after work you can hardly tell them from the stenographer or filing clerk of the office. Ample use of soap and towels effects a transformation not known to the members of the other sex.

The invasion of the women into the field has been going on gradually for some time. But possession of it was not marked until recently. The sluggish business activities of the last year or two and the increased pressure for self-dependence of the sex considered as relegated to the home aided the industrial change. The women are seen in several parts of the city's important plants.

The work as yet does not seem to appeal to the American girl, however. Nearly all the women in the machine shops are foreigners. The American girls, the foremen explain, fear the oil and soot of the machines. Another deterrent is the wages. The scale is so low the few American girls in the trade state that the native born women do not care to accept it.

An investigation in one factory disclosed that girls receive from \$3 to 4.20 a week. Pieceworkers average from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day. Three dollars a week is paid to beginners. As soon as they have become proficient in the work and after they have worked at the maximum week wage for a time they are placed on piecework.

One of the harvesting implement manufacturers, an electrical shop of great size, and a manufacturing establishment of hardware specialties are three of the biggest employers of women machinists in the city. They employ the bulk of the 5,000 women who lead their sex into a new industry. Many of the machine shop girls are in their teens, but a large number of them are those who have tried married life and found it a failure.

The women learn the trade readily, the superintendents who employ them declare—easier than men or boys. The senior sisters in the trade now act as teachers for beginners. The foremen find it better to have women help women. In many instances the experienced women have charge of departments.

The foreign women find the work much to their liking. They prefer it to the tailor shop or to housework. When a Polish or Bohemian girl arrives in this country and finds that housekeeping will take her evenings as well as days and that the sweatshop, which also takes her sisters in because they can be forced to work long hours—the better class of tailor shops is now attractive enough for the American girl—are about the only places open to her, an advertisement in the paper or a suggestion from a friend that there is a trade in a machine shop where she will be employed only ten or twelve hours a day seems attractive to her and she takes a job every time there is one open.

"You bet they like the work," said a foreman of a department of fifty girls in a factory on the south side making hardware specialties. "You can't drive them away with a stick after they get in here, and they break their necks to get a job with us. They are a bit nervous when they start out as a rule, but they become 'broke in' quick—quicker than men. They don't loaf any but put their minds to the work. That's why they learn the trade so quickly."

"Do any of them get hurt? Well, nothing serious. Some of them get a finger smashed once in a while, but nothing bad. There are more accidents among boys. Once they catch on, they ain't tripped so easy. After they are 'broke in' there is hardly any danger of accidents among them.

"Of course we keep them at the lighter work as far as we can. Some of them work at the punching machines, but most of them are on the saws, the bending machines, and things of that sort. We hardly ever put any of them at the planing machine or lathes.

"If you want a good piece of work to come out of those big machines though, you put a woman at it. There is something in her hands that makes those clumsy lubbers of ironwork almost talk like humans. I have always put the girls at finer work. There are departments in this building run entirely by women.

"These big machines ain't the place for women, but the women like them. They get oily and greasy during the day, but you never see one of them going home that way. They wash up and dress up, and when they leave the shop they look as if they were out shopping. They ain't like men rushing out of the shop as soon as the whistle blows.

"Some of them make as high as \$9 a week. A girl can go a long ways with that much money. They do their own ironing and washing. All they have to pay for is the room and board, which costs them only \$4 a week perhaps. That leaves them \$5 a week for clothes, and they have the evenings all to themselves. You see them coming up to the shop dressed in silk waists. A man must go a long ways to have \$5 a week left for clothes.

"American girls still keep shy of the trade. They are prejudiced against it. But they are getting wiser also. In a few years things will be much different. The schools that teach manual training give a new idea about machine shop work. If a girl is good enough to teach boys to make a table or a tabourette, why ain't they good enough to punch holes in a plate on a machine or to cut iron bars, to make a savings bank, turn out a screwdriver or work on parts of a motor? They couldn't do any casting where heavy lifting is required, but they can do many things in the shops."

In a shop of electrical appliances there are fine parts of machinery that the girl machinists are found particularly adapted for. The work is of light nature and requires really only careful guidance of machines. But in the production of harvesting machinery girls are being initiated into fields hitherto unknown by their sex. The thrasher with fine cogs, many little wheels, and fine chains that the farmer has operated with great facility this summer has passed through the supple hands of many women.

"We too find it pretty hard to get American girls interested in this work," declared a foreman who has charge of a department in a thrashing machine manufacturing plant. "But we feel that the prejudice against the work is getting weaker. They looked upon the work as man's work, but they are beginning to consider the equality of the sexes not as superficially as they used to. The women who seek independence will soon find that the machine shop is one place to have it. To be a power in the world of industry they will find it to be literally a maker of the wheels upon which it revolves. In their search for independence which is becoming more and more marked, they will land in our shops and find a good deal of it at the sides of the grimy men that we employ.

"The women who are forced to depend upon themselves are driven into fields never before thought of by them. They go for every dollar they can earn, and prefer to earn it honestly, something which is perhaps not as universally true of men. And conditions are getting to be such that women must be self-supporting.

"Among the women that we now employ are a good many of divorced women—those whose cases perhaps are not reported in the press. These women are of the class that do not receive alimony to keep them in comforts all their days. They don't get even enough of it to pay for rent when they do get any of it at all. Most of them are thrown upon the world with nothing to live on. They have to seek means of subsistence anywhere they can get it."—Chicago Tribune.

There is no day too poor to bring us an opportunity, and we are never so rich that we can afford to spurn what the day brings. Opportunities for character always bloom along the pathway of our duty and make it fragrant even when it is thorny.—Samuel J. Barrows.

PATIENCE.

BY ELIZABETH A. REED.

"Ye have need of patience, that, after having done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." (Hebrew X, 36.)

YE HAVE great need, oh weary hand,
When sunset's gold shall flood the land
And find thy daily task undone
While evening shadows slowly come;
But rest is here, and rest is thine;
"It shall be light at evening time."

Ye have great need, oh watchful eye,
So often raised to One on high,
Watching for light to rift the cloud
While earth is wrapped in night's dark shroud.
Though tears may fall like ceaseless rain
Thine eye shall brighten soon again.

Ye have great need, oh weary feet,
Whose restless, fevered pulses beat
O'er thorny path and rocky height
In noontide's heat, or starless night;
But on the crystal river's shore
Is peace and rest forever more.

Ye have great need, Oh weary heart,
Whose quivering cords would gladly part
If but the burning cross be given
Beneath the loving hand of heaven—
Today, forget the cruel strife,
And crown with patience all your life.

Rest in the Lord and wait for Him,
Though days be dark and hope be dim.
Through martyr fires with naked feet,
Be loyal still while heart shall beat,
For hope and promise both are thine—
"It shall be light at evening time."

—I Zech. XIV, 7; Isa. XXX, 26; Isa. LX, 19-20; Rev. XXI, 22.

WORRY A DESPOILER OF HEALTH.

BY H. EFFA WEBSTER.

THE other day a party of women were talking about the striking wear upon the physical strength and appearance of women and girls who are engaged in industrial pursuits—especially those who are working as a real means of self-support. One of the group said:

"For the first six months the girl who works downtown in an office or in one of the big shops holds her good looks and buoyant manners. Then she begins to droop—and that she is constantly striving to keep up the temperature of her interest in work and people is apparent. It's hard lines—the work is too much for the average girl to do and still preserve her health and physical attractions."

Then another woman answered back, saying:

"I'll concede that it is wearing to work day after day, together with going to and from the shop in all kinds of weather—and standing up to obligations whether feeling well or ill. At the same time a part of the failure in health and good looks is due to a lack of these women and girls in taking care of themselves as far as they can do so. The girls who work for a living have little regard for the laws of health—some of which their constant employment forces them to ignore. But they neglect other hygienic rules merely because it is a habit not to consider them—or because they feel too tired to give heed to what they might do to promote their physical welfare."

Then ensued a discussion of the business woman's negligence of nearly all the laws of health while she is engaged in an industrial pursuit. It was said that even if her duties do not interfere with protection from weather and taking time for luncheon, she permits them to do so. In fact, she sits in draughts and gets chilled when a request for the closed window would cut off a probable cold on the lungs. It was further said that she goes without luncheon because she gets hurried—and then doesn't care for anything to eat. She lives in a hurry-and-drive way all through work hours and really doesn't accomplish a bit more than if she had kept steadily and calmly at it, allowing herself the proper time for a proper luncheon.

Then another woman made herself conspicuous in saying:

"Moreover—the men who hire these women to work do not want them to go this altogether neglectful pace as far as health goes. Probably most employers do not know that women and girls in their employ sacrifice their industrial privileges in behalf of work. So, the sacrifice of these women and girls is not appreciated."

Whereupon another member of the group took an interest in the conversation, saying:

"I'll tell you what I think—the average woman and girl worries too much over her work. Worrying is a despoiler of health and good looks. If you'll study the faces of the women and girls in the shops, you'll discover that nine out of every ten have an anxious instead of an interested atmosphere. The one exception in the ten, as like as not, isn't worth much to the business. It's natural for the average woman to get too anxious over business duties—being sincerely interested should be her mental tenor."

At this juncture several new arrivals in the parlor of the club's quarters in which the conversation ensued broke up the little impromptu convention.

It is very easy for women accustomed to the protection of a home, with no necessity of earning a living, "to see" how the other woman—she who works—imposes upon herself while earning her salary.

The woman who is without experience in earning a living can not understand either the physical or mental condition of the woman who must accomplish a certain measure of work within a certain time—or lose her job or be accounted as "secondclass" in the ranks of the toilers.

The woman at home has domestic obligations—but she is responsible to herself. She must keep the household up to its standard—but she can go a bit slack here and there for a day or two, when she isn't feeling well, without really damaging the comfort of the family. She isn't forced to keep up the proportionate drive. She can go a little slack on her manners. She can take small rests so to save herself from much demand on her ailing strength. In all respects she has the advantage of the business woman when it comes to working during all conditions of health.

The woman who is earning her living gives her first consideration to her duties. This is necessary. She is a part of the great industrial machine. Employers do not demand this in any sense of tyranny—they require perfect harmony in all the accomplishment of a plan, and each employe is a part of that plan.

That the woman who works for a living is likely to contract the habit of neglect of her health is quite true. She believes she is too busy to consider such laws, even when her duties do not preclude such considerations. To act upon these rules—well!—she "really is too tired!"

The woman in the home with the many advantages for brief, impromptu rests cannot appreciate the absolutely no opportunity to recuperate that is a part of the daily life of the woman who works for a living. This incessant obligatory toil through a certain number of hours each day accounts for the surrender of the woman who works for a living to the habit of being "too tired" to take care of herself when she has a chance to do so.

All these "excuses" for the neglect of health on the part of the woman who works for a living do not sum into a vindication of the deed when the deed isn't a necessity.

For her own sake she should take the best possible care of herself—meantime hoping to preserve a fine degree of health and good looks for the time when she will not be forced into self-support.

FROM MRS. ELLEN M. WATSON.

UNDER date July 29, says the Temperance Tribune, Mrs. Ellen M. Watson, National Superintendent of Rescue Work, writes that she entirely disagrees with the "Report of the Inspector of Inebriates Acts for 1906, London, England," extracts from which appeared in the July Tribune. Mrs. Watson in her conscientious, painstaking temperance work, has had long experience in studying the effects of the Keeley work, and says she has known absolute and complete cures to be effected in four weeks' time, cures that have been tested without failure for nineteen years. She deems the "English inspector ignorant who recommends as the only remedy, the substitution of long continued reformatory treatment for the prison methods which still largely obtain."

"This recommendation," she writes, "is cruelly extravagant, and yet in this age of medical skill, that English Committee insists that the position assumed is 'tenable on all grounds, humane, scientific and economic.' It is surprising to have a public report say 'that the only hope then consists in early and long continued treatment under favorable conditions.'"

C. T. A. U. Department

Edited by JOHN F. CUNNEEN

973 North Robey Street - - - - - Chicago

THE C. T. A. U. OF AMERICA.

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

"THE Catholic Church is unalterably opposed to the liquor industry, and the Sunday saloon looms up as one of the most menacing evils with which the American citizen is confronted. The saloon never elevated any man, but rather its influence for years has tended to drag men down, and there is no man in this country who is better for the open Sunday saloon. Hundreds of thousands of poor wretches have been sacrificed upon the altar of liquor, and the time for a determined fight against the liquor industry has come."

"The open saloon on Sunday is a great door of greed and irreligion, to bring men to slavery to Mammon, and blot out the best traditions of Christian life and worship."

"The saloon stands for nothing good in any community. The saloon has never brought a blessing to a city, a home, or upon an individual."

"The saloon is the foe of the home and the enemy of the church."

"There is no man in the United States who is a better man today in principle or life because of the open Sunday saloon."

"What is the object of the Sunday saloon? From the liquor man's standpoint it is the same as the object of the open saloon on Monday, Tuesday, and every other day of the week—to enrich the proprietor and make millionaires of the brewers and distillers and put the hard-earned wages of labor into their pockets and bank accounts. The open saloon on Sunday means that on Monday the wives and children of laboring men will have less wages and the saloon more."

"Certainly the Sunday saloon is not run for the honor and glory of God, but for the everlasting degradation of its patrons, many of whom, sad to relate, are composed of American workmen, whose wives and families need the money that goes over the bar to the man in the white apron."

"Close up the saloon on Sunday and every other day of the week!"

More than three thousand people heard and applauded the Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, bishop of Pittsburgh, at the Auditorium in Chicago on Wednesday night, August 4, while he denounced the Sunday saloon and the week-day saloon in no uncertain tones. The paragraphic quotations that begin this report are a few of many striking utterances of the bishop, in a great address at the evening mass meeting in connection with the national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, and the most radical of his utterances were most heartily applauded.

The first meetings in connection with the convention were held on Tuesday evening, August 3d, while the first actual convention session was held at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. One thousand delegates were reported, representing a total membership of more than 100,000.

Preceding the evening mass meeting there was an imposing parade of the societies of the Illinois State Union, marshaled by the Rev. D. J. Crimmin. The line consisted of two military bands, five and drum corps, four floats, twenty-seven automobiles, and thirty temperance societies on foot, marching from Twentieth street to Congress Hotel, where it was reviewed by the Rt. Rev. Paul P. Rhode, auxiliary bishop of Chicago.

At the mass meeting in the auditorium the Rev. J. G. Beane, vice-president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, presided. The speakers were the Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, bishop of Pittsburgh, from whose address quotations have already been made, the Rev. J. M. Reardon, who spoke on "The Catholic Church and the American Saloon," and the Rev. Ulrich Mueller, president of the Ohio State Union, whose address was on "The Total Abstinence Movement in America."

During the sessions on Thursday important measures were discussed for increasing the strength and influence of the society among the Catholics, and it was agreed to establish permanent headquarters in charge of an authorized representative.

The following resolutions were adopted:

RESOLUTIONS.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America reviews with satisfaction the history of its efforts to lessen intemperance and make more general the cause of sobriety. Its endeavors were commenced with the approval of the hierarchy and during its existence it has continued to hold and maintain the approval of the bishops and archbishops of the country, the approval of the Councils of the Church in America, and the benedictions of the Sovereign Pontiff reigning since and during its existence, the present reigning Pontiff having expressed the hope that all Catholic priests and laity should become members of it. It stands today as the representative body of Catholics battling for the suppression of the drink evil. It today with pleasure reviews the progress generally made for the cause of temperance. Public sentiment has so grown as regards the liquor business that today every state of our grand country has passed restrictive measures regarding it, and in many cases by constitutional enactment have the people absolutely prohibited its sale.

The progress of the Catholic people has kept pace with the general public in antagonism to the evil of drink. The bishops and clergy of America by pledging the children at time of confirmation seek to provide that the coming generation will be total abstainers. Catholic Societies exclude from membership those of our faith who continue to remain in the liquor business. The Catholic gathering and festivity prohibits the use of liquor at the banquet board. And every day we find the Church as being viewed as the positive enemy of intemperance and her children as the advocates of sobriety and total abstinence.

We find, however, the distiller, brewer and saloon-keeper of our country organized for the extension of the business in which they are engaged, and we therefore call upon the Catholic people, and especially the members of our cause, to be ever watchful, more courageous and constantly arrayed in the fighting of this evil.

We recognize that the saloon depends upon the youth of our day for its continuance and success. We, therefore, call upon parents and guardians to educate the children under their charge as to the drink evil. In their innocence to pledge them to total abstinence. To declare and so act that this declaration shall be a fact, that no child of your home shall be the sacrifice to preserve and extend the liquor traffic. Let our societies seek to have the children of the parochial schools instructed as to the dangers of drink and with the children of our home enrolled in the total abstinence societies.

The adults of the total abstinence societies should consider that their membership extends their duty of fatherhood and motherhood, and that the child of their neighbor has an equal right to be saved as the child of their home, and that its contribution to the saloon, makes a loss to country of a citizen and to God of a soul.

We view the saloon as the positive enemy of Church and State; as a public enemy of both. It has never stood for the glory of God or the good of the country! Its profits are counted in the loss of men. The more it exists the greater the crime. The greater business the more dangerous it becomes. We, therefore, call upon the members of the cause to at all times oppose its extension. Let not the meeting place of your society be the only place and time when you will direct against it your condemnation. Let your right of franchise be exercised to restrict and close it, and co-operate with all good, unselfish Americans who are engaged in the battle of the home against the saloon, and ever stand as the defender of the home, upon which our country must rest for success, against the enemy, that ever battles to steal from it its fairest inmates. Ever standing for God and country—ever opposed to intemperance and selfish interests.

We believe that the members of the Total Abstinence Society can work an influence in other organizations of members of our faith. We, therefore, call upon him in such to ever oppose the use of liquor at festivities and celebrations and to battle for the exclusion of liquor from society gatherings.

We believe that the Catholic newspaper should not publish in its advertisement column what it cannot support upon its editorial page. We, therefore, urge the few Catholic papers that continue to publish liquor advertisements to cease such and feel satisfied that consistency will be more beneficial than the few dollars from an advertisement that prostitutes its column.

We believe in the fundamental principle of the American Republic, the will of the majority shall rule, and as well that the opportunity shall be given for a declaration of this will. We, therefore, heartily endorse Local Option, and urge our members to endeavor to procure its adoption. We feel that the majority of each community have as much right to declare whether the place for breeding drunkards shall exist, as they have to declare who will be the police justice, who will pass judgment upon the drunkards that the saloon makes.

The Pure Food Law to a degree has lessened the danger of the use of patent medicines containing large quantities of alcohol. There are, however, sold by many drug stores at soda fountains, drinks that contain alcohol and dangerous drugs. We warn against these. We urge our members to make inquiry regarding them.

We commend the action of the members of the Pittsburgh Union, that made war on such, and, seeking the aid of the District Attorney, prosecuted the druggists so engaged, and, procuring convictions, stopped this danger to the youth of its locality.

We regret that some Catholics still refuse to listen to the Councils of the Church and get out of the liquor business and seek a more honorable way of making a living. It would be useless for us to appeal to them when they decline to listen to the Church. We, therefore, urge our members to work and pray for the extension of the cause of sobriety, so that the extension of total abstinence, lessening the opportunities of the saloon, will cause such Catholics to seek a more profitable way of making a living, and thereby comply with the wish of the Church.

Our pledge requires the members not only to abstain from liquor, but to discountenance the drinking customs of society and by advice and example to prevent the sin of intemperance in others.

We, therefore, urge our members in leading their lives of sobriety to each day direct their efforts that individuals will be led to sober lives, and in the performance of their civic duties that communities will lessen the dangers and temptations that grow from the drink evil.

We re-affirm our love and devotion to our Holy Father, the successor of Saint Peter, an allegiance to our Country which has never been shaken. We, therefore, again pledge ourselves to continue to labor for the extension of sobriety, believing that in the lessening of intemperance we perform the duties imposed upon us, and that this endeavor, if successful, will result in the practical accomplishment of extending the Glory of God and doing good to our neighbor.

REV. M. A. LAMING,
REV. E. J. DOUGHERTY,
REV. U. F. MULLER, C. P. P. S.
JOHN T. SHEA,
JOHN F. McADAM,
THOS. J. SMITH,
JAMES H. McBRIDE,
F. J. McCAFFRY,
JOSEPH F. COLL,
MISS CATHERINE COLLAR,
J. WASHINGTON LOGUE.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, the Rev. P. J. O'Callaghan, of St. Mary's Church, Chicago; vice-presidents, the Rev. J. G. Beane, Pittsburgh; John F. Corbett, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Katherine Kelly, Kansas City; treasurer, the Rev. J. B. Meylan, Scranton, Pa.; general secretary, John T. Shea, Boston.

The closing address was made by the Rev. James M. Reardon, of St. Paul, who spoke on "The New Crusade." He gave suggestions for more effective temperance work among the young, and especially advocated a campaign of education as a means of overthrowing the liquor forces.

The convention next August meets in Boston; it goes there upon the invitation extended by His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connell.

COST OF LIQUOR IN COOK COUNTY

BY JOHN F. CUNNEEN.

OF the \$10,500,000 per year expended by the State of Illinois, at least \$3,000,000 of the expense is caused by caring for the criminality, delinquency, feeble-mindedness, pauperism and insanity brought on directly or indirectly by the liquor traffic. This means an expense of sixty cents for each person in the state. Cook County's share of this state expense will be at least \$1,200,000.

Of the \$8,460,601 for expenses appropriated by Cook County at least \$3,000,000 was made necessary in caring for the criminality, delinquency, dependency, pauperism, accidents and insanity brought on directly or indirectly by the liquor traffic.

At least \$4,000,000 of the \$23,000,000 annual expense of the city of Chicago is caused directly or indirectly by the liquor traffic.

SUMMARY

County's share of state expense due to drink.....	\$1,200,000
County expense due to drink.....	3,000,000
Chicago City expense due to drink.....	4,000,000
Total.....	\$8,200,000
License fees paid by saloons.....	7,400,000
Direct loss to County on account of the liquor traffic.....	\$ 800,000

In addition there is the loss to the people of the money paid to saloons, which amounts each year to at least \$55,000,000.

Then there is the loss to the community of the unproductive labor of those engaged in the liquor traffic. They add nothing to the wealth of the community. On the contrary, they live upon the wealth of the people. If engaged at productive labor the 15,000 persons engaged in the liquor traffic in Cook County would be worth to the community at \$5 a day, \$75,000, or \$22,500,000 for a year of three hundred working days.

Then, again there is an annual loss of at least

\$10,000,000, due to accidents, mistakes, sickness and loss of employment caused by drink.

SUMMARY

Loss to Cook County on account of expense of crime, pauperism and insanity due to saloons	\$ 8,200,000
Cook County's annual drink bill	55,000,000
Loss through unproductive labor of those engaged in the liquor traffic	22,500,000
Loss due to accidents, mistakes, sickness and loss of employment, caused by drink	10,000,000
Total	\$95,700,000
License fees paid by saloons	7,400,000
Net loss	\$88,300,000

This counts the loss only in dollars. There is the moral loss, which is of far greater importance, but is too often lost sight of. The saloon advocates say that the records of criminal, pauper and insane institutions do not show a large number of inmates whose admission was caused by drink, but we must go back of the records to get at the real cause. There is a poor old woman in the Cook County Infirmary who lived a sober life. She was cared for in her old age by a son until he became so enthusiastic in support of Chicago's saloons that he preferred to spend for liquor the few cents a day it cost to keep his old mother, and then he deserted her and let her go to the poorhouse. It was not drink that directly brought that old woman to the poorhouse, but all who know the facts must admit that drink was the indirect cause of her going there.

A few years ago a young woman was sent to the Cook County Insane Asylum. She had never drank liquor. A few years previous she married a drinking young man. She loved him and expected to reform him, but she could not. He abused her and neglected her and a few years of that treatment drove her insane. No one could truthfully say she went insane directly through drink, but all who know the facts admit that drink was the indirect cause of her going insane.

Here are some facts about Cook County records for 1908:

Number of inquests in Cook County, 1908	4,214
Number of suicides	535
Number of homicides	171
Number of jurors (grand and petit)	13,978
Cost of jury service	\$248,000
Number of arrests made	63,132

The following are comments in inaugural address of William Busse, president of Board of County Commissioners:

"The increase of inmates of our charitable institutions is exceeding the natural growth of the population and each year places a heavier burden on the financial resources of the county."

"The insane asylum is so overcrowded that a large number of inmates have been sleeping on the floor."

"Alcohol patients must be cared for by the county, but the city receives the saloon license revenue."

"The evil of wife-desertion is increasing. It has become a common thing for husbands to abandon their wives and children, who frequently become county charges."

Following is a summary of the work performed by the Department of Poor Relief for the year ending November 30, 1908:

Families given relief	12,461
Number of persons comprising these families	53,251
Number of visits made by department visitors	17,118
Persons placed in infirmary and consumption hospital	2,201
Cases given medical aid in homes, at dispensary, county jail and juvenile detention home	19,078
Total number admitted to Cook County Hospital	30,037
Number of cases of alcoholism	259
Deaths from alcoholism	39
Paid for wines and liquors at County Hospital	\$970.65
Number of insane cases disposed of	1,666
Total number of insane of Cook County in Cook County and State insane asylums	4,806
Number of hearings in juvenile court	5,667
New cases	2,959

What is to be thought of a people who will submit to conditions such as are indicated by the figures given in this article?

"I never read an untrue line of advertising in the thousands of pages perused. I never heard or knew of a false claim put out by the Keeley Cure. I know it is all it claims to be."—U. A. Caine, Grand Chief Templar Maine Good Templars.

Accurate investigations show that beer and wine drinkers generally consume more alcohol per man than spirit drinkers, and while they are not as often intoxicated, they suffer fully as much from diseases and premature death as do those who use distilled spirits.—N. S. Davis, M. D.

DOINGS AT DWIGHT.

Mr. John R. Oughton has been absent from Dwight for about two weeks, having visited many points of interest in the East, including Montreal, Boston and New York. Mr. Oughton was accompanied by Mrs. Oughton and letters received indicate that the trip has been successful from every point of view. They were in New York in time for the Hudson-Fulton celebration and are expected to arrive home on or about October 1.

Dr. W. E. Putnam, of Whiting, Indiana, paid a visit to Dwight on Saturday, September 25th, remaining over Sunday. Doctor Putnam has a patient in line who came here through his recommendation and he was desirous of seeing how he was getting along, at the same time satisfying his curiosity in relation to Dwight and the methods of the Keeley Institute. The Doctor was afforded ample opportunity for observation and expressed himself as being highly pleased with what he saw. Doctor Putnam is well known in Whiting, where he is recognized as a skillful physician and surgeon and by no means limiting his usefulness to his profession; his hand is ever outstretched to help the needy and many young people owe him a great deal for the encouragement and assistance he has given them.

Maj. Curtis J. Judd is taking a little turn with the bass at Pine Lake, Wisconsin. Some fine specimens have been received in Dwight by many of the Major's friends and ample evidence supplied that the fishing is good, likewise the fish. It is expected that the Major will remain as long as conditions are as favorable as at present.

Col. Frank L. Smith and wife have returned from their summer in Europe and were greeted on their arrival at Dwight by an enthusiastic and noisy demonstration. The celebration included a band, fireworks, public reception at Amusement Hall, together with speeches, flowers, etc. One could hardly realize from observing this demonstration of welcome that the Colonel and his wife had only been absent about three months; both report themselves as being in excellent condition and as having enjoyed the trip to the full limit.

Beginning with this issue, Messrs. Dustin and Holbrook of Dwight are to print THE BANNER OF GOLD. The firm has recently installed an up-to-date printing outfit capable of doing all kinds of printing promptly and effectively. It is quite appropriate that THE BANNER OF GOLD should be printed at Dwight, which is the home of the Keeley Cure, and particularly by the firm of Dustin & Holbrook, the senior partner of which firm is known to a large number of Keeley graduates, himself being a graduate of long standing. Mr. Dustin, besides publishing the Star and Herald, publishes The Banner, which is the official organ of the Sons of Veterans of the United States; the Star and Herald, of course, continues as usual. Mr. Dustin's friends are all well pleased at this evidence of prosperity and energy.

Every day in the park at the rear of the Keeley Company's laboratory the patients have a game of base ball which is enjoyed not only by the participants, but by such spectators as have time to spare from their business to watch the game. The ball used is such as is used in indoor baseball and can by no possibility injure anyone. The bases are quite close together, being the trees in the park. The decisions of the umpire, as usual, are unsatisfactory to some in the game and there is a frequent change of umpires. So far no umpire has been assaulted and there have been several so-called close games. A new man is usually selected as umpire, and it is not surprising, therefore, that some of the decisions are a little "wabbly."

Mr. Wallace Williams has visited Dwight several times recently and on the occasion of each visit has brought with him a friend whom he has left to take the treatment. Mr. Williams will be remembered as a well-known newspaper man of Fulton, Missouri, who has visited Dwight many times, always, however, except the first time, to bring someone else for treatment; in addition Mr. Williams' name has several times appeared in THE BANNER OF GOLD at the foot of an admirably written testimonial; he is as enthusiastic as ever, as his actions indicate.

Too much cannot be said about the Dwight weather at this time of year; autumns in Illinois are certainly delightful. There have been rumors of slight frosts, but there has been no frost as yet sufficiently severe to injure the most delicate flowers. The leaves have scarcely begun to fall and the roads are in excellent condition. Automobile parties are passing through Dwight in every direction and

usually arrange to remain over night at the Livingston Hotel, which is recognized as being the most attractive and best all-around hotel between St. Louis and Chicago.

MANY DIVORCES DUE TO DRINK.

ONE of the most striking arguments for temperance reform, says Mr. L. A. Brady, is to be found in certain cold, dispassionate statistics issued by the United States Census Bureau. These figures show that intemperance, as either a direct or a contributing cause, was responsible for more than 19 per cent.—practically one-fifth—of all divorces granted in the United States during the twenty years between 1887-1906 inclusive. Since at the present rate at least every twelfth marriage ends in divorce, we get a proportion of one home in every sixty-one wrecked by drink. Moreover, the census authorities themselves, according to Mr. Brady, admit that these figures represent only the most flagrant and palpable instances on the part which intemperance plays in divorce, and that greater percentages than those actually given would be nearer the truth. The detailed figures as set forth in the census bulletin are as follows:

"Drunkness was the sole cause of divorce in 35,516 cases, or 3.9 per cent. of the total number of divorces (1887 to 1906). It was a cause in combination with some other cause in 17,765 cases, or 1.9 per cent. of the total number. Therefore, it was a direct cause, either alone or in combination with other causes, in 54,281 cases, or 5.7 per cent. of the total. Of divorces granted to the wife the percentage for drunkenness either alone or in combination with other causes was 7.9; of those granted to the husband, the corresponding percentage, 1.4.

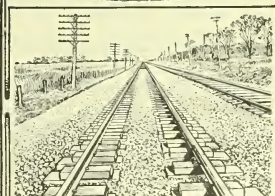
"The attempt was made to ascertain also the number of cases in which drunkenness or intemperance, although not a direct ground for the divorce, was an indirect or contributory cause. The number of such cases was returned as 130,287, representing 13.8 per cent. of the total number of divorces. Probably this number includes those cases in which the fact of intemperance was alleged in the bill of complaint or established by evidence, although not specified among the grounds for which the divorce was granted.

"The remaining cases are those in which there was no reference to intemperance, or no evidence that intemperance existed as a contributory cause. In some of these cases the record was so meager that the absence of any mention of intemperance would justify no conclusions. But in the majority of instances it would create a strong presumption that intemperance did not exist or was not a contributory cause."—Literary Digest.

Let us all, who desire to avoid gout, rheumatism and dyspepsia, shun ale, beer, porter, stout and all other kinds of fermented and distilled liquors.—Dr. Norman Kerr, F. L. S.

"It becomes my duty to speak with reverence the name of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley."—Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.

THE CHICAGO & ALTON USES CONCRETE TIES



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GEORGE J. CHARLTON,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

KEELEY TREATMENT

THE KEELEY CURE — WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES.

WHY PEOPLE NEED THE TREATMENT—EFFECT ON GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—COST, ETC.

[From a booklet issued by the Leslie E. Keeley Company.]

NO one can claim that the title of this pamphlet is misleading. It is written for those who desire information in relation to the Keeley treatment. Some desire the information for themselves, comparatively few, however, but many more want it for the benefit of some friend or acquaintance in whose welfare they are interested.

What is it? The Keeley treatment has been in constant and successful operation for more than thirty years. The remedies used are those discovered by the late Dr. Leslie E. Keeley; the system of treatment is that formulated by him also, and while there have been many ups and downs and many improvements in various branches of medicine, it is a fixed fact that the Keeley treatment is recognized by the public as being the only successful treatment for liquor, drug and narcotic addictions. This is seen in the fact that imitators recognize the Keeley Cure as the *standard* by comparing their treatments to it; some claim that theirs is better; some point out alleged dangers of the Keeley treatment, but in doing this, they all concede that the Keeley Cure, as it is popularly called, is the best known and the most generally used of any. So fully identified has the name of Keeley become with treatments for liquor and drug addictions that many people assume that every establishment where such treatments are administered must be Keeley establishments; this is a great mistake and sometimes has worked to our disadvantage.

How, then, can the real Keeley treatment be distinguished from any other? There is one infallible test: no Keeley remedies are administered anywhere except in establishments authorized by The Leslie E. Keeley Company, of Dwight, Illinois, and known by the uniform name of "The Keeley Institute." There is no exception to this rule.

As to Physicians.

No physician is permitted to administer the Keeley remedies unless he is a graduate of a medical school of high standing, and unless, in addition, he has been engaged in the general practice of medicine a sufficiently long time to merit confidence by reason of such experience. Besides these requirements, he must go to Dwight to be specially instructed in the diseased conditions which he will be called upon to treat in Keeley Institutes and in the handling and administration of the Keeley remedies. Experience in general practice is necessary because everyone having knowledge of the condition of inebriates knows that from neglect of their health and other causes there are many collateral ailments which require attention, and which are always carefully looked after in Keeley Institutes. No physician can obtain Keeley remedies for administration anywhere except in these authorized Keeley Institutes.

What does the Keeley treatment accomplish? As far as drink patients are concerned, in four weeks' time it relieves them of all craving, appetite and necessity for alcoholic stimulants. As for users of opium, morphine and other drugs, the Keeley treatment relieves them of their addiction in from four to six weeks. These are rather startling statements, but thirty years' successful administration of this treatment justifies us in making the claim. This book is small and consequently we cannot go very fully into details, but those who require additional information can have it upon request, both written and printed; it will also be sent in a sealed envelope if you so desire.

Mistakes Corrected.

The Keeley treatment does not nauseate a patient and no attempt is made to cure inebriates by creating a disgust for liquor; a treatment depending upon nausea for a cure can never be anything but a failure, because the patient will soon learn that liquor does not nauseate him, and the diseased condition not be-

ing relieved, he will soon return to his old ways. In taking the Keeley treatment there is not a moment's illness caused by or attendant thereon; on the contrary, the general health improves from the beginning, and at the completion of treatment the patient is not only relieved of all desire for alcoholic stimulants, but by reason of the building up of the nervous system, is in greatly improved mental and physical condition also. The nerve cells are restored to their original unpoisoned condition, and consequently the necessity for alcohol is entirely eliminated.

"But," some one says, "people who take the Keeley Cure sometimes go back to drink." That is true, and probably will continue to be true as long as human nature is weak, for it is unquestionably a fact that it is through weakness or negligence that a Keeley patient ever relapses. The man who becomes an inebriate becomes so because his nervous system is such that he cannot be a moderate drinker. After taking the Keeley treatment he can be a total abstainer, but on account of the nervous system with which he was originally endowed, he cannot be a moderate drinker, and every attempt to become one will end in failure. No one should go to a Keeley Institute except with the desire and expectation of remaining a total abstainer as long as he lives.

Is the Treatment Injurious?

It seems absurd to be asked to answer questions of this kind, considering the fact that there are nearly



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., LL. D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

four hundred thousand people who have taken the Keeley treatment, and the fact that it is almost universally conceded that the general health is improved thereby; yet occasionally reports of this kind are circulated; why this is done it is unnecessary to state, but we are successful and prosperous; if we had been injuring our patients for thirty years, we could hardly say that of ourselves, and certainly our reputation would be different from what it is. The Keeley treatment never injured any person; on the contrary, it is impossible to conceive of a remedy which will build up and strengthen the nervous system, as does ours, and which will not at the same time improve the general health.

We do not withdraw liquor abruptly from a patient but permit its use until such time as he is able to get along comfortably without it. Sometimes the idea prevails that a patient in a Keeley Institute gets all the liquor he wants; this is not so—what he does get is all that he needs; he is not deprived of it until such time as he himself admits that he no longer needs it.

Drug Using.

In a general way we have stated what the Keeley treatment does in drink cases; a few words may be added as to its effect in drug cases. As has been said,

it takes a little longer (one or two weeks) to effect a cure of these cases. What do we mean by a cure? Suppose a patient is addicted to morphine or opium in any form, cocaine, chloral or any of the drugs to which people become addicted, and comes to us for treatment—we claim that we have cured such patient when he is eating and sleeping well, when he is comfortable and is not dependent on the drug in any sense of the word. People who are addicted to drugs understand what this means. There probably is not one of these addicts who has not said to himself, and perhaps also to others, that if he could go without the drug for a week he would never return to it as long as he lives; the trouble, however, is to get in a condition to do without it for a week, or even a day, without some substitute.

No Confinement.

Keeley patients are not confined, but they have to conform to the few simple rules of the Institute; they are carefully looked after in order to see that remedies and treatment are taken with the utmost regularity, but this is effected in such a way as not to irritate or annoy the patient. When treatment is completed they know they are cured, and they know that for weeks before leaving the Institute they have had no drug.

Is there any pain in connection with the treatment? This might be answered in the negative, flippantly or positively, as is often done in the printed matter sent out by some establishments, but we know that it is impossible to deprive a drug habitue of the drug to which he is addicted without causing some inconvenience; this inconvenience, however, is reduced to a minimum by the tonic effects of our remedies which support the patient. In addition to that, at the beginning of treatment, patients addicted to drugs are apprehensive as to the future; they miss the effect which the drug produces, and while they are able to bear this with ease, yet there is a feeling of dread as to what is coming next, a feeling which, we are glad to say, is never justified.

Bearing on the question as to whether drug patients suffer, it is proper to say that the drug is not withdrawn abruptly, but the reduction is exceedingly gradual, and usually the patient is entirely off the drug for one, or even two weeks, without knowing it; if this can be accomplished, it follows that the pain or inconvenience in the withdrawal must be very slight indeed. We desire to state emphatically and unequivocally that under no circumstances is there inconvenience experienced in discontinuing the use of our remedies. Many drug patients, having tried alleged "home cures" before coming to us, find it as difficult to discontinue the so-called remedy as they did to discontinue the drug to which they were addicted, sometimes even more difficult; with us there is absolutely no trouble of that kind.

Books have been written by the score in relation to the use of morphine and other drugs. We have been engaged in the work of curing patients for thirty years; we understand them, and we have had unparalleled success in their treatment. Other printed matter and full information will be sent upon request.

The Cost.

It is always important to know the cost. The cost of the Keeley treatment is uniform in all Keeley Institutes, namely, \$100 for four weeks. Drink and drug patients are not accepted for shorter terms than four weeks. As has been stated, drug patients usually require one or two weeks' additional treatment, the cost of which is in the same proportion, namely, \$25 per week. Board is an additional expense, varying in price to meet the requirements of all patients. Full information in relation to board can be obtained by addressing the Institute.

We realize fully in closing that there are many things which have been left unsaid. We have endeavored, however, to state the most important facts and to answer the questions most often asked. The inebriate, whether from the use of drugs or alcoholic stimulants, is very badly equipped to perform any of his duties, and is handicapped to an extent which makes success impossible. In addition, the moderate drinker is also at a discount. There may have been a time when moderate drinking was overlooked; it is not so today, because the business man knows that the moderate drinker is the material out of which the inebriate is made; besides, many a man considers himself a moderate drinker when in fact he is an inebriate in the true sense; the test is whether or not a man is comfortable without liquor. In conclusion we will say that all correspondence with us is strictly confidential.

Authorized Keeley Institutes

The following is an authentic list of the Institutes established under and by authority of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., and which are known by the uniform name of "THE KEELEY INSTITUTE." In each of these establishments the remedies used are prepared in our laboratory at Dwight, Illinois, and they are administered by physicians who have been specially instructed by us at Dwight in their administration and in the Keeley method of treating Inebriety, Drug and Narcotic addictions. The address of the Institute is given in each case, and this list will be corrected from time to time as may become necessary. Our remedies cannot be obtained anywhere except at these establishments

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.,

THE PARENT INSTITUTE

Dwight, Illinois, October, 1909.

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs, 702 Park Avenue

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 2930 Sacramento Street

Los Angeles, 1022 South Flower Street

COLORADO

Denver, 18th and Curtis Streets

CONNECTICUT

West Haven

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, 211 North Capitol Street

FLORIDA

Jacksonville

GEORGIA

Atlanta, 229 Woodward Avenue

ILLINOIS

Dwight

INDIANA

Marion

Plainfield

IOWA

Des Moines, 706 Fourth Street

KENTUCKY

Crab Orchard

MAINE

Portland, 151 Congress Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids, 265 South College Avenue

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, 10th Street and Park Avenue

MISSOURI

Kansas City, 716 West Tenth Street

St. Louis, 2803 Locust Street

MONTANA

Alhambra

NEBRASKA

Omaha, Twenty-fifth and Cass Streets

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester, 982 Hanover Street

NEW YORK

Buffalo, 799 Niagara Street

White Plains

NORTH CAROLINA

Greensboro

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo

OHIO

Columbus, 1087 Dennison Avenue

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City, 1225 North Broadway

OREGON

Portland, 71 East Eleventh Street

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia, 812 North Broad Street

Pittsburg, 4246 Fifth Avenue

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, 306 Washington Street

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia, 1329 Lady Street

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen

Sioux Falls, Spring Avenue and Fifth Street

TEXAS

Dallas, Bellevue Place

UTAH

Salt Lake City, 334 W. South Temple Street

VIRGINIA

Richmond, 130 North Thirty-Second Street

WISCONSIN

Waukesha

WASHINGTON

Seattle, 3433 Meridian Avenue

FOREIGN.

CANADA

Toronto, 1253 Dundas Street

Winnipeg, Hugo and Jessie Avenue, Ft. Rouge

ENGLAND

London, 9 West Bolton Gardens, S. W.

MEXICO

Pueblo, 7A de los Aztecas, No. 1

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Nervousness.

The Keeley Remedies have been administered for more than thirty years

and are recognized by the public at large as well as the medical profession as being the most efficacious treatment known for the diseases which they are

designed to overcome.

Printed matter, consisting of testimonials from people who have taken the cure and others who have simply observed its effects, will be furnished free upon application; also printed matter descriptive of the diseases we treat and the claims made in behalf of our remedies. All correspondence strictly confidential. None of our rem-



THE LIVINGSTON HOTEL.



LABORATORY AND OFFICES OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY

edies can be obtained anywhere except at authorized Keeley Institutes, a list of which will be furnished upon application.

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

THE BANNER OF GOLD

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CHRISTMAS—A PRAYER.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHILIPS.



Be born anew, dear Lord, be born again,
Unto the hunger of the sons of men!
Whose famine is too bitter to be fed
By any lower food than sacred bread.
We thirst for hope and, tasting, drink it
not.

We choke for joy denied a barren lot.
We starve for love and, starving, throw the dice
That may, or may not, pay love's precious price.
Our trembling hands, infirm, have lost the wit
To grasp Thy holy cup. Lord give us it!

Fill it with strength despaired of by the weak.
Fill it with brimming rest the weary seek.
Out of the chalice let the lonely drink.
Restrain the wild soul crouching on the brink
Of shameful purposes, that no man knows.
Watch, Thou, the desert where the desperate goes!
Unto white hearts give purity anew;
And to the false the power to be true.
Grant to the mourning all uncomfited,
The conscious coming of their dearest dead.
Give to the friendless, shrinking and apart
The happy throbbing of the Christmas heart.

Is there a flying thing
Fluttering, with broken wing?
Lord, show us where it hides.
Lead us where'er abides
Beneath pain's sharpest fang,
The most forgotten pang
Within Thy world today:
For that, for that, we pray.

For the bird shot in the bog;
For the tortured, writhing dog;
The patient, laboring beast
That gives us most for least;
For the soul within the dumb,
And for that it may become,
For the smitten by the way,
Oh, listen, Lord! We pray.

Be born again, dear Christ! Be born again,
Unto the knowledge of the sons of men.
Be born into the gentle heart that brings
Its best, its strongest to the weakest things.
Be born into the finest tenderness
That will not burden, where it cannot bless;
Be born in the divinest power to feel,
That never hurts the nerve it cannot heal.
—Woman's Home Companion.

X

A STORY OF WAR AND PEACE.

BY T. L. WILSON.



AY, Mister—wishing you a Merry Christmas, but could you give me ten cents? I—"You want a drink," interrupted the man addressed, sharply, with that tone of vexation so apt to assert itself in one's voice, when a train of thought has been rudely broken in upon. It is always annoying to be accosted by a street beggar, and especially so when one is intently reflecting, even though the reflection be of a pleasant nature.

With the above rejoinder, the gentleman, for such he was indeed, turned to go. His full, clean-shaven face, that crisp, close-cut hair, which formed a grizzly half-zone between the glossy silk hat and the high, great-coat collar, were unmistakable signs of gentility, prosperity and wealth. The gray eyes, massive, but regular, features, and the firm mouth and chin, had little about them to encourage the pleadings of the miserable mendicant who had crawled from a filthy lodging that chill Christmas morning, impelled by one yearning, one desire,—to get a drink. The barrel-house drame, which had sustained him the night before, long since had ceased to stimulate the shattered system. The gnawing at his stomach, his twitching nerves and throbbing, swimming head, told him that whisky, and whisky alone, could ward off the horrors of delirium and avert probable death.

This was not his first experience in street begging. Oh, no; he had been quite a successful solicitor in that line; yet never before, during all the necessities of a stormy life, had he so craved a drink, or so coveted the requisite coin. He could not stop now to scan the faces of passers-by and pick a promising philanthropist; it was a case of first come, first caught, and that was how he chanced to catch Joseph Bond, an eastern banker.

Mr. Bond was in a hurry that morning; in fact, he was most always in a hurry. During a long, busy life, he had formed the habit of calculating his movements to a nicety; so nicely, sometimes, that his

portly person was occasionally compelled to move with more dash than dignity, to make the schedule time he had adopted; but he seldom fell behind it. It was not business, however, but an anticipated pleasure that now quickened his step—a pleasure that had brought him back from Europe before the first vacation of his life had been half finished. It was to realize it that he was hurrying to catch the Elevated train for the Pennsylvania railroad ferry in order to be at home in time for Christmas dinner. Of course, the banker loved his handsome son, Albert, likewise his lovely daughter-in-law, Annette; but he was not half as anxious to see either of them as to make the acquaintance of another member of the Bond family, whom he never had met.

While seated at table d'hôte, in Paris, a week before, discussing international finance with a wealthy English investor, a cablegram had been placed in his hand by a waiter, telling of the new arrival. From that moment his interest in foreign finance flagged and his fancy for French life forsook him. Instead came a longing for home and a glimpse of his grandson. It didn't take him long to make up his mind, and his mind made up to move. That night he was hurrying to Havre, the next day dashing over the deep, and in six days and eight hours afterward giving orders to the clerk at a hotel in New York to put him down for a 7 o'clock call the next morning. That was how he happened to be hurrying to the train when stopped by the question, "Could you give me ten cents?"

"You want a drink, I suppose. No, not a penny for such a purpose," he said, starting on.

It was not the rebuff he had so often received before that made the inebriate reel and clutch at a wall for support, but physical prostration following a long-drawn out debauch placed farther pleading for pennies beyond his power. A blackness came before his eyes, and his limbs trembled as he gasped, rather than replied: "A drink!—my God, I'm dying for a drink!"

As one who hears a familiar name, or long-forgotten voice, Joseph Bond faced the man he had just turned from with disgust. Was it the words, or was it the anguish of that wail, which caused some chord of memory to twang so sharply? This wealthy, worldly man forgot his haste, forgot all else, and scanned the face and figure before him as though he saw what was, but yet was not. He was a sorry sight, this living wreck that had drifted from some slummy ooze of humanity's ocean to plead and pray for pennies; but the banker looked at him long and longingly.

"Can it be?" he said half aloud, as he gazed more fixedly. Could those filmy eyes, that fell before his own, ever have flashed defiantly? Could that head, that hung in such humility, ever have held itself so high?—But the arm, that arm! It was gone! The beggar's left coat sleeve hung empty and limp by his side. Yes, it was he! Memory had pierced the miserable mask, and the proud Philadelphia grasped the pauper's hand in both his own.

In a voice that trembled with surprise, sorrow, almost reverence, he cried: "Captain, Captain Fell, don't you know me? I'm Corporal Joe Bond."

Back through the vista of time; back over many years, flew the banker's memory, to an hour he had thought his last. Again he saw himself, as one sees by the lightning's flash, lying beneath the sultry sun of a southern sky, wounded, bleeding and gasping at the smoky, stifling air. He seemed to hear the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, as they came to his ears that seventh day of May, 1864, when the rattle of small arms and the boom of cannon subsided for a moment. It was the last one of the battle of the Wilderness, when, faint for want of food, and weary from nearly three days' fighting, he had fallen with a gun-shot wound in the right leg, that nearly severed an artery. An hour had passed and the flowing life-blood seemed to take with it every drop of moisture in his body. His mouth was parched to cracking, and his tongue seemed like a brand of fire. Death must be near, he knew it; he could feel its cold perspiration on his brow; but how long could such agony be endured? Oh, if he had a drink of water;—just a drop, to cool that burning, scorching thirst. The pain in his leg was as nothing compared to the fire in his throat, that burned like the lake of hell.

His dimming eyes distinguished a figure hurrying past at a distance, and he tried to call. The discharge of a volley of musketry drowned his feeble effort, and he fell back, crying in despair, "A drink!—My God, I'm dying for a drink!"

Those words—his own words—had come back to

him from the lips of the man who heard him speak them so many years before.

Again he saw the passing figure stop and turn toward where he lay. It was Capt. Harry Fell, his commandant; the brave, handsome favorite of the —enth regiment, New York volunteers. He saw the young officer's face was distorted by suffering, as he drew nearer, and that he was nursing his left arm with the right. He dropped it, though, and knelt beside the wounded corporal and held a canteen to his lips. That water,—hot, tiny and scarce; but in all the years of luxury Joseph Bond lived to enjoy, he never after tasted beverage so delicious.

"Thanks, Captain," he murmured, draining the last drop in the flask.

"Thanks be blowed!" impetuously snapped the officer, "put your arms around my neck, Corporal; quick, Joe, quick; they're charging over there."

In an instant he was on the Captain's back, riding through thick undergrowth, stumps of fallen trees, and, yes, over bodies of friends and bodies of the foe.

He seemed to feel again the sway and tremble of the Captain's frame as it tottered beneath his weight, and to hear the quick-drawn breath, that told of the awful struggle. Great beads of sweat stood on the brave man's brow, and the warm blood, as it soaked through the sleeve of his wounded arm, fell in big drops as he staggered on and on; the man he was saving never knew how far.

There came a blank, and Corporal Bond found himself lying in a field ambulance listening to a conversation between Captain Fell and a surgeon. "Are you going to put a bandage on that arm, Doctor?" angrily asked the Captain.

"But I tell you, Captain, it's useless," replied the surgeon, "it's got to come off, the quicker the better; the bone is shattered by the shot;—come on to the rear; we'll amputate it."

"Never!" yelled the officer. "Put a bandage on it, I tell you, and be quick about it; I'm going back to my men. Do you think I'd leave 'em for a shot in the arm?"

Reluctantly the surgeon wound a piece of cloth around the shattered arm, and twisted it tight with a splint. In an instant Captain Fell's coat was on again, and extending his available hand to the corporal, he said, "Keep up your grit, Joe, you'll come out all right," and off he rushed to where the fight was thickest, intent on gathering up the scattered remnants of his company for one more charge;—it was his last one. Thus they parted, captain and corporal; thus they had met, banker and vagabond.

"Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys, sharing—" The words, sung in a piping, childish voice, had broken the spell and the banker was back from the hot battle-field; back again in the sharp, stinging air of a New York street on Christmas morning. He looked up in time to see a little street Arab scampering away, who, seeing he was caught, was cautious enough to keep well out of the reach of the portly "comrades's" cane.

The banker was not slow to see the situation. The young rascal, with the keen observation of a New York newsboy, had quickly noticed this most novel of sights in a city of novelties, an imposing, well-dressed gentleman, affectionately clasping the hand of a dilapidated tramp. With bad taste and worse tune he had applied this snatch of a street song to the ill-assorted pair, little thinking how close home his sarcastic humor had struck.

Mr. Bond was not angry, neither was he ashamed. Tears were in his eyes, but he smiled and said hoarsely, "Yes, Harry, we're comrades," as he turned to the street and shouted, "Cab!" to a Jehu who was driving by.

Captain Fell drew back as his friend of yore took him by the arm and attempted to lead him to the vehicle, and spoke for the first time.

"No, Joe, don't," he said, "Leave me, Joe. Oh, what strange fate should make me meet you?"

"Did you leave me that day, Captain?" asked Mr. Bond, quietly, as he endeavored to drag the reluctant man to the door.

The next instant Harry Fell was lifted bodily from his feet and dropped into the cab. The well-meaning driver thought he understood the trouble, and cast an unseen but powerful arm at the rear.

"That day," moaned the Captain, as he sank onto the seat, "Why didn't I die that day?"

"Police station; Mulberry Street headquarters?" inquired the coachman, as he closed the door.

"No, you fool," roared the banker, "a bath!" but continued more mildly, "A Turkish or Russian bath-house."

The cabman looked at the dirty passenger and

smiled as he scrambled up to his box. It was evident that he, too, like the street Arab, had ideas touching the everlasting fitness of things.

CHAPTER II.

The young man who presided officiously behind the desk of a Broadway bath-house said something about the establishment being a trifle particular about its patrons, when Joseph Bond wrote: "Capt. Harry Fell, City," on the register. He also volunteered the information that there were other and less aristocratic resorts in the metropolis; but the crisp gentleman was not very susceptible to sarcasm, and became extremely frigid when the youth inquired if Captain Fell had any valuables to deposit in the safe. The clerk, ensconced in his own heated corner seemed conscious of a fall in the temperature, and something very much like a well-defined cold wave seemed to strike him when the gentleman addressed him as "Boy."

"Give my friend a Russian bath, also a hair-cut and shave," the philanthropist said, paying the bill in advance, and slipping a silver dollar into the bathman's palm as he led Captain Fell away.

"I will call for him in about two hours," said Mr. Bond as he started to go. "See that he does not leave until I return."

"Who's his old 'nobs'?" asked the bathman of the clerk a half-hour later.

"Dunno," answered the dapper young man, with the word "boy" still rankling in his breast; "guess he isn't much account or he wouldn't call that bum his friend."

"He's out o' sight on 'tips,'" reflectively replied the shampooer, "wish he was a regular customer and I had the cinch on him," and added with a wink, "but he called you down to beat the band."

The habit of hurrying, that had become a part of Joseph Bond's nature, stood him in good hand during the next two hours. In the same prompt, business-like manner that characterized his every action, and had contributed so largely to his life's success, he applied himself to carrying out the scheme he had decided upon.

After calling at a telegraph office and a liquor dealer's he visited a shoe dealer and men's furnishing store, then a clothier's, and next a hatter's, bringing away with him all the articles necessary to dress a man comfortably, and warm him externally and internally. Finally, re-entering the cab, he told the driver to hurry back to the bath-house.

It has been intimated that Joseph Bond was a wealthy and prosperous man. He was, in truth, and, what is of far greater worth, a bappy man. The time had been, though,—and so recently, too, that it was still fresh in his memory—when a cloud so dark, so ominous, hung over his life, that the luster of all his gold could not even lighten it. He would gladly have given every dollar that he had accumulated through years of thrift, and started life anew, could he have seen it cleared away. Albert, his only son, the idol of his heart, upon whom all his earthly hopes were centered, was a drunkard. Deprived of ten of a mother's care, and reared almost entirely by those whose only thought was of remuneration, the dashing, daring little fellow had not learned the lesson of restraint, and as a child contracted a craving for drink.

As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined, and when the father came face to face with the fact, it was too late for pleadings or prayers, pledges or promises. A series of disgraces culminated in the young man's expulsion from college, and his return to Philadelphia, where he plunged deeper than ever into excesses.

He seemed to have lost all power to control himself, or to wrestle with what he knew was working his ruin. He was a splendid fellow physically, mentally, and—while it may seem paradoxical—morally, with the exception of one habit that held him in its spell. The strong traits of the father's character, his rugged honesty and winning frankness seemed blended in Albert Bond's nature with the softer, gentler and loving disposition of his dead mother. There was that indescribable something about the young fellow which touched a chord of sympathy in those he met, and almost without their knowing it endeared him to them.

There were many others, who, like the father, groaned in spirit as they saw Albert Bond plunging on to what they knew would be the inevitable ending. If a wail from those in perdition could reach mortal ears it could not have been much sadder than Albert's agonizing confession of inability to cope with his destroyer. "If you only knew," he would say at times

when his father tried to reason with him, "but God only knows how I have tried to stop. There's no use, though; I might as well try to swim up the rapids of the Niagara gorge as to struggle against it when the passion comes on. You can't understand it though, Governor. I might as well tell a blind man the color of your eyes as to tell you what that frenzy is like."

It was almost as sad to see the banker lay his hand on his son's shoulder, and in a voice that betrayed the hopelessness of his heart reply: "My boy, how I pity you!"

Things had about reached their worst when Mr. Bond heard, incidentally, how a doctor named Keeley had discovered a treatment that destroyed the craving for liquor and permanently cured the addiction. It seemed to him rather chimerical, but he spoke to his son about it when next they met. The boy grasped the idea much as his father had clung to Captain Fell's shoulders that day when all hope of life seemed gone.

"I'll go, Governor," he said, decidedly, laying his hand in his father's. "It's worth trying if it's only a chance in a thousand. Arrange things for me and I'll start tonight."

That evening Albert Bond started for Dwight, a little country town in Illinois. He was among the first to flee to that nineteenth-century city of refuge, and to have the enemy of his life vanquished by the cure that has since become so well known. At the expiration of four weeks he returned to his home with an aversion to alcohol even in its most delicate form.

With that one falling gone, that curse, that had turned all the fair hopes and prospects of his life to ashes, lifted, and lifted forever, Albert Bond began life anew. With an energy, ability and capacity for mental exertion that astonished those who had known him of old, he stepped into a subordinate position in his father's counting house and, little by little, acquired the details of the intricate business.

A year later this brand, plucked from the burning, had regained his social position and was married to a lovely girl whom he had known from childhood. In two years he stood master of the position in life his father's wealth had opened before him. And so thoroughly did his father confide in his integrity and ability that he placed the management of his immense interests in his hands and went abroad to enjoy a long-anticipated recreation.

These facts undoubtedly had much to do with Joseph Bond's reception of Captain Fell. There were no self-righteous reflections in the former's mind, but rather a marveling at the strange fate which had elevated him from a penniless soldier to a prosperous banker, while at the same time it had permitted Captain Fell, one of the brightest law students in New York, to drink himself to degradation. Thus he naturally felt anxious to send him to a Keeley Institute.

"The old rooster must have turned bundle boy," said the bath-house clerk as Mr. Bond, with packages beneath each arm strode into the dry-room where Captain Fell lay. Soap, water, scissors and razor had already done much for Harry Fell, so far as external appearances were concerned. Mr. Bond smiled as he saw the features of his old commander in the clean-shaven man who peered at him from the folds of a sheet. As he released the clothing from its packages he fairly glowed with satisfaction, thinking how comfortable the poor, half-dressed man would feel when he put them on. "Can I go now, Joe,—I mean Mr. Bond?" queried the figure in the sheet.

"Yes, Captain," said the banker, "as soon as you put on these things I have brought for you."

The white-robed man stood erect now, but shook his head sadly as he gazed at the big woolly ulster, the warm business suit, and then at his threadbare, tattered garments, that lay in a heap on the floor.

"No, no, Joe," he said feebly but firmly, "I can't take them, Joe. I can beg strangers on the street for a drink, but I can't accept charity from the boys who knew me when I was a man."

The figure in white tottered a trifle, and the strong man caught it in his arms. There were tears, but tears of joy, in the good Samaritan's eyes. For he saw that the storms of adversity and the flames of vice had only destroyed the superstructure of his friend's life. The rock of self-respect, that unflinching foundation, was still there; there was something to build on; he could be saved.

"Captain Fell—Harry," he whispered, "you found me dying once; you carried me on your back when every step cost you a drop of blood. Do you think I would leave you to perish in the streets of New York when a few miserable dollars will save you. Harry, I'm a rich man now, but all I own in the

world couldn't begin to pay for human life. I never can pay the debt, Harry, but please credit me with a little interest."

Half an hour later a well-dressed man accompanied Mr. Bond from the bath-house.

"You're a little weak and faint I see, Harry," said the banker, drawing a flask of brandy from his pocket, "take a pull of this,—a good big one; it's pretty nearly your last."

"Funny, Nettie, isn't it?" remarked Albert Bond to his wife that evening, "I can't see why the governor should stay in New York instead of coming as he intended. Singular he should telegraph that a little business matter kept him, when we know that he hurried clear across the ocean to see baby."

That night Harry Fell began his treatment at a Keeley Institute.

A marble clock of antique design stood above the glowing grate fire in the library of the Bond mansion. It had scarcely struck nine, on the evening of a chilly day in the latter part of the following January, when a carriage drove up to the door. A handsome young man who had been pacing the room for some time stepped to the hall and greeted the master of the house as he entered.

"Well, how did you find him?" the young man asked, a little later, as they lit their cigars and took seats by the fire.

"Splendid; just splendid! It seems like a miracle," exultingly answered the father, blowing a blue cloud of smoke from his mouth.

"He seems like the same brave fellow," he continued thoughtfully, "that we boys almost worshipped during the war."

"We must find him a place to start with," said the son energetically. "It will never do to desert him now."

"No, of course not, Al," smiled Mr. Bond, "but that's all fixed. You know I stopped in New York to see about that suit of ours. I had forgotten about the Judge knowing Harry when I told him the circumstances of my trip. The fact is he studied law in the same office with Fell. They were chums, and it almost broke his heart because he wasn't strong enough to join our company and go to war. Well, when I told him how I had met the Captain, and convinced him that he was cured, you never saw a more enthusiastic man. He jumped up, grasped me by the hand and said, 'Bond, when you see Harry this afternoon tell him there is a clerkship in this office for him at one hundred dollars a month to begin with, and I want him as quick as he can come.'"

"You see," he continued, "I learned more from the Judge about the Captain's history since the war than I had ever heard before. After Lee's surrender he returned to New York, was admitted to the bar and practiced law with flattering success for a time. He was a great favorite with everybody, especially the ladies, but true to his old love, he married a pretty school teacher named Jennie Hay, from the town up country where he was born. Some politicians got him to run for office on account of his war record. He drank with people to help get the office, and when he was beaten he drank all by himself because he didn't get it. At last it got so bad that his wife had to take her baby and go home to live on a farm with her brother and his wife. After that Harry kept going down and down. In fact, none of his old friends had seen or heard of him in several years, till I met him on Christmas morning."

"Will he go back to his wife now?" asked the young husband, who had been listening attentively.

"He goes to her tonight, Al," said the father. "I wonder what the meeting will be like," and both men looked musingly into the fire, as if trying to picture it there. Could they have seen the picture it would have looked something like this:

A ramshackle farm house in Westchester County, around which the wind howled, rattled the doors and windows, and blew snow into every conceivable crack and cranny of the dilapidated old structure. A man, muffled in a great coat, and wearing a cap drawn closely over his ears, came plodding, plowing and puffing through the lane leading from the highway.

"Strange," he said to himself as he drew closer and stopped for breath, "how the storms of life have battered me about, while these blizzards haven't changed the old house a bit. It looks just as it did that winter's night when we were married."

A light shone dimly through a window, and the man approached and looked in. A lady with sad, patient eyes, and pale, refined features, sat mending

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MATE PALMER, Editor.

PERMANENT HELP FOR THE INEBRIATE.

SEEMING inconsistencies in the reasoning of well-meaning individuals are sometimes difficult to understand. While orthodoxy never really doubts Divine power to heal the most dangerous maladies, some of its ablest exponents are noticeably skeptical as to special demonstrations of Divine interposition in cases requiring medical treatment.

So widespread is the belief in physicians' prescriptions as curative agents that if some brother depends on faith and prayer for healing a disease from which a relative may be suffering he is apt to be overwhelmed with criticism, and in case of a fatal termination to the illness he perhaps finds himself in danger of certain legal proceedings as well as the prejudices of his enemies.

His accusers are positive in their assertions that disease is purely a matter of physical suffering, that can be reached only by material remedies, and they are emphatic in their denunciations of all healing practices that have their foundation outside the realm of materia medica.

But there is one malady to which such people sometimes fail to apply the logic of their conclusions. They are wont to admit that inebriety is a disease, because no intelligent scientist would jeopardize his reputation by disputing it. But they expect that this disease, which has gained such dominance over its victims that it has destroyed will power and holds them in a stronger grip than any other malady, will suddenly yield to a kind of faith that they deem a complete failure in cases of minor importance.

They don't believe much in prayer as a cure for pneumonia, but it is all right as a remedy for inebriety. They would not trust a spiritual awakening as a specific for typhoid, but they believe it is an unfailing cure for alcoholism.

The disease which has been cultivated through long years of continued drinking until every aspiration is merged in an overpowering demand for liquor is expected to yield to some sudden influence that would not be tolerated as a remedial agent in the simplest disease.

It undoubtedly is true that an occasional sufferer is rescued by means of some strong religious influence that comes to him in a season of desperation or discouragement. These instances are rare, however, and they are Reformations rather than Cures, and seldom are permanent.

A man may reform and still suffer the tortures of a constant demand for strong drink. But if he is first cured of this awful craving there is no longer a physical necessity for him to continue the practice which has led to his undoing.

Many Christian ministers have made a thorough investigation of the Keeley Cure, and each one who has conducted his inquiries in a spirit of fairness has become a convert to its marvelous efficacy.

Sometimes patients relapse. But the percentage of such cases is small. No one has ever relapsed because of an appetite or craving for liquor. It is always through some other cause, and the speed with which the relapsed patient frequently seeks admission to a Keeley Institute is a guarantee that he has absolute faith in the cure and blames himself for his fall.

No period of probation determines the strength of a cure. All diseases must be judged by the same standard. If a man is treated for typhoid fever, and recovers, he is not expected to wait a few weeks or months for a second attack to see whether he is well or not. In the same manner if he has been cured of the diseased condition caused by excessive drinking he has been restored to perfect health and the disease cannot recreate itself.

Other diseases can be ignorantly contracted. Water may be full of fever germs when we do not know it. But we cannot be deceived about liquor. It always contains the cause of the disease of which the Keeley graduate has been cured, and he cannot safely experiment with it.

It is the province of the churchman to influence him to lead a better life. It is the province of the Keeley Treatment to cure his disease, and Christian people everywhere should be fully informed of its importance as an adjunct to their work of rescue.

SOBRIETY IN BUSINESS.

THERE is now in business circles a firm and effectual conviction that alcohol should play little or no part in the relations between buyer and seller, says a writer in The Journal of Commerce, in an article contrasting with past conditions the present refusal of the big wholesale houses to pay expense accounts that only a few years ago were passed as a matter of course. Then the out-of-town merchant in most cases expected, when he came to New York, to be taken in hand by an agent or representative of the firm whose goods he was going to buy and to be carried for several days and nights from one festive scene to another, not all of which could have been explicitly described, even in those tolerant days. Now the buyers have come to the conclusion that obligations thus incurred do not tend to facilitate the exercise of the best judgment in the selection of goods, while the salesmen have for the most part decided that even though "the house" were willing to pay the cost of drinks taken and given in the course of business, its checks could not restore health shattered by systematized conviviality.

With both sides thus agreed, manners and morals in the wholesale district have been vastly improved, and reformed, and though there is practically no direct demand for or inculcation of total abstinence, nothing more than the most moderate indulgence is often tolerated, and, other things being equal, the total abstainer gets the preference as regards both employment and promotion. This, of course, is a real advance of temperance, founded on no fanatical notion that it is "wrong" to drink, no matter how moderately, but upon reason and experience—upon the practical observation of men and affairs, and the belief that he who would contend successfully in the battles of business should have all his wits about him all the time.

The argument from expediency may not be the highest, but it is not a low one, and it is unanswerable by anybody to whom it has been brought home. When almost everybody drank hard or at least freely, success was not so much imperiled by it as now when the relative number of drinkers and non-drinkers has been reversed, and the man with the disturbed and muddled brain has to compete, not with others in a like state, but with those in full possession of such faculties and ability as kindly nature has given them.

What Ails Whisky?

It is possible that the drugging of the whisky may aggravate its effect on the consumer, and produce much quicker results in misery, pauperism, wrecked bodies, and crime. But the most active agent for these is not the "dope." It is not the aniline dyes, nor the acids. The thing that does the great harm in whisky is the alcohol. * * * Take the alcohol out of the whisky, and the power for harm will be taken away from whatever other decoction is left.—The Philadelphia North American.

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THE KEELEY CURE.

EVERY issue of THE BANNER OF GOLD contains testimonial letters from men who have taken the Keeley Cure. Those who are interested in practical temperance should give these letters a careful reading. They are written by men who are responsible and reliable, and their word may be accepted with absolute confidence. They have known the discouragements and the struggles that result from the excessive use of strong drink, and they have been cured of their addictions. They have given their cure a test of many years. They have proved that it is permanent as well as effective, and they tell their experience for the sole purpose of helping those who are bound by drink:

Eighteen Years of Freedom From the Drink Crave.

LA CROSSE, WIS., November 1, 1909.

EDITOR OF BANNER OF GOLD:—From 1891 to 1909, eighteen years is a long time to go without a drink of alcoholic liquor, when you consider the fact that previous to 1891 I had diligently cultivated and improved a taste for anything red for eighteen or more years.

The Keeley Cure is right, all that is claimed for it, and a lasting benefit to the ones who take it with the earnest desire to help themselves. It will not give you new brains, but it will enable you to use your good "horse sense" that will dispel the whisky castles in the air.

In case a man who has taken the Keeley Cure returns to drink, he can very properly be classed as an "undesirable citizen," of no good to himself or anybody else.

Wishing the Keeley Cure and BANNER OF GOLD continued prosperity, I remain,
 Yours respectfully,

H. E. ROGERS.

Class of October, 1891.

Prosperous and Enjoying the Best of Health.

LETTES, IOWA, October 26, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Two years ago today I started for Dwight. We left Lettes, Ia., at six o'clock in the morning Saturday, and arrived at the Institute about seven o'clock that evening. I scarcely knew anything on account of the condition I was in until Monday. I then began to realize that I was alive, and wished that it was not so. By Wednesday I was able to take care of myself, so my attendant gave me my last drink, and, by the way, I didn't care to take it, which was something that had not happened to me for thirty years—I was always looking for a chance to take one instead of avoiding it. I haven't wanted a drink since, thanks to the Keeley Cure.

I am enjoying the very best of health and prospering financially. Am not making any more money than I did before I went to Dwight, but am saving what used to go for "booze," and the things that go with drinking it. The other boys here who have taken the cure are protecting it and never fail to say a good word for the Institute. For myself, I shall never get done praising it for what it has done for me.

With best wishes for the God-given institution at Dwight, and all connected with it, I remain,
 Yours for sobriety until death,

J. H. COLLINS.

From a Veteran Who Took the Cure Eighteen Years Ago.

CRAFTON, PA., November 4, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I am of the same mind at present as when I first wrote to THE BANNER OF GOLD, telling what the Keeley Cure had done for me. Eighteen years' experience and a thorough knowledge of the Keeley treatment, together with the number of cured patients of long standing with whom I have personal acquaintance, leads me to reaffirm that the Keeley remedies and treatment for the cure of drunkenness and drug addictions do all that is claimed for them.

After the close of the Civil War, with many boon companions, I was trying to learn how to drink whisky and at the same time keep sober and attend to business engagements. It turned out as all such efforts invariably do, in dismal failure. For fifteen years this was continued, with the thought "It's nobody's business but my own." But finally I realized that the man who drinks alcoholic stimulants injures not only himself and his immediate family and friends, but every one with whom he is brought in contact—and especially the younger generation, by his baneful example. I therefore determined to give up the use of intoxicants, and then and there the struggle began,—whisky would not give me up. For ten years more we fought; moral suasion, pledge signing, swearing off, mental and physical sufferings indescribable, all urging for total abstinence on the one hand, and the devilish burning thirst and craving for liq or luring to destruction on the other. In the popular vernacularism of the day, I may say I found myself "up against a terribly hard proposition," and

learned, and fully believed, that inebriety is a disease; but I did not believe it could be cured.

During those dark days of penitence, sorrow, and despondency, a ray of light penetrated the gloom, from the pen of my old friend and comrade in arms, "Ras Wilson, the 'Quiet Observer.'" After reading several of his articles, together with literature procured from the Leslie E. Keeley Company, I decided that Dwight should be the Mecca from which I might possibly receive help, health, and strength for the future. I went there eighteen years ago and said to the physicians in charge: "I am a periodical drinker, and have been for twenty-five years. I want to stop. Can you cure me?" They replied that they could cure me; and they did cure me. And now after eighteen years of sobriety, eighteen years of bright living, eighteen years of peace and happiness that passeth all understanding of the man that drinks, eighteen years of realization that life is worth living, I feel deeply grateful for the cure, and therefore qualified to testify that the Keeley remedies are an absolute cure for liquor and drug addictions.

Since my cure I have had the pleasure of influencing a number of personal friends to take the treatment, and they are all leading sober, happy and prosperous lives today. I therefore feel assured that every person afflicted with drug or liquor diseases can be cured, and those who give the treatment the serious consideration which it merits need have no fear of relapsing to their former diseased condition.

Very truly yours,

95 Union avenue.

A. M. BRYAN.

A Graduate's Son Writes of His Father's Cure.

BYERS, COLO., November 8, 1909.

BANNER OF GOLD.—DEAR EDITOR:—I have been traveling for some time, although my home address is Moscow Mills, Mo. It is a great pleasure for me to speak a good word for the Keeley Cure. Our experience has been most gratifying, as my father graduated from the Keeley Institute at Dwight in August, 1902, and is still on the water wagon, and says he is there to stay. He is enjoying the best of health, and is always ready to say a good word for the cure, and for the courteous treatment he received at Dwight. The Keeley remedies can not be praised too highly, for the wonderful cures effected by them prove that the Keeley Institute is the best place in the world for the cure of those who are suffering from the use of intoxicating liquors.

Hoping that my father's experience may be of assistance to some sufferer, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

FRED ECKSTEIN.

Fifteen Years of Health, Happiness and Success.

LA PORTE, IND., October 29, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—I am still enjoying a sober life and feeling more thankful every day to the Keeley people for the treatment I received from them.

I never tire of praising the Keeley Cure and often try to induce others who are afflicted as I was to hasten to Dwight and get relief. I know I could not have lived this long if I had continued as I did previous to taking treatment. I always became deathly sick when sobering up after drinking excessively, which occurred very frequently. I could not eat for several days, could not work, and life was certainly miserable for me until I went to the Keeley Institute for relief, which I positively obtained. Now, fifteen years after treatment, I enjoy every meal and can attend to my business and work all the time, and my family is provided for so much better that there could be no greater contrast than a comparison of the two modes of living. Now we are prosperous, and my family does not worry when I am away from home, because they know that I will get back sober. Before I took the cure, I was always hard-up,—could not pay debts and was continually creating new ones, until, at the time I got relief I was so embarrassed financially that I did not know or care whether I ever could pay up or not. Now my mind will suffer all through life and drag their families down,—for it certainly is a hindrance to any family of children to have a drunken father, for such children have not the respect of a community like children with sober parents.

I do not want to make this too long, so will close. With best wishes for the success of the Keeley work and all who are connected with it.

Sincerely yours,

R. R. 8.

FRANK LEROY.

Best Investment He Ever Made.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 31, 1909.

The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Ill.—Gentlemen:—Once more I take great pleasure in writing you to let you know I am still on the water wagon. It was five years the 4th of last September since I left your place at Dwight, Ill., cured of the craving for liquor, and during that time I can truthfully say I have never felt like taking a drink of anything containing alcohol, and I can firmly state that I never will touch it again of my own accord, as every day that passes I feel stronger in the faith.

I am always working with and giving advice to

those I meet who are in the habit of using liquor to go and do as I did and make men of themselves.

I think I have been successful in some instances, and I hope to be in many more. I will never quit praising you for what you did for me and my friends. I now have real friends, where before there were merely acquaintances and not friends in time of need.

When a man wishes to be cured of the craving for alcoholic stimulants and be perfectly cured, I do not believe there is a better place for him to go than to one of your many institutions, or a quicker or cheaper way. I consider it the best investment I ever made. Any man that takes your course of treatment will have the craving for alcoholic liquors taken from him and it will be his own fault if he ever returns to the habit; for when he takes the first drink he will have no craving for it, but after that it would come easy and he would soon have the craving for it again. So I would say to all who may take your treatment, beware of the first drink.

I should like to hear from some of the men who were in the August class of 1904, and to know how they are getting along.

With best wishes for your success and kind regards for all the doctors at the Institute, I remain,

Yours truly,

216 So. Campbell Ave.

A. W. DUNN.

Fifteenth Anniversary of Cure—Double Celebration.

ROSCOMMON, MICH., November 10, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Following my usual custom of making annual reports to the BANNER, I will pen you a few lines in commemoration of the fifteenth anniversary of my visit to Dwight, having put in the most memorable four weeks of my life there that I have ever experienced, in October and November, 1894.

On October 30, 1894, I took my last drink of intoxicating liquor at Dwight, and can most emphatically

if he so desires. Then it is up to him to do the balance.

To my friends who are taking the cure, and to those who have recently graduated, let me say this: When you leave Dwight, or any other Keeley Institute, remember that you have been placed in a position wherein you can be a man if you so desire, and by bearing in mind the experiences of the past, combined with the instructions you have received from your physicians and the officers of the company, you will find easy and plain sailing by keeping your weather eye open for rocks and shoals ahead, and, as I said before, avoid the first chance. There is your keynote of success, for the man who takes the first chance, like the gambler, will sooner or later lose. I have had fifteen years of as good a time since leaving Dwight as any man living. Of course, I have had trials and troubles in one way or another, but all of us will naturally have; but none of them have proved sufficient to make me think that a return to drink would alleviate the matter in any way.

On the twenty-sixth day of this month, I will have occasion to have a double celebration, as on that date will occur the fifteenth anniversary of my return home from Dwight, and also the thirtieth anniversary of our wedding. As yet we have not decided fully how to celebrate the occasion, but I hardly think there will be any liquid refreshments of an alcoholic nature present.

In conclusion let me wish the Keeley Company and the BANNER long and continued success, and to all the boys in line and to those who have graduated, a hearty "God bless you," and good luck to you along life's pathway. Yours for sobriety,

CHAS. W. COLE.

P. O. Box 193, Roscommon, Mich.

Winter address: 1017 Patton Ave., Springfield, Ill.

Took the Cure Sixteen Years Ago.

CLAREMONT, N. H., November 7, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your esteemed favor of October 25th, addressed to me at Hartland, Vt., has been received. I am now located in Claremont, N. H.

It was sixteen years last July, the 22d, since I took the Keeley Cure, and I have yet to have my first desire for any intoxicating drinks of any kind and have never taken any. My health is fine. I am not ashamed of my cure and never have been, and would gladly answer any question any interested person might care to ask me about the cure and its results on myself or others whom I have known.

The Keeley Cure is all that is claimed. It doesn't put new brains into a man's head, but it does get the cobwebs out of his eyes, and takes away that awful desire for rum. It puts a man on his feet if he has sense enough to appreciate his cure, and to realize that he should be a sober man. Have backbone enough to refuse a drink! Tell everybody that asks you to have a drink that you have taken the Keeley Cure and don't have to drink. Interest men in the cure if you think they need it. Don't be ashamed of your cure, and you will always be on deck in a sober condition. Don't shun your old chums, but reach out your hand and help them to the cure. You could do no better deed in this world. With your will power fully restored you can say "no" when asked to drink just as easy as you used to say "yes."

I think very much of THE BANNER OF GOLD and believe every graduate should enroll himself as a subscriber, and by so doing keep in touch with the good work the cure is doing in this world. It is useless for me to remind you of the happy homes this cure has made that were once made dark by rum.

Wishing you success in the work you are doing, I remain,

Your lifelong friend,

GEORGE D. WOOD.

No Trouble to Protect His Cure.

LOGANSPORT, IND., September 9, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—Your letter received, and I am glad to say that I am still on the water wagon. I have had no trouble whatever in protecting my cure, for since I took the treatment at the Keeley Institute six years ago I have had no desire for liquor. I hope to visit Dwight when I can spare the time, as I have a warm feeling for the Leslie E. Keeley Company, and the people connected with their grand institution. I have spoken to several of my friends who are in need of the treatment. I find it hard to convince them that they need it, but I shall keep working on them just the same. I can't for the life of me see how I did any business at all when I was drinking.

With best wishes for your success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

1309 High Street.

JOHN E. DOWLING.

Has Stood the Test of Eighteen Years.

BLISSFIELD, MICH., October 29, 1909.

EDITOR BANNER OF GOLD:—It is more than eighteen years since I took the Keeley Cure and I am in the best of health and have enjoyed good health ever since I took the cure. I went to Dwight for treatment August 3, 1891, and in all these long years I have not had the slightest craving for liquor. I know that I am permanently cured, and I can say in the best of faith that the Keeley Cure has been the making of me, for it has stood the test of more than eighteen years.

Yours in haste,

Locked Box 86.

A. J. FISHER.



MR. CHARLES W. COLE.

declare that from that moment until the present I have never experienced the slightest desire for a taste of alcohol in any manner or form, and have found it a very simple and easy task to avoid cultivating a return of the appetite that I was cured of at that time. Such will be the experience of every person who has taken the cure if they will be constantly on the lookout for temptation and avoid the first chance. Common sense is all that is required to make a permanent success of your cure. Appetite for liquor being destroyed, or eliminated from one's system, no will power is required to refrain from a return to former habits. Consequently an exercise of caution and a little common sense will invariably carry one safely through.

I have had thousands of opportunities and invitations to drink during the past fifteen years, but it has always been a pleasure to invariably make the assertion that I took the "Keeley Cure" to get away from the stuff, and propose staying away from it. I have never yet had a man insist on my taking a drink after informing him of this fact. It is a curious feature of humanity that so many persons seem to think it is something to be ashamed of, to let others know that they have taken the Keeley Cure, while the same persons, while drinking, seemed to have little or no care how much the world at large knew that they were slaves to liquor. It has always been a source of pride to me to inform those of my acquaintances who knew of my former habits, how and why I have become a sober man. The Keeley Cure will do all that is claimed for it in making a man of a slave

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

SALOON THE Foe OF THE CHURCH—STRONG ARGUMENT BY
REV. JAMES M. HEARDON, OF ST. PAUL, AT
TOTAL ABSTINENCE CONVENTION.

THE tidal wave of temperance reform which is sweeping over America is but one phase of the moral awakening through which the nation is passing. It is but one manifestation of that aroused public conscience which would make personal integrity the badge of true citizenship, and civic virtue the cornerstone of national life. The advocates of temperance reform have succeeded in engendering a determined public sentiment adverse to the liquor traffic as it is now conducted; and this agitation is not unlikely to result in some practical, rational solution of the question.

In many quarters the view is gaining ground that the liquor problem is one which cannot be adequately dealt with solely from the legislative, economic or physiological standpoint. It is largely a social problem involving ethical considerations; and, therefore, its solution must be worked out in accordance with the highest standards of morality. Since the drink habit is intimately interwoven with the life-activity of the individual, it falls within the scope of each one's conscience, and efforts for its repression will depend largely for success on the effect of an intelligent appeal to the moral nature of the individual. The stimulus of an enlightened conscience alone can arouse each one to a realization of the fact that it is for his personal welfare and for the good of others that he forego the gratification of his appetite for intoxicants.

In this work of personal and social regeneration religion must play no minor role. Religion cannot be divorced from the permanent betterment of the masses; it must stand sponsor to every successful effort to improve their condition and elevate their moral tone. Religion alone can effectively appeal to mind and heart and thus bring to bear upon each one that salutary influence which makes for righteousness. Since the liquor problem centers, in no small degree, around the individual's conception of what constitutes personal liberty and ministers to the supposed needs of sensual exaltation, he should be the first object of our solicitude.

But the great obstacle which bars the way to individual reformation is the ever-present saloon. Its door stands invitingly open to entice the unwary; its siren voice never ceases to allure its victims from the path of rectitude; its very presence is a silent, but almost irresistible call to indulge in strong drink. The saloon is the plague-spot of our national life; and hence it is that the Catholic Church is arrayed against it as an institution from which, as from a Pandora's box, spread all the evils of the liquor traffic. The Catholic Church is the avowed and uncompromising enemy of the American saloon; and it desires most ardently that this "pestilential evil" be wiped out entirely, that it may no longer curse the race.

The Catholic Church does not maintain that it is morally wrong to take a drink; nor does she condemn the selling of liquor as sinful and demoralizing in itself. Her position on this question is determined by a consideration of the dangers to which the drinker exposes himself, and of the evils with which the traffic is ordinarily associated. At the present time temperance has become so great a scourge and so terrible a curse that it exerts its blighting power over man's physical, mental and spiritual wellbeing. But, we are told, it is the abuse, and not the use, of strong drink which the church condemns. Do those who try to shield their shortcomings behind the cloak of this objection think that we are not aware of the fact? They do not seem to realize that the use as well as the abuse of intoxicating beverages merits our strongest disapproval and condemnation whenever it becomes an occasion of sin to the individual and a menace to society. There is grave reason to fear that in the majority of cases use will sooner or later lead to abuse with all its disastrous consequences for the individual, the family and the nation; and in view of this deplorable possibility are we not justified in protesting against the opening of our hearts and our homes to this monster of iniquity which for ages has made the world groan and tremble beneath its blighting tread? The saloon is the stronghold of this unholy traffic in America, the throbbing heart of a system whence the red stream of this

fiery fluid is forced into the arteries of commerce and the homes of the people, bringing ruin and destruction in its wake.

Will anyone dare to deny that the demoralizing effects of the liquor traffic as we know it are traceable to the saloon, or rather to the well-organized saloon system which confronts us in every state of the Union? The brewer, the distiller, the wholesale dealer and the retailer have entrenched themselves behind strong, vigilant and aggressive associations. Hundreds of millions of dollars are invested in the business; and more than a million people depend for a livelihood upon the manufacture, distribution and sale of alcoholic beverages. With unlimited capital at their command, and unscrupulous agents to do their bidding, the liquor interests are ever reaching out into new fields. Few people have any adequate idea of the enormous growth of the saloon business during recent years and of the influence it wields in state and national affairs. More than fifteen hundred millions of dollars flow annually into the coffers of the American saloonkeeper, and who can doubt that this stream is crimsoned with the blood of vice and crime, and saturated with the salt tears of untold misery?

Against this formidable foe the Catholic Church raises her voice in vigorous denunciation. The saloon would contend with the church for supremacy on American soil; it would, if it could, destroy her power and glory in its emancipation from the restraint which religion imposes. Therefore, between the church and the saloon there can be no truce, no compromise. Light and darkness cannot coexist side by side. If this nation choose the darkness rather than the light the virtue and permanence of the republic will be jeopardized. Surely the descendants of the men who fought and bled at Valley Forge in freedom's holy cause will not stoop to bind the shackles of intolerable serfdom on the limbs of those whose title to the fullest measure of personal liberty and happiness is guaranteed alike by the constitution of the republic and the teaching of the Catholic Church.

In order to understand the reason for the antagonism between the Catholic Church and the American saloon it is necessary to have a general conception, at least, of what the saloon as an institution represents. No matter what theory we may hold regarding the origin of the saloon, it cannot be denied that, in its present form, it is a peculiarly American product. The attendant evils to which it ministers have grown up around it during its development, and they are largely responsible for the odium heaped upon it.

The saloon is not an independent institution. It is a unit in a system dominated by the brewer and the distiller. In some, if not in all, of the larger cities three-fourths of the saloons are practically controlled by the brewers and the wholesale dealers, whose sole purpose it is to reap as rich a harvest as possible from the sale of their beverages without regard to the methods by which this result is obtained. Rivalry among brewing companies has led to a multiplication of saloons without reference to the needs of the locality; and in order to minimize this practice so detrimental to the trade the United States Brewing Association was organized to control the traffic and render competition unnecessary.

Even if the saloon is not directly controlled by the brewery, the saloonkeeper is usually under pecuniary obligations to him. Very often the brewer sets the saloonkeeper up in business by paying the license fee and providing the necessary equipment and supplies, in return for which he takes a chattel mortgage on the fixtures, often vastly in excess of their real value.

Are not the disorderly and disreputable practices which characterize the saloon traffic the natural result of the system itself? The saloon is conducted solely for the money that is in the business. The more drink sold, the greater the profit. Hence, the saloon fosters intemperance. "The American saloon," says Archbishop Ireland, "is responsible for the awful intemperance which desolates the land, and which is the physical and moral plague of our time. In the saloon is dealt out the drink which intoxicates, and there temptations to use it are deliberately planned and multiplied. The saloon panders to and thrives upon the abnormal appetites of its patrons. It lures them to drink, and in a thousand ways excites a craving for stimulants. It caters to the drink habit by various devices, and especially by encouraging the abominable custom of treating. To such proportions has this practice attained that it is safe to say that "the greater part of excessive drinking is not caused

by an uncontrollable appetite for liquor, but because of the custom of treating which has taken so strong a hold upon us."

The glamour of the saloon enthalls and degrades its victims, pollutes the home—the nursery of childhood, the sanctuary of womanhood—and menaces, if it does not undermine, the foundations of the social fabric. Moreover, the saloon strikes at the very cornerstone of our rights as citizens by fastening itself on the body politic and placing its own welfare above that of the state and of the nation.

From the saloon, then, the blighting curse of intemperance extends its damning influence over man in every walk of life, not alone in his own person, but in his most cherished relations. It brings ruin in prosperity and fosters despair in adversity. To youth it suggests disobedience and sin; to manhood, criminal neglect of duty most sacred; to old age, reprobate indifference to all the demands which the world makes upon venerable years for exemplary sobriety, integrity and truth. It is the enemy of humanity and of humanity's God, taking vengeance on its friends, sparing neither intellectual endowment nor social worth, reversing the process of the alchemists of old and transmuting the pure gold of heaven's mint into the worthless dross of brutal animality. In the full glare of the noonday sun it stalks with giant strides over the fair face of God's beauteous earth, leaving behind it a trail of desolation and woe. Like a pestilence, it enters the marble porticoes of stately palaces and crosses the lowly threshold of the peasant's hut, and wherever it loiters its touch is death. It invades the sacred precincts of the family circle and drags its victims from the pinnacle of happiness to the lowest depths of misery, where they close their eyes in death with despair in their hearts and curses on their lips. Wrecked manhood, outraged womanhood, ruined souls bear witness to its demoralizing sway. Even "hell, with all its power to damn," can utilize no more potent agent to carry out its nefarious designs than the demon of strong drink.

From whatever point of view, therefore, we examine the saloon, we cannot escape the conclusion that its influence is bad—almost irremediably so. As an institution, it is a menace to society in every sense of the word. By its action on the individual, the family and the nation "it renders impossible the realization of civilization's ideals."

BEER OR BREAD.

BY L. D. MASON, M. D.

[From an article in a recent issue of the
National Advocate.]

A STATEMENT is now going the rounds of the secular press advocating on the basis of high medical authority the use of "light beer" as a substitute for the stronger alcoholic beverages—thus in a measure, at least, solving the vexed temperance question by substituting a supposedly harmless and healthful beverage for that in use. There is not anything new or original about this suggestion—it is a well-worn and threadbare argument discussed and exhausted and laid aside long ago, and is interesting simply as a matter of history, only taken up by novices and those unfamiliar with the great question of Temperance.

And while the student of economics and social statistics may smile at the crude efforts of the ignorant, or the erroneous conclusions derived from false premises, nevertheless to the unthinking and unwary these false conclusions are fraught with the greatest danger, especially when promulgated and indorsed, as sanctioned by experience and medical authority; therefore those interested in the cause of Temperance and the protection of the public from such false premises and conclusions cannot refrain from denouncing the same or else be recreant to the trust providentially imposed upon them.

We cannot compromise with this evil of intemperance or meet it half way; the simple solution of the whole question why do men drink or crave alcoholic beverages? is this—in order to a greater or less degree to secure the narcotic or toxic effect of alcohol—it is, therefore, not so much a question of quality as it is of quantity—it is the effect, the result of the ingestion of alcohol that men desire and the average drinker requires; anything short of an intoxication to a greater or less degree would not be satisfactory to the average drinker—no matter to what medium the alcohol is contained—or whether it takes a certain quantity of light beer or heavy beer, or wine or whisky or brandy to produce the result—it makes no difference physiologically or morally whether the man is intoxi-

cated by beer or whisky if the result is obtained, that is alcoholic narcotism or intoxication to a greater or less degree—the only difference is that it will take less whisky and more beer to produce the same result—to produce this narcotic effect—inhibit the brain—relax nerve tension, experience a partial indifference to one's surroundings and that "harmless, joyful feeling" as described by Professor Munsterberg, of Harvard University. Under all these conditions no matter how the alcohol is conveyed to the system or the name of the beverage—the plain fact remains that the man is intoxicated to a greater or less degree and for the time being he is in a state of alcoholic satisfaction—whether he got there by the fast whisky route or the slow beer route—he is there all the same—and the same result and the same conditions prevailed and are manifest; as has been said, it is not a question of quality so much as quantity—neither are the physical or moral considerations changed one whit—it is just as demoralizing and physically degenerating to get drunk on beer as it is on whisky, but somehow or other the beer advocates would place beer-drinking among the moral virtues—and the lighter the beer, of course, the higher in the moral scale. What people want is the narcotic toxic effect of alcohol—and non-alcoholized beer would not receive public sanction or approval.

Statistics after statistics might be quoted to prove the danger of advocating beer as a popular beverage, or that it was a healthful or harmless drink, and a prevention for drunkenness, and extolling the same as the enemy of whisky and brandy and an ally of the temperance cause. The highest German medical authorities have shown the terrible ravages of beer-alcoholism in Germany—that the amount of alcohol consumed is greater where beer is the popular and universal beverage, than where it is not—that alcoholic diseases prevail among beer-drinkers as among whisky-drinkers—that the habitual use of beer, even the so-called "moderate use" of it, produces types of physical, "mental" and moral degeneracy—while those caused by its "excessive use" differ very little from those of chronic alcoholism caused by whisky. In Munich, Germany, the death rate from heart disease is higher than elsewhere. The authorities, Professors Baur and Bollinger, attribute this to the large amount of beer there used. In Bavaria, from one-third to one-half of all kidney diseases are attributed to the inordinate use of beer. The death rate from liver diseases among beer brewers in England is more than double that of any other calling. Beer plays a very important part in a class of maladies that are grouped under the name of diseases of "Metabolism," as obesity, diabetes and gout, and beer especially promotes unhealthy obesity. Brewers and their descendants furnish an exceptionally large number of cases of gout. Among brewers in England, between 1880 and 1892, there were 500 cases of deaths from gout to every 100 occurring in other callings.

Beer alcoholism lowers resistance to disease, to infectious disease and especially to tuberculosis. The sick rate and death rate is greater among brewers than among other workmen.

As to the brutalizing effect of beer-alcoholism, this is shown most clearly by the fact that in Germany crimes of personal violence particularly occur most frequently in Bavaria, where there is a higher consumption of beer. We need not discuss the social side of this evil, or its effect on posterity. Professor Bunges says, "No other drink is so seductive." "It has been in Germany worse than the whisky pest, because beer is more apt to lead to immoderate drinking." In the form of the bottled beer it is the universal family drink for men, women and children, and used as a substitute to satisfy the appetite instead of health-giving food. Even children of tender years are not exempt. School children given beer by their parents were stupid, sleepy and had low records. In a class of forty-two boys from seven to eight years old, thirty-one took beer daily, and twenty-four often drank whisky. This German record is supplemented by the Austrian record in 1901, 92.5 per cent of the boys and 90.8 per cent of the girls drank beer and every third boy and girl used it regularly. Professor Kassowitz and Dr. Karl Becker, of Heidelberg, state that delirium tremens and liver cirrhosis in children have increased lately at an alarming rate. The researches of Dr. T. Alexander MacNicholl, of New York, confirm these particulars to a certain extent among the children of foreign parentage in our public schools. I have quoted largely from an article on "Dangers in the Use of Beer," by Hugo Hoppe, M. D., nerve specialist, of Konigsberg, Germany. I would earnestly recommend the student of the beer question to secure a copy of the translation as published by "The Scientific Tem-

perance Federation," Boston, Mass. He concludes his article with the statement: "These are the terrible dangers which the regular moderate and immoderate use of alcohol is bringing on the human race. On account of the democratic equality with which beer has established itself among all classes of people the dangers of beer-alcoholism are much greater than the alcoholism from wine or whisky," which is confined to relatively few people.

WAR CHIEFS DECRY ALCOHOL.

GROWTH OF TEMPERANCE IN ARMIES AND NAVIES—INCREASED EFFICIENCY—VIEWS OF AN "EX-ATTACHE."

THAT the secretary of war should have declined to consider the protests presented to his department against the outspoken championship of the cause of prohibition by Major-General Frederick D. Grant, is quite in accordance with the policy not alone of the Federal administration, but with that of almost every other civilized government. For, without entering into any discussion on the merits or demerits of the canteen system, the ministers of war and of the navy of all the great military and maritime powers are strenuously endeavoring to foster temperance, not so much as a matter of principle as for the reason of the degree to which it increases and promotes the efficiency of the men subject to their control.

In these days of modern warfare and of arms of precision, it is no longer fierceness, fury, and reckless dash that are required of soldiers and of sailors, but calmness, collectedness, the exercise of every intellectual faculty, and endurance. These are impaired by the use of intoxicating liquors but promoted by abstinence, and among those who think like Gen. Fred D. Grant are Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, his brother Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, and most of the generals who have served under the latter in Egypt, in South Africa, and in India, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and many another military and naval commander of equal note and standing.

Wolseley has long been an enthusiast on the subject, and during his term of office as commander-in-chief of the British army, in succession to the late Duke of Cambridge, he inaugurated a series of careful and exhaustive experiments with the object of ascertaining the comparative effects of alcohol and of total abstinence upon the physical endurance and the staying qualities of the troops. Advantage was taken of the annual maneuvers as well as of those petty wars of which England has always a few on hand in one part or another of the world, to investigate carefully the problem.

One regiment would be deprived of every drop of stimulant; another, belonging to the same brigade, would be allowed to purchase as usual its malt liquors at the canteen; while a third, probably a Highland corps, would receive a sailor's ration of grog in the form of Scotch whisky. In each instance the experiment went to show that, whereas at first the corps which had received an allowance of grog surpassed the others in dash and impetuosity of attack, yet that after the third or fourth day its members began to show notable signs of lassitude and a lack of spirit and endurance. The same manifestations, though in a minor degree, were observed in the regiment restricted to malt liquors, whereas the men who had been kept from every sort of stimulant increased in staying power, alertness, and vigor every day.

It was as the result of these experiments that when Lord Kitchener organized his Anglo-Egyptian force for the final march upon Khartum for the reconquest of the Soudan and the destruction of the Mahdi, he declined to allow a single drop of stimulant in his army, save for hospital use. Spirits, wine, and malt liquors were barred from the officers' mess table as well as from the regimental canteen.

When one remembers how devoted the Englishman is to his beer, the Scotchman to his "mountain dew," and the Irishman to his poteen, modern history abounding in the upsets of British cabinets ill advised enough to attempt to increase the tax on stimulants, which are regarded not as luxuries, but as actual necessities of life, the boldness and likewise the difficulty of Lord Kitchener's innovation will be appreciated. But his scheme more than fulfilled all his expectations. Thanks to total abstinence, the men were able to make forced marches of the most extraordinary character across the burning desert and under a blazing sun, the heat of whose rays can only be appreciated by those who have lived under the equator. The Soudan is famed for its deadly

climate, which either kills or prematurely ages the majority of white folks who penetrate beyond its frontiers. Indeed, it has often been nicknamed, and with good cause, too, "the man-eating Soudan," by reason of the number of white lives that it has consumed.

Yet in spite of this there had never been a campaign until then where there was so little sickness, where so few men were compelled to fall out, even on the longest march, and where the troops were got into such magnificent physical and moral training that they would actually cover thirty miles of sand with empty water bottles without slaking their thirst once from the beginning to the end of the march, at the close of which they would still find themselves sufficiently fresh and vigorous to win a hard-fought victory, such as that of Atbara.

Of course, all kinds of devices and tricks were resorted to in the earlier stages of this particular Soudan campaign to defeat Lord Kitchener's innovation, and one wily Greek liquor dealer even managed, no one knows exactly how, to get several wagon loads of spirits up beyond Wady Halfa for the purpose of retailing them to the officers and men of the expedition. But, fortunately, Kitchener obtained an inkling of the affair, captured the convoy, and caused every bottle and barrel to be mercilessly destroyed, the liquor merely serving to poison the sand and to slake the thirst of the ever parched desert.

The spectacle of bloodshed and the noise and din of battle are quite sufficient in themselves, not only to produce excitement, but also to arouse all the latent disposition to savagery that lurks in every human breast. This being the case, is it wise or politic to still further inflame the passions and to lessen the restrictions of civilization by the use of stimulants? If there is one class of people more than any other among whom abstinence ought to be encouraged, it is among the troops, and on account of its surpassing value in the matter of increasing their efficiency it should be rigorously enforced in times of war.

It is not only in war on land that abstinence plays a role, but also in war at sea. Although the British admiralty has not yet followed the example of the United States, which has long since abandoned the daily ration of grog to the men of its navy, yet the commanders of all British men-of-war in commission have instructions that in lieu of the double rations of spirits formerly served out to the crews when going into action, not a drop of alcoholic liquor, no matter whether spirit, wine, or malt, is to be allowed among officers or men when there is any fighting to be done. In order to slake the thirst engendered by the heat, exertion and smoke inseparable from a naval combat, supplies of oatmeal-and-water for drinking are arranged all over the ship.

This is, of course, a radical departure from the former practice, but it is a step which has been rendered imperative by the extreme importance of sighting with the utmost degree of exactitude the guns, upon the precision of which the success of every action at sea nowadays depends.

Today three maritime powers surpass all others in the matter of naval gunnery—namely: Great Britain, the United States and Japan. Lord Charles Beresford, who for years has been a total abstainer, like Gen. Fred. D. Grant, not as a matter of principle, but by way of affording an example to the men under him, when in command of the Mediterranean and home fleets, in a conversation with me the other day before sailing for England, laid stress on the fact that his prize gunners were men who did not drink, and who were therefore able to shoot with more precision than any one whose pulse is in the least bit quickened by a stimulant. Under the circumstances, may we not assume that the superiority of English, American and Japanese naval gunnery is attributable to the total abstinence encouraged or enforced?

The modern warship is the most complicated piece of machinery in existence. Everything practically is done by electricity. The conning tower, or the cabin from which the commander directs every movement of his ship, has its walls literally covered with electric push-buttons and small levers. There are hundreds of them. It is necessary that every faculty of the human brain should be keenly alert and sharpened to the finest point, in order to know just what button or lever to touch in a moment of emergency, since the slightest mistake might result in an appalling catastrophe, with the destruction of the lives of all the crew of 600 or 800 men. The responsibility is overwhelming. It is not only one's own career and one's life that is in the balance, but also the fate of the ship, representing a cost perhaps

of \$10,000,000, and the existence of all one's fellow creatures on board.

Men who have to shoulder this burden do not dare to drink; the risk is too appalling. That is why inebriety, formerly treated with relative indulgence, is now punished with such great severity in the American and English navies, and why drinking has gone out of fashion among naval men. No one feels more strongly about the importance of abstinence, both in the navy and army, than Edward VII., who, aware that, in accordance with old tradition and custom, the health of the sovereign is drunk each evening at the officers' mess, both on land and at sea, and that any failure to honor it with wine or spirits was regarded as savoring of disloyalty, caused some time ago a general order to be issued that he did not consider wine or spirits as indispensable to this toast, and that thenceforth those holding his commission in the navy and in the army were at perfect liberty to use water in drinking the health of their king.—The Chicago Tribune.

COMMUNION WINE.

MOVEMENT IN GERMANY AND AUSTRIA
GAINING FORCE.

THE League of German Abstinent Philologists, with Professor Hartmann, of Leipzig, at its head, has handed in to the Lutheran Church authorities in every state of Germany and in Austria a request that only unfermented wines be given to young communicants, and that in the confirmation period the young people should receive temperance teaching with their religious instruction. This is a new departure, for hitherto even the Good Templars have hardly considered the communion ritual as needing reform in this direction. The far larger number of German pastors still use wine and beer. The League is confident that sooner or later these Sauls will become Pauls.

It states as follows its reason for taking this step, says the Record of Christian Work:

The purpose of our league is to free the whole education of our young people from the taint of alcohol. This we believe to be indispensable if they are to have a sound development in the critical years of their mental and physical unfolding. Leading physicians and hygienists, however they may feel about drinking in later years, agree that it is of the greatest importance that the youth live abstinent. This not merely because of the better physiological results which the abstinent life gives, but because of the moral protection which goes along with it.

Now, it is a painful thing for those who are bringing up their children in this enlightened way to know that their first taste of alcoholic poison will be from the communion cup. Of course, the dose is in this case too minute to do appreciable harm, but it works psychologically. It contradicts what the child has been taught. The drink which science condemns receives a new nimbus from the church.

We are convinced that no institution or interest in the church would suffer if our request were granted. The Saxon pastor, Doctor Burk, has written a pamphlet on "Christ's Position as to Wine," showing clearly that such an arrangement offends in no way either the letter or spirit of the word. The opinion that the wine at the Last Supper was alcoholic can be as little disproved as proved. The phrase used in the Gospel narrative, "the fruit of the vine," seems to indicate that it was fermented. The fact that in the pictures of the Last Supper in the Catacombs, grape bunches are represented side by side with the bread, is reinforcing testimony. However this may be, it does not seem as if the church were justified in laying stress on the presence in the sacramental wine of that poison which has brought such endless misery on humanity.

Nothing makes a more painful impression on the opponents of alcohol than that our clergy lag so far behind those of the English-speaking lands in this great international struggle for the healing of the alcohol-sick nations. Such a rescript as we recommend issued by the church authorities, would have an exceedingly important educational effect on wide circles of parents not yet enlightened as to the results of the scientific investigation of alcohol. Then we would see far less often, boys and girls intoxicated on the evening of the day of their entrance into the church.

Such a change in practice carried into effect would lead the way to a more complete reform since it would be difficult to separate elders from children at the Lord's Supper. Children as the weaker and as most needing protection should be thought of first. And with them we should consider the needs of those who have been reformed from drinking. Specialists declare that the slightest quantity of alcoholic drink awakens the sleeping appetite. This quantity should not be handed to them from the Lord's cup.

The signers then pass on to the danger which threatens the national church if it delays taking a stand on the temperance question. Its bitterest enemy, Social Democracy, is clearly preparing to take up

the subject. What would be the effect on the church's moral prestige if it should lag behind the Socialists? And again, what better means of damping back the rising tide of youthful criminality than to instruct the youth in regard to alcoholism?

The very fact that our young people often think confirmation time marks the entrance into the pleasures and privileges of maturity makes it desirable that they be impressed with the truth that they are still in a critical stage of development, which in body, and especially in brain, continues even after twenty. Important it is for the church to aid the Blue Cross in its work of rescuing the victims of drink! More important still to see to it that coming generations do not go the same way!

Signed:

PROF. DR. HARTMANN, Leipzig,
OBERSTUDIEN RATH SCHUMANN, Stuttgart,
PROF. DR. WAGNER, Idar,
PROF. DR. RICHARD POINCKAR, Leipzig,
PROF. PAUL LANGE, Leipzig,
For the League of Abstinent Philologists.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

GENIUS, that power that dazzles mortal eyes,
Is oft but perseverance in disguise;
Continuous effort in itself, implies, in spite
Of countless falls, the power to rise.
Twixt failure and success, the point so fine,
Men sometimes know not when they touch the line.
As the tide goes clear out, it comes again clear in;
In business 'tis the wisest men who win.
And oh, how often when shades of doubt dismay,
With little more persistence, courage, vim,
Success will dawn o'er fortune's cloudy rim.
Then take this honey from the bitterest cup—
There is no failure save in giving up;
No real falls, so long as one still tries,
For seeming setbacks make the strong man wise.
There is no defeat in truth, save from within,
Unless you're beaten there, you're sure to win.

—Selected.

WITH THE PICKWICKIANS.

A FAMOUS CHRISTMAS TALE.

NO chronicler of Christmas doings has done it so inimitably as Dickens, and nowhere has Dickens described them better than in the "Pickwick Papers." One might read the paragraph relating to the observance of the holiday half a hundred times and not become weary. The Christmas spirit is everywhere evident in the chapters devoted to the holiday making. From the beginning, when the hero, his three friends and his faithful servant start for Dingley Dell, to the hour of their return there is Christmas in every sentence:

As brisk as bees, if not altogether as light as fairies, did the four Pickwickians assemble on the morning of the 22d day of December in the year of grace in which these their faithfully recorded adventures were undertaken and accomplished. Christmas was close at hand in all his bluff and hearty honesty. It was the season of hospitality, merriment and open-heartedness. The old year was preparing, like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him and amid the sound of feasting and revelry to pass gently and calmly away. Gay and merry was the time, and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming.

After travelling through a wide and open country where "the wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground," slowing up as they draw near a country town, where the horses are changed, then again "dashing along the open road, with the fresh air blowing in their faces and gladdening their very hearts within them," they arrive at Dingley Dell, where we are introduced to that famous personage, the fat boy. He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Pickwick, but to Sam Weller his face is strange. To follow this first meeting:

Having given this direction and settled with the coachman, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends struck into the footpath across the fields and walked briskly away, leaving Mr. Weller and the fat boy confronted together for the first time. Sam looked at the fat boy with great astonishment, but without saying a word, and began to stow the things rapidly away in the cart, while the fat boy stood quietly by and seemed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

The conversation of these two characters is too long to reprint here, but too too much so to peruse with the greatest interest. We must pass over the story of the wedding, which was the day before Christmas event at Dingley Dell, at which Mr. Pickwick distinguished himself by a felicitous speech, and get to the story of the dance. Dickens' description of the old sitting room is a gem:

The best sitting room at Manor Farm was a good, long, dark paneled room with a high chimney piece and a capacious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all.

At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bower of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers and the only harp in Muggleton. In all sorts of recesses and on all kinds of brackets stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, the candles burned bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light-hearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeoman had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.

After the dance was over, Mr. Pickwick having acquitted himself with great credit, the reader is told about the doings in the famous old kitchen. Here hung the mistletoe and did its mission well in adding to the jollity of the occasion. The artist whose pictures appear on his pages has done excellent justice to Dickens' text:

From the center of the ceiling of this kitchen old Wardle had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry which would have done honor to a descendant of Lady Tollingflower herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. * * * Wardle stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction, and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use and summarily devouring a particularly fine mince pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else. * * *

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the center of the group now pulled this way and then that and first kissed on the chin and then on the nose and then on the spectacles, and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side.

Finally we come to Christmas day which was cold and cheerful and good "skaiting" weather. The party all went to a "pretty large sheet of ice," where Mr. Winkle, having assumed the airs of a man who could "skait," and having shown his ignorance thereof, was smartly reproved by Mr. Pickwick. Meanwhile, "Mr. Weller and the fat boy having by their joint efforts cut out a slide," all hands participated. Says the chronicler of the day's sport:

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony—to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up, to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first and turn slowly around on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started, to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance and the eagerness with which he turned around when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles, and when he was knocked down, which happened upon the average every third round, it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves and handkerchief with a glowing countenance and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

Mr. Pickwick unfortunately breaks through the ice and gets a good wetting, but, being taken on a smart run to the house, put to bed and given unlimited quantities of hot punch, finds himself none the worse next morning, when the party departs from Dingley Dell.

Thus does Dickens tell us of one of the merriest Christmases that a reader could desire. There is no touch of sadness in the chronicle, and all that one could wish for is that the story were longer.

A STORY OF WAR AND PEACE.

(Continued from Page 83.)

a garment near the outer door. There were traces of sorrow on her face, but suffering had only softened, not obliterated, its once delicate beauty. A lovely child with golden hair sat by her side and rested its head upon the mother's shoulder, looking up in a half-frightened way as a heavy, coarse-featured woman entered from another room and began a vigorous crusade with the poker on the big wood stove that heated the room. So fiercely she banged and battered its sheet-iron sides that they rattled like theatrical thunder, and drowned the sound of the front door as it opened and shut softly. So intent was she upon thrusting the big green maple chunks into position, that she did not see a tall man enter, and kneeling before a long-deserted wife receive the kiss of forgiveness. Nor did she see a beautiful child clasped to a father's breast as the mother's head fell sobbing on his shoulder.

Many pictures by old masters, costly and rare, hang in Joseph Bond's beautiful home. But he would have given them all for a glimpse of that wonderful living picture.

A SONG OF THE HARVEST.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

PAINTER of the fruits and flowers!
We thank thee for thy wise designs
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born;
That he who smites the summer weed
May trust thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

—Selected.

WILLIAM COWPER.

BY THE LATE JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

THE poems of Thomson, Gray and Collins were a revolt against the classical style of Pope. They returned to nature for their inspiration, and showed that there were nobler subjects for poetry than the vices and follies of the human heart, and better expression for them, than stinging sarcasms clothed in polished couplets. Nevertheless, Johnson's all-powerful dictum that the heroic couplet was the only form of verse suitable for elevated poetry, illustrated as it was by Goldsmith's fine poems, kept the public taste in bondage. It was not until a year after Johnson's death that the poem appeared which was to introduce a new era, and lead poetry out of the realm of words into that of the imagination and the emotions. This poem was "The Task," by William Cowper. After a century of epigrams and studied conceits, poetry again became life-like, and spoke from heart to heart.

It was not Cowper's first work. He had already written and published several poems in the classical style, on moral and religious themes, but they met with little success. They exhibited vigor of thought and expression, and no small degree of poetic sensibility, but they were molded in a form of which the public was tired without knowing precisely why.

It was Lady Austen, one of the dearest of his friends and admirers, that first suggested to him to write a poem in blank verse, as being more flexible and better suited to the genius of the English language. He replied that he knew no subject. "Oh," replied she, "you can never be in want of a subject. You can write on any. Write upon this sofa." The idea pleased the poet, and he entitled the work "The Task."

"I sing the Sofa. I who lately sang
Truth, Hope and Charity, and touched with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme:
The theme, though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song."

He goes on to tell of the time when the rude ancestors of the English sat upon the bare ground. Then invention began, and the three-legged stool was produced. "On such a stool immortal Alfred sat." In time three legs became four, a back was devised, elbows were added, and the seat made more luxurious. Next followed in natural evolution the "soft settee," and finally the luxurious sofa.

"So slow
The growth of what is excellent, so hard
To attain perfection in this neither world.
Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs,
And Luxury the accomplish'd sofa last."

But the poet does not long concern himself with the appointed theme. He digresses whithersoever the inclination of this thought leads him, and then follows descriptions of nature full of charm and repose, reflections, opinions, confidences and stories. He thinks aloud, and tells of the ordinary affairs of life in a vocabulary rich and noble. The verses teem with his personal emotions, deep and genuine, and you feel, as you read them, that at last heartlessness, unreality and artifice have been banished from poetry, and that you are standing in the presence of nature and of man. The first book concludes with reflections on the advantages of country life.

"God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?"

The second book is entitled "The Time-piece," and opens with the well known passage:

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful and successful war,
Might never reach me more."

The general theme is the sorrows and trials of life inseparable from man's condition. We here perceive the melancholy cast of Cowper's mind, and the religious gloom that shrouded his whole life. The remaining books are more cheerful, and entitled "The Garden," "The Winter Evening," "The Winter Morning Walk," and "The Winter Walk at Noon." All have their beauties, but "The Winter Evening" has been the most admired, and is in the poet's happiest vein. It is evening in winter, and the postman arrives—

"The herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist and frozen locks:
News from all nations lumbering at his back,
True to his charge, the close pack'd lead behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch—
Cold and yet cheerful. Messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent, whether grief or joy."

The important budget is received and all are eager to hear the news from the busy, noisy world without:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Then he opens the "folio of four pages," "map of busy life," and reads the contents—news, politics, advertisements, all—to his attentive hearers. It all seems commonplace enough, but the poet by his art transfigures it, and out of the most ordinary material presents a gallery of splendid pictures. News from India causes him to see the dusky East in "her plumed and jeweled turban." The mention of politics causes him to see the statesman who climbs and pants and grasps the seals of office, only to lose them to some artful demagogue, "who wins them but to lose them in his turn." Thus from the loop holes of retreat he peeps out at the world, sees the stir of the great Babel but does not feel the crowd, and surveys at ease the globe and its concerns.

Cowper was a plant that flowered late, being in his fifty-fifth year when this poem was published.

He was born in 1731 and was the oldest son of an English clergyman. His grand-uncle was Earl Cowper, keeper of the great seal and lord high chancellor under Queen Anne and George I. His grandfather was Spencer Cowper, whose trial for the murder of a pretty quakeress forms one of the striking episodes in Macaulay's history. He was acquitted and subsequently became a judge of eminence.

William was educated at Westminster school, where Warren Hastings, Charles Churchill and others who afterwards became eminent, were his fellow students. He was a delicate, timid boy, of exquisite sensibility and passionate tenderness. The taint of insanity was upon him, and he grew into a shy and timorous man. He was destined for the profession of law, and was a student in the same solicitor's office with Edward Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England. Between these young men of such widely contrasted temperaments a warm friendship arose which lasted through life.

Cowper was in due time admitted to the bar, but he never practiced. He shrank from contact with men. A clerkship in the house of lords was bestowed upon him, but the mere thought of reading the titles of the bills drove him to the verge of insanity. He was given a more subordinate position, but it was necessary for him to stand an examination by a committee. He endeavored to face the ordeal, but the nervous strain was too great, his mind gave way, and he attempted suicide. He was at this time in his thirty-second year. The next two years he passed in the seclusion of an asylum and his health and mind was restored. He then fell into a state of religious depression and supposed that he had committed the unpardonable sin. From this condition he gradually emerged and became assured of the forgiveness of God and of his salvation.

He now retired to the country and found in the companionship of the Rev. Mr. Unwin and his wife that sympathy and friendship which alone made life endurable to him. He entered their hospitable doors in 1765,

and henceforth knew no other home. His income was small, but it sufficed for his moderate needs, and later when success as a poet came to him and a pension of £300 was bestowed upon him, his means were larger than his wants. Mr. Unwin died in 1767 and Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, the Mary of his poems, removed to Olney, attracted by the fame of the celebrated John Newton. There Cowper engaged in religious and charitable work, and wrote many of the hymns that are still favorites in all the churches. Clouds came over his mind from time to time, yet so far as his malady admitted, these years were passed in happiness. In 1781 he formed the acquaintance of Lady Austen, a woman of loveliness and accomplishments, and who added much to his happiness. She was a widow, and soon became on very intimate terms with the little household at Olney. She it was that first related to Cowper the story of John Gilpin, that she had become familiar with in the nursery, and which the poet gave to the world in the immortal ballad.

For reasons never known, but prompted, doubtless, by the jealousy of Mrs. Unwin, the poet was, after a few years of intimacy, obliged to sunder his friendship with Lady Austen.

"The Task" was published in 1785, and soon afterward Cowper commenced his translation of Homer, which was successfully brought to a conclusion in 1791.

His malady now increased, aggravated by the mortal illness of Mrs. Unwin. In 1794 he became irrecoverably insane. He lingered until April 15, 1800, when he died.

Through his whole life he was an affectionate and lovable person, full of that exquisite sensibility that shrinks from all contact with the world. Full of freedom and innocent rillery, with an imagination at once natural and charming, he was one of those persons to whom women love to devote themselves with maternal tenderness.

The world's temperature was too severe for him, and he was like an exotic transplanted from the tropics to the North.

But however unhappy his life, he wrote much that will always have a permanent place in English literature.

GEMS FROM EMERSON'S JOURNAL

SELECTED BY DUANE MOWRY.

Tragedy and comedy always go hand in hand.

The simplest things are always better than curiosities.

The beauty of character it takes a long time to discover.

A man must thank his defects and stand in some terror of his talents.

To every reproach I know but one answer, to go again to my own work.

We cannot quite pull down and degrade our life and divest it of its poetry.

As a good chimney burns the smoke, so a philosopher converts the value of all his fortunes into his intellectual performances.

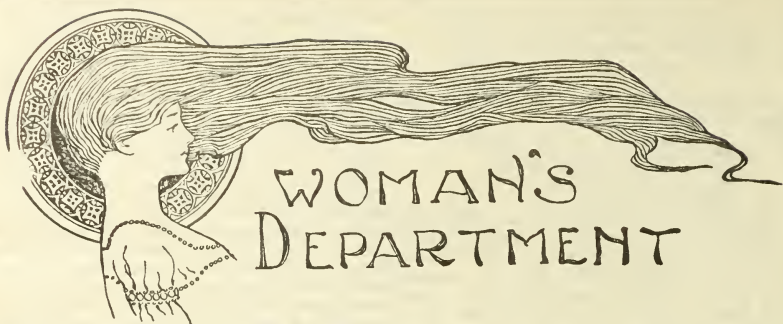
The Sabbath is my best debt to the past and binds me to some gratitude still. It brings that frankincense out of a sacred antiquity.

Drawing is a good eye for distances. And what else is wisdom but a good eye for distances, and time is only more or less acceleration of mental processes.

Is it not pleasant to you—unexpected wisdom? depth of sentiment in middle life? persons that in the thick of the crowd are true kings and gentlemen without the harness and the envy of the throne?

Those who stay away from election think that one vote will do no good. 'Tis but one step more to think that one vote will do no harm. But if they should come to be interested in themselves, in their career, they would no more stay away from the election than from honesty or from affection.

To the woods: Whoso goeth in your paths readeth the same cheerful lesson, whether he be a young child or a hundred years old. Comes he in good fortune or in bad, ye say the same things, and from age to age. Ever the needles of the pine grow and fall, the acorns on the oak; the maples redder in autumn, and at all times of the year the ground-pine and the pyrola bud and root under foot. What is called fortune and what is called time by men, ye know them not. Men have no language to describe one moment of your life. When you shall give me somewhat to say, give me also the tune wherein to say it. Give me a tune like your winds or brooks or birds, for the songs of men grow old, when they are repeated; but yours, though a man have heard them for seventy years, are never the same, but always new, like Time itself, or like love.



TOMORROW.

BY EDITH HICKMAN DUVALL.

GOD would not have us think about tomorrow
As of some cloud that lies
Before our anxious eyes,
And fills our hearts with dread of coming sorrow.

How can we tell? The sun may shine more brightly
Than it has shone before—
I know life holds in store
More good than ill for those who view it rightly.

And He, whose hand is always wisely guiding,
Can only give His best
To those who wait and rest—
Through all life's need in His great love confiding.
—Selected.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

A MERRY Christmas to one and all of our readers.
May this holiday season bring to each heart a
full measure of contentment and happiness, and may
the season of "Peace on earth; good will to man,"
mean more to us than ever before.

It is apt to mean too much in a personal and
selfish way, and not enough in its broader and truer
sense. It is the time when we feel more kindly to-
ward all; more generous; and it is a pleasure to
make sacrifices that we may bring happiness to
others.

But oftentimes those others are among the favored
ones whose every wish is gratified. The scores of
presents which Christmas always brings to them
mean only the loving thought which prompted them.
They would have appreciated some simpler expres-
sion of remembrance just as much;—perhaps more,
if they could have known that indirectly they made
it possible to brighten the lives of those to whom
Christmas brings no respite from labor and anxiety.

And there are so many of this class;—so many
who are not absolutely destitute, but who are too
poor to celebrate a holiday by any extra expenditure,
and too proud to ask for the bountiful Christmas
baskets with which public generosity brings joy to
the needy.

Every one knows of plenty of such cases. Homes
where sickness or lack of employment has made the
year a hard one, and where pinching economy barely
suffices to keep the wolf from the door. Why not seek
out some of these people, learn their needs, and make
this holiday season the occasion for supplying some of
the things that seem so far beyond their reach?

It is a pleasure to give beautiful gifts to those we
love. But it is a far greater pleasure to help those
who are in need. And there are many ways to give
such aid. One does not require wealth to make useful
gifts. The woman of moderate means and generous
impulses finds opportunities where another would
see only discouragements.

The experience of a well-known club woman, as
given to some friends a few days since, was a positive
inspiration:

"I tell you," she said, "last Christmas was the hap-
piest one I ever experienced, and I mean to duplicate
it this year. You see," she said, "we belong to that
numerous class who have money enough for their
needs, but not enough for superfluities. So whatever
my generosity might suggest as a fitting remem-
brance, my actual expenditures had to be kept within
a certain limit. Last year I decided the limit should
be fifty dollars. That seemed about the proper
amount;—anyway it was all I could afford, and I was
resolved to make it serve the purpose.

"I made a list of the names of people I wished to
remember and counted them. There were fifty-nine.
—I had not thought there were so many; but each

year one's list grows, and unconsciously the labor
and expense of providing appropriate gifts becomes
a burden, instead of a joy to be looked forward to.

"With due regard to time-saving and judicious
selection I went over the list and wrote opposite each
name the article decided upon together with the ap-
proximate cost of the same. I added up the amounts
and they came to one hundred and three dollars. I
revised the list, substituting cheaper articles in some
cases. But the results were unsatisfactory.

"Finally the absurdity of the whole proposition
dawned on me. Here was I, a busy woman, spending
hours in trying to plan how I should spend days in
crowded stores trying to select a lot of things that
people did not want, and would only value because
of the thought they expressed. Why not express the
thought in a simple and direct manner, and spend the
money in bringing happiness to those who could not
afford to buy presents?

"My decision was quickly formed. The Christmas
greetings that went to my friends were literally
greetings. The entire lot represented an aggregate
cost of less than seven dollars. This of course did
not include family presents, but they were simpler
than usual, also.

"I knew of two sisters who bravely tried to sup-
port themselves by taking in washing. But they were
in feeble health and had a hard time of it. I gave
them five dollars, and they cried for joy. They said
they thought no one cared about them, and they had
dreaded Christmas because it seemed so much worse
to be poor and miserable when other people were so
happy.

"Then I went to see a woman whose husband had
died, leaving her with four children dependent on her
for support. She went out by the day, and took work
at home. But it takes a good deal to pay rent and
clothe and feed four hungry children, and the ten
dollars I gave her seemed like a fortune, she bought
so much with it.

"But I won't attempt to tell all the different places
I visited. To some I gave money; to some warm
clothing; and to some a turkey for their Christmas
dinner. But when I was through I knew that every
dollar had brought substantial aid to those who
needed it, and had enabled them to enjoy a happy
Christmas."

CHICAGO WOMAN'S KEELEY LEAGUE.

THE Chicago Woman's Keeley Rescue League held
its annual meeting Tuesday, November second.
The following officers were elected: President, Mrs.
William Dye; vice-president, Mrs. Edward H. Scan-
lan; secretary, Mrs. C. H. Mason; treasurer, Mrs. F.
H. Thomas.

The treasurer's report showed the League to be in
good financial condition, and all of the reports were
most encouraging and showed that those who have
been assisted during the past year have proved to be
worthy, and are making excellent progress in their
respective lines of work. Reports were also received
from men who were assisted to take the cure several
years ago, and the splendid success they are making
of their lives made every member glad and happy.

For the information of those who do not under-
stand the work of the League it should be stated that
the Woman's Keeley Rescue League is an organiza-
tion which has for its sole object the curing of in-
ebriates or drug users. Some of its members never
have experienced any of the sorrow that comes
through drink, and some have known the blessings
that come through the Keeley Cure in their own
homes. But all recognize the need of some practical
means to help those who are trying to conquer an

overpowering addiction. When a man realizes that
he needs the Keeley Cure it often happens that he
has no money to pay for it. It was to reach such
cases that the League was organized. If an appli-
cant is found worthy, money is loaned to him to pay
for his treatment, and he is allowed to pay it back in
small monthly installments after he returns from
Dwight. The League is not, however, connected
with any Keeley Institute, and its members receive
no salary. It is simply their method of doing temper-
ance work. And they believe in it because it brings
satisfactory results. It enables men to have another
chance in life.

Any one desiring further information should apply
to the president, Mrs. William Dye, 1508 East 65th
street, or to the treasurer, Mrs. F. H. Thomas, 62
Woodland Park.

ALCOHOLISM AMONG WOMEN.

REV. DR. MADISON C. PETERS, a New York min-
ister, in a public address delivered in New York
recently, charged the fashionable world of the United
States with being responsible for inebriety among wo-
men in this republic. He said: "The fashion that encour-
ages women inebriates among the society women of New
York presents a deplorable outlook for the future of
the republic. The fashionables of this city are es-
tablishing a custom which is being followed by mil-
lions of American women, to the detriment of the
race. Closely observe the goings-on in the fashionable
drinking places of our city, and nine out of ten women
drink, drink habitually, their tipples identical with
those of the men, and the calls are frequent, drinking
with men, and women alone, at luncheon, at dinner,
at supper and between times, young women and old,
to say nothing of the drinking in their own homes,
where nobody except their maids see them. Fashionable
physicians know that I tell the truth. Alcoholism
among women is alarmingly on the increase. My ap-
peal is to every woman who loves her kind to dis-
courage the custom of social drinking and help save
the womanhood of the nation from the curse of drunk-
enness. It depends upon the women to elevate the
tone of the public sentiment and to advance the cause
of morality; it is for you women to say whether drink-
ing shall continue to increase among us or daily be-
come less. The moral character of the men makes
the moral character of the nation, and the one can
be elevated only by elevating the other. The lives of
men are influenced by the teaching they receive from
and the example that is set them by the women. The
moral interests of society are in the hands of women,
and the only way by which they can lead men straight
is to be straight themselves.

LIVING LIFE OVER AGAIN.

WHAT the world needs is more today living; start-
ing in the morning with fresh, clear ideals for
that day, and seeking to live that day, and each suc-
cessive hour and moment of that day, as if it were all
time and all eternity. This has in it no element of
disregard for the future, for each day is set in har-
mony with that future. It is like the sea captain head-
ing his vessel toward his port of destination, and day
by day keeping her steaming toward it. This view of
living kills morbid regret of the past and morbid worry
about the future. Most people want large guaranteed
slices of life; they would not be satisfied with manna
fresh every day, as was given to the children of Israel;
they want grain elevators filled with daily bread.

Life is worth living if it be lived in a way that is
worth living. At each new year tide it is common to
make new resolutions, but in the true life of the indi-
vidual each day is the beginning of a new year if he
will only make it so. A mere date on the calendar of
eternity is no more a divider of time than that a par-
ticular grain of sand divides the desert.

Let us not make heroic resolutions so far beyond our
strength that the resolution becomes a dead memory
within a week; but let us promise ourselves that each
day will be the beginning of a newer, better and truer
life for ourselves, for those around us and for the
world.—William G. Jordan.

MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE.

THE Moody Bible Institute of Chicago announces
that its Annual Mid-Winter Convention of Chris-
tian workers will be held earlier than usual this year, to
coincide with the return of Messrs. Chapman and
Alexander and their party of evangelists and teachers
from Australia who are to take part in the conven-
tion. The dates now contemplated are December
2 to 5.

MISS CANDACE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY EDITH K. STOKELY.

IT was just that subtle time between daylight and darkness, when eyes no longer young must put by the wearisome stitches, or else invite the night with lighted lamp, that Miss Candace pushed back her machine and sat looking gloomily out at the bare tree-tops, that bent and waved and bowed as if keeping time to the measure of a stately minuet. But Miss Candace was not in harmonious mood, and seeing them only through the windows of bitter loneliness, and the grinding anxiety of bread-winning, thought them more like great black brooms, ridden by invisible witches, sweeping the sky.

"The twenty-fifth of November this, and tomorrow will be Thanksgiving Day," she meditated aloud. "Well, I don't know what I have to be thankful for. It's true I haven't starved or frozen within the past year, but, well—the Lord implanted the instinct of self-preservation in the meanness of His creatures, and I suppose that's what I owe my existence to today. If it's true that He sends the lights as well as the shadows, and we must render thanks unto Him as the Great Giver of all good, then I guess the thanks for my portion won't seriously interfere with my finishing that dress of Mrs. Barlow's tomorrow."

Miss Candace pulled down the window shades with some emphasis, and lighting the lamp proceeded to toast a square of bread over the fire and brew herself a cup of tea. And then, as a sort of defence against her lonely thoughts, and the steady ticking of the clock, she brought forth a stout cotton bag tied round with a red tape, and, first making sure that the curtains were well down, shook the dimes and quarters into her lap and counted them with grim irony.

"Nineteen dollars and twenty cents on hand to be thankful for," she commented aloud; "the year's savings, and not much more than enough for the taxes on my poor little home, not to mention the extras that's always coming up. If I'm ever going to see an out-and-out Thanksgiving, it better hurry up. I'm getting on to forty years old, and I ain't seen one yet."

With which rebellious reflection Miss Candace put out the cat and betook herself to bed.

The Thanksgiving morning was ushered in with frosted panes and a cutting wind, with occasional flurries of frozen snow, that chased madly up the streets till, brought to a stop by some staunch obstruction, it fell headlong and lay in long white ribbons against the dark landscape.

"Sakes alive!" said Miss Candace, as she stirred her fire, "if this weather keeps up I won't have wood enough to last a month."

She washed her solitary plate, cup and saucer, brushed up the room, and putting on her shawl and bonnet, went over town to buy some thread to finish Mrs. Barlow's dress.

"The stores will be open for a little while, anyway," she reflected, catching her breath with a gasp. Folding her thick shawl more closely about her, she whisked and skurried, and blew down with the elements as far as Guthrie's. In fact, she blew past, so great was the hilarity of the attendant spirits, and retraced her steps with some difficulty. Guthrie's bright yellow front was the embodiment of Thanksgiving cheer. Blue-legged turkeys, chickens and geese, swung together, in jovial companionship, in the wind. "Blue points" and "selects" presented the compliments of the day. Bunches of celery, glowing cranberries, scarlet apples, dewy plums,—each and all bespoke the season, while in the window reposed rows of fresh mince pies, sugared doughnuts and sponge cakes.

"Pretty cold," said the pudgy, good-natured proprietor—"the way Thanksgiving should be. Makes us feel warmer and cozier over our turkey and plum pudding. If it moderates, and the wind goes down toward night, shouldn't wonder if we'd have snow enough for sleighing."

"I'll have two spoons of the black silk and one of the cotton," said Miss Candace. "No—that's all."

"Take a can of oysters along with you," said the storekeeper, "Thanksgiving comes but once a year."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Miss Candace, reddening a little as he pressed them into her reluctant hand. She hoped he wouldn't think she had come down with any such thought. Hurrying down the street, partly in her flurry of embarrassment, and partly, too, because of a sudden blinding whirl of snow, she stumbled up against a child carrying a basket, sending basket and bearer in a heap to the frozen pavement.

"Sakes alive!" said Miss Candace, "Is it you, Hulda? Come, don't cry. I hope I haven't hurt you as bad as that."

She was assisting the child to her feet and Hulda was rubbing two thin, half-frozen little fists into her eyes, trying with her small might to keep back the sob.

"I was cryin' before—" she said at last by way of apology. "It ain't that I'm much hurt."

"Crying before?" said Miss Candace sharply. "What were you crying for?"

"Nothin', ma'am," said Hulda meekly. "Only we're all hungry,—and there ain't nothin' in the house to eat, and father's been uncommon bad since mother died. I took the basket out for the first time today; but nobody seemed to have any scraps. They said there would be plenty after Thanksgiving, though."

True it is that great emergencies make great generals,—and it was this emergency that marked a turning point in Miss Candace's life.

"I want you to eat Thanksgiving dinner with me today," she said, as calmly as if the plan had been formulating in her mind for three months previous. "Let's see; how many of you are there?"

"Six in all," said Hulda in breathless astonishment, "but father wouldn't come."

"Very well, then; bring the children, all of them, and remember, dinner at one sharp; it's half past eight now."

Away flew nine-year-old Hulda with joy in her soul, to wash and make the children as presentable as their poor clothing would admit, while Miss Candace turned back to the store.

"Mr. Guthrie," she ordered, "you may send me up a good-sized turkey;—be sure it's young and tender, though, two quarts of cranberries, three bunches of celery, and another can of oysters; and, let me see, two of the largest mince pies, a peck of apples, and a box of the white grapes. I guess we'll make out with this. Have it all up right way, please, so I can get right about dinner." And she whisked away with a strange little thrill of excitement in her heart, leaving Mr. Guthrie to shake his head and ponder upon the inconsistency of the feminine mind.

The church bells rang out sweet and clear on the frosty air, and Miss Candace, steeped to the wrists in bread crumbs and raisins, raised her head to listen. "It's Thanksgiving," she said, "the first I've had in twenty years." What matter that her guests were town poor and the feast prepared by her own hands? It was but the more truly a Thanksgiving.

One o'clock ushered in five eager, half-starved children, reflecting on their countenances the radiance of joy and soap, and holding to each other's skirts for protection. The table with its spotless cloth, best gilt-trimmed dishes, a center pyramid of apples and grapes, with four corners of nodding celery, claimed their immediate wide-eyed attention and admiration.

"Dinner is waiting on the stove," said the hostess, rosy and smiling, in her best gray poplin dress. "Hulda, I'll take off the baby's things. You just tend to the others."

But, alas, for the evanescence of human hopes! While Miss Candace relieved the baby of his thin shawl and bonnet, and chafed warmth back into his poor little mittenless hands, looked up a big book to make his seat at the table higher, and rummaged through several drawers for something in shape of a bib, General Jackson in the kitchen, sole heir of the house, stroked his whiskers and meditated upon the feasibility of inaugurating the dinner himself. The turkey's legs seemed to point like fingers of scorn at his shrinking timidity. Cat dignity could but retaliate, and in the space of a few seconds he was up on the table, tearing the meat from one of the scorning members with cheerful alacrity.

"Sakes alive!" cried Miss Candace in the doorway, with upraised hands and horror-stricken face, "if that cat hasn't got the whole leg off the turkey!"

General Jackson made a dexterous exit, closely followed by the pepper can, and his mistress amputated the shattered limb with surprising cheerfulness under the circumstances. "There's plenty without it, anyway," she said. "It's only for the loafs."

—And one looks just as well as two," said Hulda, with all the tact of a well-trained guest. "It's only in bein' used to it."

"An' it ain't got to walk, anyway,"—Hulda's little brother Ben so far forgot himself as to say, and then shut his lips up tight, looking very red and uncomfortable.

But the dinner was a great success after all. Such tributes of praise as went forth to the cook, from the

first plate of oyster soup to the last mouthful of plum pudding! And when they could eat no more, but only look and sigh forth their happiness and contentment and fullness, like so many little kittens, then Hulda and her good patron gathered up the remains of the meal, washed, wiped, and set away the gilt-rimmed dishes, and put the house in trimmest order in a very little while. Then Miss Candace read them a story out of a little old-fashioned book that had been hers when a child, and then it was time for the children to go home—just the time, too, at which the night before she had looked out at the bare tree-tops, attributing to the Lord her loneliness and unhappiness. How much had been crowded into those few hours!

"Next Thanksgiving you must come again," she was saying, packing into a basket cold turkey, doughnuts, grapes and apples; "and you needn't go out for scraps tomorrow, Hulda; these will last you awhile."

"We've had such a good time," said Hulda with dewy eyes. "I'm sure we'll not forget it. I'll come up any time, and be so glad to, Miss Candace, to do your housework when you're busy sewing."

"That's the right spirit, Hulda," said Miss Candace. "Yes, I'll let you know when I want you."

They were gone and Miss Candace drew a tired but cheerful sigh and sat down to reflect. It was true her purse was depleted, but on the other hand there was the smiling happiness of five little children who had partaken for the first time of a Thanksgiving dinner. "I guess the finances will come out all right," she decided. Somehow she felt more truly pious and more like putting her trust in the Lord than ever before.

Fifteen years had rolled away;—a weary time to eager youth, standing at the foot of the hill and looking up toward its purple heights. But not so long to the elder ones gazing, with shaded eyes, backward from its eminence, yet climbing still.

It had not seemed such a weary while to Miss Candace, and time had been kind to her. The anxious lines of her face had given way to those of mild benevolence and abiding faith. The sewing machine whirled as ceaselessly as before, but still—after her many deeds of charity, somehow her purse always came out as marvelously as did that of Fortunatus in the fairy tale.

It was again the day before Thanksgiving, and she had just finished reading a letter signed simply, "Hulda."

"I am coming 'specially for the Thanksgiving dinner," it read, "and will be with you almost as soon as this is. Have your annual banquet as usual. I only stipulate that I shall buy it and put it together, as far as my poor skill will allow, and with your kindly help."

"Well, well!" said Miss Candace, with glad surprise. "I haven't seen Hulda these six years, and she's a teacher in a high school seminary now. No matter, she is just the same sensible Hulda, I'll warrant."

Hulda came, and with her, youth, mirth and loveliness. Let old Boreas bluster! The kettle sang merrily on the little stove and the oven gave forth sweeter odors than those of Araby.

"Now, Aunt Candace," said Hulda, mischievously, as she stirred the pudding sauce, "I hope you haven't asked more than six."

"Well, there are eight coming this time," Miss Candace admitted apologetically. "I could have asked a few more, but they'll have to wait their turn."

"I brought warm shoes and mittens and caps in my trunk for all," said Hulda, softly. "Do you remember how you had to chafe our baby's bare little hands that cold Thanksgiving fifteen years ago?"

One o'clock ushered them in, a ragged, hungry little crew, yet with clean hands and faces and neatly combed hair.

"Sit down, Aunt Candace," said Hulda, waving her to the place of honor. "I will seat them and serve the dinner."

Grace was said, and then Miss Hulda placed a large platter before Miss Candace, on which reposed the emblematic bird of the festival season—proud of breast and crisp of wing, yet, alas, curtailed by half of its pedal extremities;—in short, a one-legged turkey!

Then Hulda, with gentle voice and misty eyes, repeated to them the story of the one-legged turkey of fifteen years before. "Those five little children, of whom I am the eldest, are all living today, honorable and useful citizens," she added, "and I only hope this dinner may prove to you as great a stepping-stone to better things as did that dinner to us."

C. T. A. U. Department

Edited by JOHN F. CUNNEEN,

793 North Robey Street - - - - - Chicago

WHY FARMERS SHOULD FIGHT SALOONS.

BY JOHN F. CUNNEEN.

"GOD made the country, and man made the town," is a good old saying. Farmers living in God's country are strong in mind and body and are the bulwark of a nation's liberty and a nation's greatness. Even in the larger cities a big percentage of the leaders in business, politics and society are men who were raised on the farm or in small farming towns.

Farmers work longer and harder for the money they get than almost any other class in the country. They work from early morning until late at night the greater part of the year. There is no eight-hour day at five or six dollars a day for them. No child-labor laws for their children.

The pioneer farmers who cleared the forests and opened the prairie lands to civilization proved that the saloon was not a necessity. As the saloon became more of a gigantic evil the farmers fought harder against it and the sweeping anti-saloon movement of the country today must be credited chiefly to the sacrifices made in its behalf by the farmers of the land.

WHY THEY FIGHT IT.

The chief reason why the farmers fight the saloon is because of the moral degradation it spreads in the community, but that which morally degrades a people also injures them materially and that which tends to the moral elevation of a people also helps them materially. The liquor traffic is especially an enemy to the farmer as the following table will show:

Of \$100 spent for clothing, boots and shoes, cotton and woolen goods, leather, flour, meat and liquors sold at retail, the following amounts go back to the farmer:

	Money Spent.	To Farmers.
Clothing	\$100.00	\$24.50
Boots and Shoes.....	100.00	30.50
Cotton Goods	100.00	47.60
Woolen Goods	100.00	46.35
Leather	100.00	50.00
Flour	100.00	61.00
Meat	100.00	66.00
Liquor	100.00	5.50

The following table shows that if the two billion dollars now spent for liquor was expended instead for either clothing, boots and shoes, flour or meat, there would be an enormous increase of revenue to the farmer:

WHAT HE WOULD GET.

	To Farmers.
Clothing	\$ 490,000,000
Boots and Shoes.....	610,000,000
Woolen Goods	926,000,000
Cotton Goods	952,000,000
Leather	1,000,000,000
Flour	1,220,000,000
Meat	1,320,000,000
Liquor	110,000,000

When money is spent for liquor the farmer gets back less than when money is spent in any other way. The farmer not only feeds the people, but he raises the cattle which furnish the hides from which leather is made, which in turn is made into boots and shoes, harness and other kinds of leather goods. He raises the wool and cotton from which clothes, carpets, upholstery and other goods are made. He does a great deal of the work in clearing the forests which furnish the material for building houses and cars and making furniture and supplying the wood pulp for our paper mills.

Saloons manufacture criminals, paupers and insane people, but cities that maintain saloons do not take care of the finished product of the saloon, but turn them over to the county and state, and farmers are heavily taxed to pay for the expenses caused by saloons. Where saloons exist taxes are high and keep going up.

The claim that the saloon helps the farmer in disposing of his grain is easily disproved. The total amount of the farmers' grain used by the liquor traffic amounts to only two or three per cent of his total output. The liquor traffic kills at least 80,000 persons a year. Eminent physicians state that the average life of the drunkard is shortened by at least

ten years. That makes 800,000 people now dead who would be living, except for the liquor traffic.

HOW IT WOULD HELP.

It would keep a good many farmers busy raising the food to supply the needs of 800,000 people, and also the wool and the cotton to clothe them. It would take a good many boot and shoemakers, clothing makers and house builders to supply the needs of 800,000 people.

Then the drunkard, his wife and children do not get enough to eat. Many moderate drinkers spend money for drink that ought to go for the necessities of life. If all of these people would get enough to eat, it would demand more of the farmers' products than are used now by the liquor traffic. If all the people of the country were to eat an extra pound of meat each week, which would be only a slight increase, allowing one bushel of corn to produce five pounds of beef by feeding it to cattle, it would require 800,000,000 bushels of the farmer's corn to produce that extra amount of meat, and according to the liquor traffic's own figures it uses only 36,000,000 bushels of the farmer's corn.

When the liquor traffic is wiped out, the question will be with the farmer, not what he will do with his grain, but how will it be possible for him to supply the demands that will be made upon him for the products of the farm.

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

BIENNIAL CONVENTION.

THE Biennial Convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America will be held in Chicago December 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th. It will be preceded by a Field Workers' and Superintendents' Conference lasting a week, and a great field day for the City of Chicago and Cook County on Sunday, December fifth.

Monday, December 6th, has been set aside for a "Union Preachers' Meeting" in the Chicago Opera House under the auspices of the Anti-Saloon League. Dr. Smith T. Ford will act as chairman, and ex-Governor Hanly, Hon. John G. Woolley, Dr. Edgar P. Hill and Seaborn Wright will make addresses. In the evening there will be a banquet at the Auditorium Hotel which will be presided over by Dr. Howard H. Russell, founder and organizer of the Anti-Saloon League of America. The speakers will be Dr. W. O. Shepard, of Chicago; Dr. James Albert Patterson, of New York; Congressman James M. Miller, of Kansas; Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama, and Congressman John W. Langley, of Kentucky.

The evening sessions of the convention will be in Orchestra Hall. Tuesday evening the speakers will be Dr. P. A. Baker and Hon. John G. Woolley; Wednesday evening, Rev. George R. Stuart; and Thursday evening, Father Peter J. O'Callaghan and Father James M. Cleary.

It is expected that five hundred delegates will attend the conference, and that nearly one thousand will be present at the convention. Headquarters for the league will be maintained in the La Salle Hotel during the entire two weeks.

C. T. A. U. ADVOCATE.

THE National Bulletin and Temperance Advocate have been consolidated under the name of the C. T. A. U. Advocate, official organ of the Total Abstinence Union of America. It will be published from the National Headquarters, 55 Eldredge Court, Chicago. The initial number has appeared, and the paper gives promise of becoming a powerful factor in temperance work. The subscription price is only twenty-five cents, bringing it within reach of all, and the articles are written in a conservative and non-radical spirit that will interest and convince without offending its readers.

NATIONAL C. T. A. U. BUREAU.

THE National Catholic Total Abstinence Bureau recently established at 55 Eldredge Court, Chicago, will be a power in advancing the cause of temperance. The bureau is a new venture for the National Union, and was secured largely through the efforts of the National President, Father O'Callaghan. The manager of the bureau is Miss Frances Martell, treasurer of the C. T. A. U. of Illinois. Miss Martell has had valuable experience in temperance extension work, having been a member of St. Charles T. A. Society, which had for its advisor the Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, one of the ablest friends of the cause in the

United States, now Bishop of Rockford. One of the objects of the bureau is the distribution of temperance literature, and a liberal supply will be kept on hand for that purpose. The C. T. A. U. Headquarters are a credit to the organization.

INEBRIETY A DISEASE.

EXPERIENCE OF JAMES A. LANGTON, A GRADUATE OF THE KEELEY INSTITUTE AT SALT LAKE CITY.

IT is now generally understood by thinking people that drunkenness is a disease and can be cured. Thirty years ago when Dr. Leslie E. Keeley came forward with the statement that drunkenness was due to a physical condition beyond the power of the individual to control, his statement was received by physicians and laymen alike with incredulity, and oft-times with ridicule.

Up to the time of Doctor Keeley's discovery the drunkard was regarded more or less as a moral derelict, and the person who advanced the theory that in all respects the drunkard was not morally responsible, was himself regarded with some suspicion.

Doctor Keeley's beneficent discovery was not accidental. His father and his grandfather before him had been thoughtful investigators of what was then the mystery of drunkenness. Doctor Keeley took up the work where they laid it down, and throughout his life he took a deep interest in the treatment of inebriety. During his service in the army as surgeon, and later while pursuing the practice of a county physician, he gave to every phase of drunkenness much thought and research. He had noted with regret and amazement the sway of the mysterious influence which drove men of otherwise rational minds to lapses from sobriety at stated or irregular intervals. He knew many of these men to be men of character, who would shrink from any voluntary act of degradation. Why should they get drunk? The act must be involuntary. The drunkard must be the victim of a disease, purely physical in its nature and beyond the power of the mind to control. Proceeding upon this theory after years of careful labor Doctor Keeley established the pathology of drunkenness and found a remedy for it.

Briefly stated in the phraseology of the layman, the Keeley pathology of inebriety is as follows:

Alcohol is not digestible. It enters the body in a free state, and through the blood reaches all the cells of the body. It has a decided effect upon the nerve cells of the brain and in a less degree upon all other tissues of the body. It hardens the nerve cells and produces a variation in their type. Alcohol is a poison and upon its first introduction into the human system the nerve cells enter a vigorous protest. They keep up this protest against the poison as long as it continues to be introduced into the system, but their protests constantly grow weaker until a time comes when the poor nerves give up in despair and acknowledge the sovereignty of their enemy. All the time nature has been trying to accommodate itself to the presence of the poison and establish a tolerance for the same. The nerve cells undergo a change in type and they now find alcohol a necessity for their reproduction and perpetuation. In the case of a regular drinker, the nerve cells receive a supply daily adequate to their needs, but in case of a periodical drinker who saturates himself with alcohol at each debauch, they depend upon the alcohol in store for their supply. When this supply begins to give out they cry for more and the diseased victim goes on another debauch, which is long or short as the circumstances may decide. At times of excitement or great mental strain, the alcohol in store is burned up more rapidly than under normal conditions, and this accounts for the apparent reckless and otherwise unaccountable propensity of periodical drinkers to get drunk at the very worst times.

Practically the same condition is brought about by the use of morphine and other narcotic drugs. All are poisons and after the nerve cells of the human body learn to depend upon them for power to perform their labors, these poisons become absolute necessities. The withdrawal of them without proper medical treatment causes collapse and often death. It is the mission of the Keeley Cure, administered at the various Keeley Institutes throughout the world to relieve this class of sufferers from the necessity of narcotics and to restore the different organs of the body to a normal condition of health.

We understand, however, that it is a difficult matter to make the average drinking man or drug user see the necessity of medical treatment. One of the worst features of the liquor and the drug habit is that

it deludes a man into the belief that he can fight the battle out himself; yet from month to month he is fighting a losing fight. He turns with ever-fresh appetite to what has weakened him and injured him in the past, and by every renewed indulgence creates afresh the weakness he sought to remove. Thus all the time the demon is tightening his grip about him. Many men are able to remain sober at times for periods of one, two, or six months, as the case may be, only then to go out on a debauch that sinks them lower than they have ever been before.

Every drinking man, whether he be a constant or a periodical drinker, needs the Keeley treatment. The writer has frequently heard men say: "I do not need the Keeley Cure; I can cease drinking any time I make up my mind to do so." And yet within a week we have seen these men besotted and brutalized by drink.

There is in the Keeley treatment a certain and safe escape from the curse of drunkenness. If human testimony can establish any fact, the efficacy of the Keeley Cure is surely established. During the thirty years since its discovery more than 350,000 men and women of all grades of intelligence and social position, and from all parts of the world, have taken this treatment. More than 80 per cent of this number have been permanently cured and their lives made sweet and happy thereby. Some of those who have tested its virtue are among your own acquaintances. Why not listen to their testimony? Why not heed their pleadings? In every community there is not wanting those who denounce the cure because they have not the courage to acknowledge their own weakness and to seek relief. It is charged by some misinformed people that the Keeley treatment is harmful; that the mental faculties are impaired; that it tends to cause insanity; that it weakens the memory; and so forth.

The writer, having taken the Keeley treatment, is in a position to state positively that nothing could be farther from the truth than are these charges. The treatment is restorative in all cases. It builds up; never tears down. The mind is improved, the nerve tissues restored to healthy action, and the physical, mental and moral powers strengthened and uplifted. From the patients at the Institute, it is not uncommon to hear expressions such as the following: "I never felt better nor happier than I do at this moment." "I feel like a boy again." "The curse of drink has fallen from me." "I am free again."

Since taking the cure, I have known more of the joy and sweetness of life than I ever before knew in a like period of time. My craving for drink is gone; my wife and children are nearer and dearer to me than ever before; life has taken on new meaning to me and I can look my friends in the face without blushing for my habits.

The Keeley Institute at Salt Lake City, Utah, is a branch of the parent house at Dwight, Ill., and is governed absolutely by the rules established by Doctor Keeley. It is the only Institute in the State of Utah. It is located on South Temple street, near the O. S. L. station. The building and grounds are attractive and comfortable. The Institute is well conducted and managed by Dr. W. M. Brown, who is assisted by Dr. T. B. Morrissey. Both gentlemen are physicians of ability who have been specially instructed in Doctor Keeley's methods, and have had a wide and extensive experience in the treatment of liquor and drug addictions.

At the Institute in Salt Lake City the writer found a very agreeable company of gentlemen for associates. Among them were lawyers, doctors, merchants, mining men, live stock men, real estate dealers, farmers, commercial travelers, a barber, a railroad man, a school teacher, and men of other callings. As a rule they were genial, generous, big-hearted fellows, and a spirit of brotherhood, sympathy and helpfulness characterized all their actions. Friendships are formed there that will remain as true and abiding as any formed in life. It must be remembered, too, that there is no restraint or confinement. One is permitted to come and go as he pleases, provided he reports at stated hours for the administration of the remedy. Time passes quickly and pleasantly, the four weeks is gone before you realize it and the attachments formed are such that one leaves the Institute with some reluctance.

In closing, let me say to the unfortunate slave to drink: Take the Keeley Cure now. Do not procrastinate. You cannot afford to live the life of a drunkard. If you will only give it a trial you will, like thousands of others, "rise up and call it blessed."—Tri-Weekly Journal, Logan, Utah.

DOINGS AT DWIGHT

Thanksgiving Day was not forgotten at Dwight and an elaborate dinner was prepared and served at the Livingston Hotel. The menu itself was very artistic, having an autumn landscape suggestive of Thanksgiving on the first page of the cover and being elaborately printed throughout. The bill of fare itself was as follows:

Cream of Corn, Royal	Queen Olives
Sweet Gherkins	Celery en Branches
Radishes	Salted Almonds
Planked Lake Superior White Fish, en Bordour	
Boiled Smoked Ox Tongue, Puree of Spinach	
Calif's Sweetbreads, Patti, Green Peas	
Roast Suckling Pig, Baked Apples	
Native Beef, Roti, au Jus, Yorkshire Pudding	
Young Turkey, Oyster Dressing, Cranberry Jelly	
Orange Ice	
Baked Hubbard Squash	Sweet Potatoes, en Caramel
Potatoes Special Baked or Mashed	
Salade Waldorf	
Fruit Mince Meat Pie	Pumpkin pie
English Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce	
Roquefort Cheese, Toasted Crackers	
Cafe-Noir	

Besides the usual number of patients and transients, there were about one hundred and fifty out-of-town guests, some from Pontiac, Odell and other adjacent towns, whereas a number of traveling men, knowing the resources of the Livingston, had arranged to spend the day there.

Mr. J. R. Oughton, president of The Leslie E. Keeley Company, accompanied by his son, Dr. J. H. Oughton, is spending a few days at Thompson Lake, near the Illinois River, duck shooting; mallard, teal, pintails, and an occasional canvasback, have reached Dwight and indicate that the shooting is good; quite a number of friends have been remembered, and judging from the indications given, the duck season is an unusual one this year.

Even to those who know Dwight and that it is up-to-date in many respects as far as modern improvements are concerned, it may be a matter of surprise that thirty-five members of the Thomas Orchestra took part in a concert there on Thanksgiving evening. The concert was given by the Dwight Amateur Musical Club, which rendered several choral numbers, but the main part of the programme was given by the Thomas Orchestra. It is unnecessary to sound the praises of this organization, but it certainly was a great treat to the people of Dwight to have a visit of this kind, and it was a matter much commented on by the patients that such an aggregation could be induced to come to so small a place. The Dwight Amateur Musical Club has given a number of similar entertainments and has done a great deal to build up and strengthen the love of music which should exist in every community, and probably does, although perhaps in a latent form; the organization has something like seventy-five members and has been under special training by Mr. Oscar Gordon Erickson, of Chicago, who is inspired not alone by his ambition as a musical director, but also by reason of the fact that he takes a special interest in the Dwight association.

On Thursday, December 9th, Mr. John R. Oughton, son of the president of The Leslie E. Keeley Company, is to be married at St. Louis, Missouri, to Miss Samuella Young. The wedding is to be entirely private and will be attended only by the members of the families of the contracting parties; a wedding tour extending to the Eastern States will occupy the intervening time until the holidays.

Dr. Charles L. Hamilton, of the Medical Staff of the Dwight Institute, will read a paper on "Tobacco and Health" at the meeting of the North Central Illinois District Medical Society which occurs in Streator December 7th and 8th.

There are at the present time three physicians under instruction at Dwight for positions in Keeley Institutes; one is to take a position with the Denver, Colorado Institute, another goes to an Institute in the South and the third is to be Assistant Physician at the Institute in London, England.

Miss Jennie Green, who is a student at the Chicago University, is visiting in Dwight, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles L. Hamilton. Miss Green's home is in Missouri, where Doctor Hamilton and wife formerly lived.

Mr. Norman J. Crump, of Knoxville, Illinois, came to Dwight a few days ago, bringing with him a friend whom he left for treatment. Mr. Crump is a newspaper man and a 1907 graduate; since his graduation he has prospered and is owner and proprietor of the Knox County Republican.

Mr. G. W. Ferguson is a Keeley graduate who revisited Dwight recently, bringing with him a friend for treatment. Mr. Ferguson was here himself in 1905 and is as enthusiastic in relation to his own cure as ever; he says he enjoys the best of health and in addition has prospered in a business way ever since his visit to Dwight.

The present season has been a phenomenal one as far as weather is concerned. There were some frosts in October which caused the leaves to fall and killed off the late blossoms, but since then there has been scarcely any weather which could be called cold; the grass is quite as green as it was in the early summer and some things in the garden have started to grow again. The roads are in excellent condition for this time of year and automobile trips are quite common. As the seasons usually average up about the same, it is only fair to presume that we shall have cold weather later by way of compensation, but certainly the autumn of 1909 has been delightful as far as weather is concerned.

Alcohol Tried and Found Wanting.

Professor Durig, of Vienna, who is himself not an abstainer, has been making experiments in mountain climbing, at times without using alcohol and again after consuming an amount equal to one liter of beer. He has come to the conclusion that on the alcohol days he accomplished twenty per cent less than on abstinent days. He says that the energy stored for work is on alcohol days only partially used, dropped thirteen per cent below normal. Further, he declares that the organism when supplied with alcohol as a fuel works not only more slowly than when supplied with proper food, but at the same time direct injuries result to the system. To cap all, this bad substitute for food is a highly expensive one.—Ex.

CHICAGO OFFICE

Suite 906 Rector Building
122 Monroe Street

Long Distance and Local Telephone, Central 3255

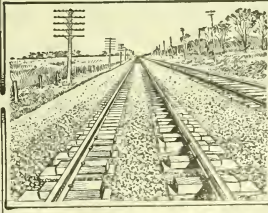
PRINTED matter on Alcoholic Inebriety, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and other drug addictions, Tobacco using and Neurasthenia, as well as any information regarding the Keeley Cure may be obtained at our Chicago Office.

All arrangements for the treatment of patients at Dwight may be made at the Chicago Office, and patients will be visited and accompanied to Dwight if desired.

Patients en route to Dwight will be directed as to trains, etc.

The Leslie E. Keeley Company

**THE CHICAGO & ALTON
USES
CONCRETE TIES**



They can't rot or get out of line. They are another illustration that

"THE ONLY WAY"

is ever mindful of the safety and comfort of its patrons. Perfect passenger service between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and points beyond.

GEORGE J. CHARLTON,
General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

KEELEY TREATMENT

THE KEELEY CURE—WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES.

WHY PEOPLE NEED THE TREATMENT—EFFECT ON GENERAL HEALTH—LENGTH OF TIME REQUIRED—COST, ETC.

[From a booklet issued by the Leslie E. Keeley Company.]

NO one can claim that the title of this pamphlet is misleading. It is written for those who desire information in relation to the Keeley treatment. Some desire the information for themselves, comparatively few, however, but many more want it for the benefit of some friend or acquaintance in whose welfare they are interested.

What is it? The Keeley treatment has been in constant and successful operation for more than thirty years. The remedies used are those discovered by the late Dr. Leslie E. Keeley; the system of treatment is that formulated by him also, and while there have been many ups and downs and many improvements in various branches of medicine, it is a fixed fact that the Keeley treatment is recognized by the public as being the only successful treatment for liquor, drug and narcotic addictions. This is seen in the fact that imitators recognize the Keeley Cure as the *standard* by comparing their treatments to it; some claim that theirs is better; some point out alleged dangers of the Keeley treatment, but in doing this, they all concede that the Keeley Cure, as it is popularly called, is the best known and the most generally used of any. So fully identified has the name of Keeley become with treatments for liquor and drug addictions that many people assume that every establishment where such treatments are administered must be Keeley establishments; this is a great mistake and sometimes has worked to our disadvantage.

How, then, can the real Keeley treatment be distinguished from any other? There is one infallible test: no Keeley remedies are administered anywhere except in establishments authorized by The Leslie E. Keeley Company, of Dwight, Illinois, and known by the uniform name of "The Keeley Institute." There is no exception to this rule.

As to Physicians.

No physician is permitted to administer the Keeley remedies unless he is a graduate of a medical school of high standing, and unless, in addition, he has been engaged in the general practice of medicine a sufficiently long time to merit confidence by reason of such experience. Besides these requirements, he must go to Dwight to be specially instructed in the diseased conditions which he will be called upon to treat in Keeley Institutes and in the handling and administration of the Keeley remedies. Experience in general practice is necessary because everyone having knowledge of the condition of inebriates knows that from neglect of their health and other causes there are many collateral ailments which require attention, and which are always carefully looked after in Keeley Institutes. No physician can obtain Keeley remedies for administration anywhere except in these authorized Keeley Institutes.

What does the Keeley treatment accomplish? As far as drink patients are concerned, in four weeks' time it relieves them of all craving, appetite and necessity for alcoholic stimulants. As for users of opium, morphine and other drugs, the Keeley treatment relieves them of their addiction in from four to six weeks. These are rather startling statements, but thirty years' successful administration of this treatment justifies us in making the claim. This book is small and consequently we cannot go very fully into details, but those who require additional information can have it upon request, both written and printed; it will also be sent in a sealed envelope if you so desire.

Mistakes Corrected.

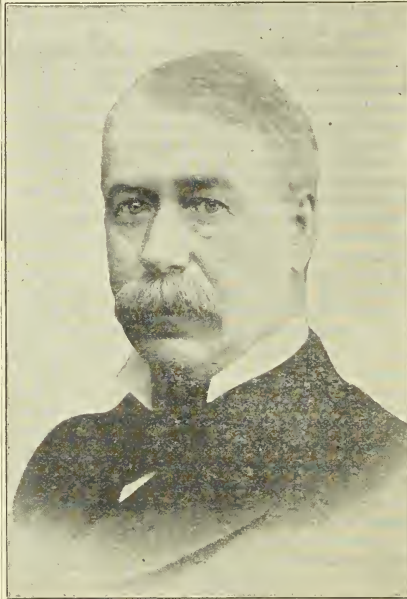
The Keeley treatment does not nauseate a patient and no attempt is made to cure inebriates by creating a disgust for liquor; a treatment depending upon nausea for a cure can never be anything but a failure, because the patient will soon learn that liquor does not nauseate him, and the diseased condition not be-

ing relieved, he will soon return to his old ways. In taking the Keeley treatment there is not a moment's illness caused by or attendant thereon; on the contrary, the general health improves from the beginning, and at the completion of treatment the patient is not only relieved of all desire for alcoholic stimulants, but by reason of the building up of the nervous system, is in greatly improved mental and physical condition also. The nerve cells are restored to their original unpoisoned condition, and consequently the necessity for alcohol is entirely eliminated.

"But," some one says, "people who take the Keeley Cure sometimes go back to drink." That is true, and probably will continue to be true as long as human nature is weak, for it is unquestionably a fact that it is through weakness or negligence that a Keeley patient ever relapses. The man who becomes an inebriate becomes so because his nervous system is such that he cannot be a moderate drinker. After taking the Keeley treatment he can be a total abstainer, but on account of the nervous system with which he was originally endowed, he cannot be a moderate drinker, and every attempt to become one will end in failure. No one should go to a Keeley Institute except with the desire and expectation of remaining a total abstainer as long as he lives.

Is the Treatment Injurious?

It seems absurd to be asked to answer questions of this kind, considering the fact that there are nearly



LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.
FOUNDER OF THE KEELEY CURE.

four hundred thousand people who have taken the Keeley treatment, and the fact that it is almost universally conceded that the general health is improved thereby; yet occasionally reports of this kind are circulated; why this is done it is unnecessary to state, but we are successful and prosperous; if we had been injuring our patients for thirty years, we could hardly say that of ourselves, and certainly our reputation would be different from what it is. The Keeley treatment never injured any person; on the contrary, it is impossible to conceive of a remedy which will build up and strengthen the nervous system, as does ours, and which will not at the same time improve the general health.

We do not withdraw liquor abruptly from a patient but permit its use until such time as he is able to get along comfortably without it. Sometimes the idea prevails that a patient in a Keeley Institute gets all the liquor he wants; this is not so—what he does get is all that he needs; he is not deprived of it until such time as he himself admits that he no longer needs it.

Drug Using.

In a general way we have stated what the Keeley treatment does in drink cases; a few words may be added as to its effect in drug cases. As has been said,

it takes a little longer (one or two weeks) to effect a cure of these cases. What do we mean by a cure? Suppose a patient is addicted to morphine or opium in any form, cocaine, chloral or any of the drugs to which people become addicted, and comes to us for treatment—we claim that we have cured such patient when he is eating and sleeping well, when he is comfortable and is not dependent on the drug in any sense of the word. People who are addicted to drugs understand what this means. There probably is not one of these addicts who has not said to himself, and perhaps also to others, that if he could go without the drug for a week he would never return to it as long as he lives; the trouble, however, is to get in a condition to do without it for a week, or even a day, without some substitute.

No Confinement.

Keeley patients are not confined, but they have to conform to the few simple rules of the Institute; they are carefully looked after in order to see that remedies and treatment are taken with the utmost regularity, but this is effected in such a way as not to irritate or annoy the patient. When treatment is completed they know they are cured, and they know that for weeks before leaving the Institute they have had no drug.

Is there any pain in connection with the treatment? This might be answered in the negative, flippantly or positively, as is often done in the printed matter sent out by some establishments, but we know that it is impossible to deprive a drug habitue of the drug to which he is addicted without causing some inconvenience; this inconvenience, however, is reduced to a minimum by the tonic effects of our remedies which support the patient. In addition to that, at the beginning of treatment, patients addicted to drugs are apprehensive as to the future; they miss the effect which the drug produces, and while they are able to bear this with ease, yet there is a feeling of dread as to what is coming next, a feeling which, we are glad to say, is never justified.

Bearing on the question as to whether drug patients suffer, it is proper to say that the drug is not withdrawn abruptly, but the reduction is exceedingly gradual, and usually the patient is entirely off the drug for one, or even two weeks, without knowing it; if this can be accomplished, it follows that the pain or inconvenience in the withdrawal must be very slight indeed. We desire to state emphatically and unequivocally that under no circumstances is there inconvenience experienced in discontinuing the use of our remedies. Many drug patients, having tried alleged "home cures" before coming to us, find it as difficult to discontinue the so-called remedies as they did to discontinue the drug to which they were addicted, sometimes even more difficult; with us there is absolutely no trouble of that kind.

Books have been written by the score in relation to the use of morphine and other drugs. We have been engaged in the work of curing patients for thirty years; we understand them, and we have had unparalleled success in their treatment. Other printed matter and full information will be sent upon request.

The Cost.

It is always important to know the cost. The cost of the Keeley treatment is uniform in all Keeley Institutes, namely, \$100 for four weeks. Drink and drug patients are not accepted for shorter terms than four weeks. As has been stated, drug patients usually require one or two weeks' additional treatment, the cost of which is in the same proportion, namely, \$25 per week. Board is an additional expense, varying in price to meet the requirements of all patients. Full information in relation to board can be obtained by addressing the Institute.

We realize fully in closing that there are many things which have been left unsaid. We have endeavored, however, to state the most important facts and to answer the questions most often asked. The inebriate, whether from the use of drugs or alcoholic stimulants, is very badly equipped to perform any of his duties, and is handicapped to an extent which makes success impossible. In addition, the moderate drinker is also at a discount. There may have been a time when moderate drinking was overlooked; it is not so today, because the business man knows that the moderate drinker is the material out of which the inebriate is made; besides, many a man considers himself a moderate drinker when in fact he is an inebriate in the true sense; the test is whether or not a man is comfortable without liquor. In conclusion we will say that all correspondence with us is strictly confidential.

Authorized Keeley Institutes

The following is an authentic list of the Institutes established under and by authority of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., and which are known by the uniform name of "THE KEELEY INSTITUTE." In each of these establishments the remedies used are prepared in our laboratory at Dwight, Illinois, and they are administered by physicians who have been specially instructed by us at Dwight in their administration and in the Keeley method of treating Inebriety, Drug and Narcotic addictions. The address of the Institute is given in each case, and this list will be corrected from time to time as may become necessary. Our remedies cannot be obtained anywhere except at these establishments

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.,

THE PARENT INSTITUTE

Dwight, Illinois, October, 1909.

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs, 702 Park Avenue

CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 2930 Sacramento Street
Los Angeles, 1022 South Flower Street

COLORADO

Denver, 18th and Curtis Streets

CONNECTICUT

West Haven

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, 211 North Capitol Street

FLORIDA

Jacksonville

GEORGIA

Atlanta, 229 Woodward Avenue

ILLINOIS

Dwight

INDIANA

Marion
Plainfield

IOWA

Des Moines, 706 Fourth Street

KENTUCKY

Crab Orchard

MAINE

Portland, 151 Congress Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Lexington

MICHIGAN

Grand Rapids, 265 South College Avenue

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis, 10th Street and Park Avenue

MISSOURI

Kansas City, 716 West Tenth Street
St. Louis, 2803 Locust Street

MONTANA

Alhambra

NEBRASKA

Omaha, Twenty-fifth and Cass Streets

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Manchester, 982 Hanover Street

NEW YORK

Buffalo, 799 Niagara Street
White Plains

NORTH CAROLINA

Greensboro

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo

OHIO

Columbus, 1087 Dennison Avenue

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City, 1225 North Broadway

OREGON

Portland, 71 East Eleventh Street

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia, 812 North Broad Street
Pittsburg, 4246 Fifth Avenue

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, 306 Washington Street

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia, 1329 Lady Street

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen
Sioux Falls, Spring Avenue and Fifth Street

TEXAS

Dallas, Bellevue Place

UTAH

Salt Lake City, 334 W. South Temple Street

VIRGINIA

Richmond, 130 North Thirty-Second Street

WISCONSIN

Waukesha

WASHINGTON

Seattle, 3433 Meridian Avenue

FOREIGN.

CANADA

Toronto, 1253 Dundas Street
Winnipeg, Hugo and Jessie Avenue, Ft. Rouge

ENGLAND

London, 9 West Bolton Gardens, S. W.

MEXICO

Pueblo, 7A de los Aztecas, No. 1

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

ESTABLISHED 1880

UNDER the direct management and control of THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Dr. Leslie E. Keeley Remedies for Drunkenness, Drug and Narcotic using, the Tobacco Habit, and Nervousness.

The Keeley Remedies have been administered for more than thirty years

and are recognized by the public at large as well as the medical profession as being the most efficacious treatment known for the diseases which they are designed to overcome.



LABORATORY AND OFFICES OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY COMPANY



THE LIVINGSTON HOTEL.

Printed matter, consisting of testimonials from people who have taken the cure and others who have simply observed its effects, will be furnished free upon application; also printed matter descriptive of the diseases we treat and the claims made in behalf of our remedies. All correspondence strictly confidential. None of our rem-

edies can be obtained anywhere except at authorized Keeley Institutes, a list of which will be furnished upon application.

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., DWIGHT, ILLINOIS



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